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FREDERIC CHOPIN

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FREDERIC CHOPIN

HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

BY
MORITZ KARASOWSKI

TRANSLATED BY
EMILY HILL

THIRD EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL LETTERS IN POLISH WITH
ENGLISH TRANSLATION, CHOPIN TO GRZYMALA, AND EXTRA
ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

WILLIAM REEVES
BOOKSELLER LIMITED

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— LONDON, W.C.2. —

To HERMANN SCHOLTZ.

Our frequent conversations on Chopin have taught me to respect you as an admirer of this great master, and as a true and faithful interpreter of his glorious productions. It is to you, therefore, that I dedicate this work, which, without vanity, I may call a monument raised with care and devotion to his memory.

Accept it as a proof of my sincere friendship and appreciative esteem for your talents.

MORITZ KARASOWSKI.

Dresden.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE original issue of Moritz Karasowski's *Life and Letters of Frederic Chopin* met with so much success that a second edition was published in the following year. This contained several very interesting, but previously unpublished letters written during the composer's sojourn in England and Scotland in 1848-9. Various alterations in modes of expression and corrections in matters of detail were also made. The revised edition thus afforded a record of yet greater value and completeness, interesting and trustworthy as was Moritz Karasowski's work in its original form. It is from this second edition that the present English translation has been prepared.

The autograph portrait has been reproduced, and some other portraits have been added which do not appear in either of the German versions,

but which, it is deemed, will increase the value of the book.

In the revision of the work Moritz Karasowski did not in any way alter his point of view either in his presentment of the character or his appreciation of the genius of the master.

It has been said that as a pianist Chopin had neither predecessor nor successor. The same might be applied to him as a composer. As far as any artist—whether artist in words, in colours, or in tones—ever stands alone, Chopin can lay claim to that position by his independence and originality. Supreme in delicacy and finish, it was his distinctive achievement to have attained greatness in the smallest forms.

PREFACE.

SEVERAL years of friendship with the family of Frederic Chopin have enabled me to have access to his letters and to place them before the public. Just as I had finished transcribing the first series (letters of his youth) and was on the point of chronologically arranging the second (Paris correspondence) the insurrection of 1863 broke out in Poland, and the sympathy aroused by the political condition of the Fatherland diminished public interest in its literary and artistic productions. I therefore deemed it advisable to postpone the publication of Chopin's letters.

When I gave back to his family the original letters, I did not dream that in a few months they would be destroyed. How this happened I shall, in the proper place, explain. The loss is a great and irreparable one, for the number of letters from Paris, during a most brilliant and interesting epoch, was by no means inconsiderable.

In compliance with the wishes of many of Chopin's friends and admirers, I have undertaken to sketch his career from the materials afforded me by his one surviving sister, from his letters which I published in Warsaw, and from some other letters to his friends.

In this work, which contains full particulars about Chopin's youth, I have corrected the erroneous dates and mis-statements which have found their way into all the German and French periodicals and books. If I should succeed in presenting the reader with a life-like portrait of the immortal artist, it will be the highest reward of my labour of love.

THE AUTHOR.

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Pardonnez-moi si je vous demande une grâce. Il est possible
que ma sœur Louise vienne à Paris dans 10, 15 ou 20 jours.
Veuillez je vous prie remettre cette lettre pour mon beaufrère
au concierge du 9 en lui recommandant bien d'en avoir soin et
de la remettre à celui qui la demandera. Je vous compte aussi une lettre
pour ma mère. — Merci d'avance pour toute votre bonté.
Chopin

CHOPIN'S HANDWRITING

Reproduced from original in the possession of Mr. Harold Reeses.

LIFE OF CHOPIN.

CHAPTER I.

*NICHOLAS CHOPIN'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS.
ZWYNY. ELSNER.*

I N the year 1787 Warsaw was in a state of unwonted excitement. All thoughts were centred upon the Diet, that was shortly to assemble for the purpose of preserving the Polish nation from the miseries incident to anarchy, for upholding the power of the State, remodelling old and defective laws, and framing new ones in harmony with the requirements of the times.

A radical reform of the effete Constitution was considered by the State officials, the clergy and by the old nobility, to be absolutely necessary.

It was imperative that the Nation should be strong enough to protect itself against hostile foreign influences and to render impossible a repetition of the dismemberment of 1772. To these ends an adequate standing army must be organised, and, for the purpose of raising the *status* of the citizens, special privileges granted to the trading classes, and the serfs emancipated. Indeed, the patriots were desirous of making all classes politically equal.

The election of members for the Diet was undertaken in a spirit of true patriotic zeal, and all Warsaw was astir with the preparations. Many of the noblest families removed to the capital. Foreign ambassadors attended the palace to ascertain the intentions of King Stanislas Augustus respecting the thorough reforms required by the people. The chariots of the highest official functionaries, Wojewoden, and Kastellane, frequently accompanied by outriders in their gorgeous national costume, and carriages filled with elegantly dressed ladies, rolled along the streets; while everywhere there prevailed a bustle and excitement long unknown in Warsaw.

The whole nation was inspired by the hope of a brighter future. The nobility were to aid a peaceful revolution by voluntarily renouncing their privileges in favour of a younger generation,

The future of the nation was viewed in the most glowing light. Notwithstanding the recent partition which had rent the very heart of the country, and narrowly circumscribed its boundaries, every patriot believed that Poland would now rise from the degradation caused by long years of anarchy, and, strengthened with new energy, defy every danger.

No wonder the inhabitants of the capital witnessed the preparations for this important Diet with enthusiasm, or that the streets were thronged with people. Members of the aristocracy, famous for their patriotism and willing self-sacrifice for the good both of the people and the State, were universally greeted with genuine esteem and affection.

Among the crowds which thronged the chief thoroughfares was a young Frenchman, just arrived from his own country. Everything that met his eye—from the dress of the burgher to the gorgeous apparel of the rich noble, who at that time generally wore the picturesque national costume—arrested his attention, and appeared to him unusually interesting and original. This stranger was Nicholas Chopin, father of the renowned pianist and tone-poet.

Nicholas Chopin was born at Nancy, in Lorraine, April 17th, 1770. The duchies of Lorraine

and Bar passed, as is well-known, by the Peace of Vienna, in 1735, into the possession of the King of Poland, Stanislas Leszczynski.

Stanislas Leszczynski, a staunch friend to science and art, made great efforts for the spread of general culture among his people; he founded, at Nancy, the still-existing "Academie Stanislai," and by his just and mild rule won the undivided esteem and affection of his subjects. Nicholas Chopin was born when the remembrance of this prince and philosopher was still in its first freshness. It had long been the desire of Chopin, and many other educated Lorrainers, who knew something of the history of Poland, to visit the country of the exiled monarch who had ruled their own little land, and to become acquainted with a nation which, despite its own needs, was ever ready to assist the wants of others.

An opportunity soon presented itself for the fulfilment of Chopin's wishes. The Starostin Lacynska, who met Nicholas Chopin at Nancy, and was prepossessed by his highly cultured mind and amiable manners, offered him the appointment of tutor to her two children, which he readily accepted. Bidding adieu to his family and friends, he followed the Starostin, and arrived in Warsaw during the political agitation of 1787.

During his residence with the Starostin Lacyn-

ska, in the city, and at the village of Czerniejow, the young Frenchman became acquainted with many important official personages, some of whom played a prominent part in the Diet.

He soon perceived that to study the manners and customs of the people required a thorough knowledge of the language, and in that acquisition he quickly made good progress. The discussions in the Diet interested him much, because they revealed the many wrongs inflicted on a nation which, under the sceptre of the Jagellons, had been among the most powerful and distinguished.

Nicholas Chopin, also, witnessed some important political celebrations in Warsaw. The proclamation of the new Constitution of the 3rd May, 1791, made a deep and permanent impression upon him.*

With the exception of a few obstinately prejudiced aristocrats, the results of the Diet were received by the whole nation with unexampled enthusiasm. The joy of the people of Warsaw was unbounded, and everyone hoped for a return

* Speaking of this new Constitution, Fox said, "It is a work, in which every friend to reasonable liberty must be sincerely interested." Burke exclaimed: "Humanity must rejoice and glory when it considers the change in Poland."—*Translator's Note.*

of the golden age of Poland, as the reign of Sigismund August II has been rightly called.

As Nicholas Chopin moved entirely in Polish circles, which he found very congenial, he began to regard Poland as his second home, and heartily sympathised with the memorable movement which promised brighter fortunes to the land of the Sarmatians. The recollection of this period never faded from his memory, and he would often describe to his family the rapture and enthusiasm of the people who thought its future well-being assured by a firm government, the strengthening of the monarchy, the equality of all classes before the law, and a standing army of 100,000 men.

Unfortunately these bright hopes were but short lived. Jealous neighbours, to whose interests the re-organisation and strengthening of Poland were inimical, foreswore its downfall. Contrary to all principles of justice, for Poland had not in the smallest degree meddled in her affairs, Russia was the first to take up arms, under the pretext of opposing the Jacobite tenets of the Constitution and of restoring to the nobles the power taken from them by the people. The lust of power and the corruptibility of certain magnates were used by the Russian government for its own iniquitous ends, and the good laws decreed by the quadrennial Diet never came into operation.

Frederick William II,* of Prussia—although he professed friendship for Poland, praised the Constitution, and on March 29th, 1790, concluded, through his ambassador in Warsaw, Lucchesini, an offensive and defensive alliance, guaranteeing the national independence—did not hesitate to enter into a mutual engagement with Russia for a second partition of Poland, by which he received, in the year 1793, an area of 1,100 square miles, besides Dantzic and Thorn. From this time until its total annihilation, one misfortune after another beset the sorely tried nation. When the weak and vacillating King Stanislas Augustus not only deserted his people, because they defended their independence and the Constitution of May 3rd, but even joined the Russian party, the great Polish families, one by one, left Warsaw for more secure abodes.

Nicholas Chopin, having lost his appointment with the Starostin Lacynska, resolved to leave the country; illness, however, forced him to remain in Warsaw. He, therefore, witnessed, in 1794,

* In a letter to the King of Poland, dated May 23rd, he said: "I congratulate myself on having had it in my power to maintain the liberty and independence of the Polish nation, and one of my most pleasing cares will be to support and draw closer the bond which unites us."—*Translator's Note.*

the revolution of which Kosciuszko was the hero, and also the siege of the capital by the Prussians. Brave by nature, and zealous for the independence of Poland, Nicholas Chopin entered the ranks of the National Guards, and took an active part in the defence of the country. He had attained the position of captain at the time of the defeat of the Polish army at Maciejowice, when Kosciuszko was severely wounded and taken prisoner, and overwhelming forces were marching on the suburb of Paga. Nicholas Chopin was ordered thither with his company, and his death would have been inevitable had he not been relieved from his post by another company a few hours before the occupation.

It is notorious that, after the capture of Praga, November 5th, 1794, Suwarow ordered his troops to kill all the inhabitants, old men, women, and children, not excepted. More than 12,000 persons fell victims to the conqueror's cruelty. The third partition of Poland, which was accomplished in the following year, gave the death blow to its political existence. Poland disappeared from the rank of nations, and figured only on the map of Europe in fragments, incorporated with other States. Warsaw alone was under Prussian supremacy.

After passing through this stormy period,

Nicholas Chopin once more resolved to return to France; but was again seized by a severe illness, which forbade him undergoing the fatigue and delay which the long journey at that time involved. He, therefore, remained in Warsaw, and supported himself by giving lessons in French. When asked why he had abandoned the idea of returning to his own country, he used to reply: "I have twice made the attempt, but was prevented both times by a severe illness, which almost cost me my life; it seems to be the will of Providence that I should stay in Poland, and I willingly submit."

In the beginning of the nineteenth century we find Nicholas Chopin established in the house of the Countess Skarbek, at Kuyawy, as tutor to her son. He there met and fell in love with the amiable Mademoiselle Justine Krzyzanowska, whom, in 1806, he married. Their union was blessed with three daughters and one son. Count Frederic Skarbek was godfather to the latter, and gave him his own baptismal name, 'Frederic.'

While little Frederic's parents were rejoicing in his growth and development, the political condition of Poland again changed. The formation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, by Napoleon I, in the year 1807, on the basis of the Peace of

Tilsit, aroused the Poles from the political death sleep into which they had sunk after the last partition of their country. Raised by the successful conqueror to the importance of an actual capital, Warsaw became the centre of action, animating and concentrating all the powers of the newly-made Duchy. Thither everyone eagerly repaired. With impetuous haste a government was organised, a soldiery formed, and new schools were established. Following the general example, Nicholas Chopin returned with his family to Warsaw, where he would be able to work with greater advantage both to himself and to the country of his adoption. On October 1st, 1810, he was appointed Professor of French at the newly-established Lyceum, where he continued in active work for twenty-one years, that is, until its overthrow by the Russian government. On January 1st, 1812, he entered on similar duties at the School of Artillery and Engineering. When the kingdom of Poland was restored, by the Congress of Vienna, Nicholas Chopin undertook the professorship of French at the Military Elementary School.

Fresh misfortunes were in store for the country. The insurrection of November 29th, 1830, which had awakened among Polish patriots hopes of deliverance from Russian domination, ended in total discomfiture. The most intelligent portion

of the nation and the representatives of the government emigrated, the army was disbanded, the university, the Lyceum and other educational establishments were closed. Nicholas Chopin was a member of the Examining Committee for candidates for appointments in the public schools, and finally became professor at the Academy for Roman Catholic Clergy.

The strenuous exertions undertaken by Chopin, out of love for his adopted country, had gradually undermined his strength; he, therefore, accepted a pension, and retired from public life. His integrity and noble-mindedness, his dignity under adverse fortune, and the blameless purity of his life, caused him to be highly respected in the country he had made his own. The best Polish families were anxious to entrust the training of their sons to his care, and to place them in his household universally esteemed, so that for some years Nicholas Chopin had the charge of a considerable number of youths who were educated with his own son Frederic. The prolonged absence of this much-loved son beclouded the last years of his life. Amid the devoted care of his family, Nicholas Chopin died, May 3rd, 1844, aged seventy-four.

Justine Chopin, who had shared all her husband's joys and troubles, was of an exceedingly

gentle disposition, and excelled in all womanly virtues. The fame of her son Frederic did not render her in the least haughty. Domestic peace was her highest happiness. Providence afflicted her with severe trials: after the death of her husband she lost two charming daughters, and then her only and dearly loved son, the last moments of whose life she was unable to soothe by her motherly care. But these afflictions were borne with touching patience. In extreme old age she lived in the house of her one surviving daughter; her last days were devoted almost entirely to prayer. She died October 1st, 1861.

Louisa, the eldest child, born April 6th, 1807, received a very careful education, and soon became a great help to her parents. She was distinguished by unusual intellectual gifts, industry, and a very agreeable manner. In conjunction with her sister, Isabella, she wrote some books on the best means for the elevation of the working classes. After her marriage with Professor Jedrzejewicz, in 1832, she devoted herself to the education of her children, and gave less attention to literature. She did not, however, entirely lay aside her pen, but wrote and published, in various journals, papers and articles on the education of the young. She died October 29th, 1855.

Nicholas Chopin's second daughter, Isabella, married the Inspector of Schools, Anton Barcinski, who afterwards became Director of Steamboats.

Emily, the youngest daughter, a very attractive girl, of whom the highest hopes were entertained, died in her fourteenth year, April 10th, 1827. Educated beyond her years, unceasingly bright and witty, she possessed the happy gift of always diffusing cheerfulness. She was, therefore, much beloved, and her wit, affectionate flattery, or droll mimicry, often prevailed with her parents when the influence of her elder sisters and even of her brother had not succeeded.

The writings of Clementine Tńska had so deeply impressed her, that she made it the aim of her life to become an authoress. She, therefore, zealously studied her mother tongue, which she soon succeeded in mastering. Some poems which she wrote for special occasions were exquisite in form and full of music. Emily and her sister Isabella were engaged in translating into Polish the tales of the German writer, Salzmann; but Emily's early death, unfortunately, prevented the completion of the work. Judging from such of her poetical effusions as still remain, it may be assumed, that had she lived, Emily would have attained as brilliant a position in Polish literature

as her brother has in music. She suffered from an incurable complaint of the chest, and, in her last moments, seeing the suffering and despair of the relatives around her, she repeated the lines :

“ Wie bitter ist des Menschen Loos auf Erden,
Sieht er wie um *sein* Leid, die *Seinen* traurig werden.”

Thus, at the early age of fourteen, passed away this talented girl, whose premature intellectual development was so remarkable.

Let us mention some of the *habitués* of the household who, besides its gifted inmates, must have had a favourable influence on the development of young Frederic.

One of Nicholas Chopin's oldest friends was his colleague and superior, the famous philologist, Dr. Samuel Bogumil von Linde, who earned the gratitude of the whole nation by the compilation of his valuable Polish dictionary, which is, in fact, a comparative study of the Slavonic languages.

Frederic Chopin often played duets with Madame von Linde, who was an unusually well-educated woman, and a remarkable pianist for her time. To her Chopin dedicated his first published work, Rondo, Op. 1. This composition was the first instalment of the rare treasures with which he has enriched the literature of music.

Another of Nicholas Chopin's colleagues was

Waclaw Alexander Maciejowski, celebrated for his researches in history and Slavonic law. His works are much valued by students, and have been translated into several languages.

Among others who were from time to time Nicholas Chopin's guests were: Count Skarbek, an able writer, pupil of Nicholas, and godfather to Frederic Chopin; the Professors of the University, Brodzinski, poet and student of æsthetics; Julius Kolberg, an engineer, father of the ethnologist, Oskar, the indefatigable collector of folk songs; Jarocki, a learned zoologist; Anton Brodowski, a celebrated historical and portrait painter; Anton Barcinski, Professor at the Polytechnic School since 1823, teacher in the host's *pension*, and afterwards his son-in-law; Jawurek, a talented musician; and, last of all, Chopin's two masters, Zywny and Elsner.

Adalbert Zywny, born in Bohemia, in 1756, came to Poland in the reign of Stanislas Augustus. His first appointment was that of music teacher in the house of Prince Casimir Sapieha; then he settled in Warsaw as teacher of the piano. He died in 1840.

Joseph Xaver Elsner was born June 29th, 1769, at Grottkau, in Silesia. His father, who was an instrument maker, wished him to study medicine, but Joseph preferred to devote himself to music.

Maar, band-master at Breslau, gave him his first instruction in counterpoint. In 1792, Elsner went to Poland, holding the post of band-master and composer at the National Theatre, first at Lemberg and then in Warsaw. In 1815, after the proclamation of the institution of the new kingdom by the Congress of Vienna, he was entrusted with the establishment of a school for organists, and six years after with the direction of the Conservatoire.

Besides the German operas, "Die Seltenen Brüder," "Der Verkleidete Sultan," and "Il Flauto Magico," which Elsner composed at Lemberg, he wrote twenty-seven Polish operas and melodramas, a great number of arias, cantatas, string quartets, and three symphonies, besides several ecclesiastical works, among which the oratorio, "Das Leiden Christi," was several times performed in Warsaw, and very favourably received. Its wealth of melody, no less than its technical working, renders this one of the chief, and, perhaps, the most successful of Elsner's compositions. He also rendered great services to Poland, as teacher and director at the Conservatoire. He trained a considerable number of talented young men, who afterwards became excellent musicians, and otherwise promoted the cultivation of music in the noblest manner. He

died April 18th, 1854. A magnificent monument, raised by public subscription, adorns his tomb in Warsaw.

Titled landowners were also included in the circle of Nicholas Chopin's friends. Most of them had been his pupils, or had become acquainted with him through their sons. In later years, when Frederic's rare and brilliant talents were more fully developed, his father counted among his guests not only *savants*, poets, and artists, but the *élite* of the aristocracy, who considered it an honour to become acquainted with this interesting and highly esteemed family and delighted in admiring the young artist for whom a glorious future was already prophesied. These were bright and happy days passed by Chopin in his father's house.

CHAPTER II.

*FREDERIC'S CHILDHOOD. HIS FIRST
APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.
IMPROVISATIONS. POLISH NATIONAL SONGS.*

ON March 1st, 1809,* Frederic François Chopin was born, at Zelazowa Wola, a village six miles from Warsaw, belonging to Count Skarbek.†

In his earliest years Frederic was so very sensi-

* All the foreign biographers of Chopin have mistaken the date of his birth. Even on his monument at Père la Chaise, in Paris, 1810, is engraven instead of 1809, an error which ought to have been rectified long ago.

† Mlle. Janotha, in her translation of *Chopin's Greater Works*, by Jean Kleczynski, claims that the correct date of Chopin's birth is February 22nd, 1810; April 28th, 1810, is the date of his christening. [Translator's Note.]

tive to music that he wept whenever he heard it, and was with difficulty comforted. This powerful influence was not a painful one; for Frederic soon showed such a decided love for the piano, that his parents obtained instruction for him, selecting as his master the well-known and excellent teacher, Albert Zywny, of Warsaw. As Frederic was so young, his elder sister shared the music lessons.

Zywny was the first and only director of Frederic's precocious musical talents, for the child began to compose before he even knew how to commit his ideas to paper. He would request his master to write down what he improvised, and these first thoughts were afterwards frequently altered and improved upon by the gifted boy.

In a few years Frederic made such progress in pianoforte playing as to excite wonder in all Warsaw drawing-rooms. On the occasion of a public concert, for the benefit of the poor, February 24th, 1818, Julius Ursin Miemcewicz, late adjutant to Kosciuszko—himself a distinguished statesman, poet, historian, and political writer—and other high personages, invited the co-operation of the virtuoso, who had not quite completed his ninth year. Such a request could not be refused, and thus Chopin's first step in his artistic

career was for a charitable object. Shortly before the performance (he was to play Gyrowetz's pianoforte concerto), "Fritzchen,"* as he was called at home, was placed on a chair to be suitably dressed for his first appearance before a large assembly. The child was delighted with his jacket, and especially with the handsome collar. After the concert, his mother, who had not been present, asked, as she embraced him, "what did the public like best?" He naïvely answered: "Oh, mamma, everybody looked only at my collar," thus showing that he was not vain of his playing.

From that evening the flower of the aristocracy vied with each other in patronising the marvellous boy, whom they regarded as an ornament of their *salons*. We merely mention the Princes Czartoryski, Sapieha, Czetwertynski, Lubecki, Radziwill, Counts Skarbek, Wolicki, Pruszek, Hussarzewski, Lempicki. The Princess Czetwertynski introduced him to the Princess Lowicka, the unhappy wife of the Grand Prince Constantin Pawlowicz.

Accustomed in his father's house to good society, and now having the *entrée* of the first *salons* in the capital, refined surroundings became

* Polish: "Frycek."

to Frederic a second nature, and gave him the life-long impress of a gentleman. He always had an aversion to coarse people, and avoided anyone who lacked good manners.

Catalani, when passing through Warsaw, became acquainted with the youthful virtuoso, and was delighted with his artistic pianoforte playing. As a grateful recognition of the enjoyment he had afforded her, she presented him with a gold watch, on the back of which was inscribed: "Donné par Madame Catalani à Frédéric Chopin, âge de dix ans." Frederic's earliest compositions were Dances, Polonaises, Mazurkas, Waltzes; then he accomplished a March, which he ventured to dedicate to the Grand Prince Constantine. This violent man, the terror of those around him, received the ten years' old artist; he accepted the dedication very graciously, and desired Frederic to play the piece to him. Fortunately for the young composer the Prince liked it, and he walked up and down while it was being played, smiling and beating time with the utmost complacency. He had the March* scored, and it was often performed at the military parade, in the Saxon Square.

* This March was afterwards published in Warsaw, but without the composer's name.

Frederic occasionally improvised in the drawing-room of the Grand Princess. Noticing his habit of casting up his eyes and gazing at the ceiling, the Prince said to him: "Why do you always look at the ceiling, boy? do you see notes up there?" Chopin made no reply, but he remembered the speech long afterwards.

From contemporary observers we learn with what perseverance he laboured to overcome the technical difficulties of the pianoforte. Impressed by the good effect of an extended chord, but unable to play it with his small hand, he endeavoured to produce the desired expansion by a mechanical contrivance of his own manufacture, which he kept between his fingers even during the night. He was not led to use this aid by a desire of fame or of forestalling others in inventing and surmounting new difficulties, but because he perceived the difference between a slurred and a detached chord. These chords became a characteristic feature in Chopin's compositions. At first they were thought almost impracticable, but players grew accustomed to them, and now no pianist finds them unsuited to the capacities of the hand.

Perceiving Frederic's uncommon talent for composition, his father had him instructed in counterpoint, as far as was compatible with his

preparation for the Warsaw Lyceum, not having as yet entertained the idea of making him an artist. Nicholas Chopin made a most fortunate choice in asking his friend, Elsner, to become Frederic's instructor. Elsner soon discerned the originality of the youth's creative powers, and his counsel and guidance much assisted in their development. Teacher and pupil were united till death in a pure and faithful friendship, such as only the noblest minds can feel. When people remarked to Elsner, as they frequently did, that Frederic under-rated and set aside the customary rules and universal laws of music, and listened only to the dictates of his own fancy, the worthy director of the Conservatoire would reply: "Leave him alone, he does not follow the common way because his talents are uncommon; he does not adhere to the old method because he has one of his own, and his works will reveal an originality hitherto unknown." This prophecy has been entirely fulfilled. A less discerning teacher might have hindered and repressed his pupil's efforts, and so quenched the desire for loftier flights. Frederic excelled in all branches of study, and his astonished friends formed the most brilliant expectations for his future. Extraordinary vivacity of temperament prompted him to incessant activity, and sharpened his innate, irrepressible and

versatile humour. What innumerable tricks he was continually playing on his sisters, school-fellows, and even on persons of riper years ! His youngest sister, Emily, was an active assistant in these merry pranks.

The birthdays of his parents and intimate friends were frequently celebrated by theatrical representations, in which Frederic usually took the most active part. The eminent dramatic artist of that time, Albert Piasecki, who acted as manager at these representations, considered that Chopin, on account of his presence of mind, excellent declamation, and capacity for rapid facial changes, was born to be a great actor. Frederic's acting, indeed, often astonished good connoisseurs. He frequently saved a piece by improvising his own and other parts, when one of the players forgot his rôle, or the prompter failed to assist. It is well known that Chopin's gift of improvisation contributed greatly to his later renown. Master as he was of musical technique, thanks to the excellent training of Elsner, he was able to improvise endlessly on any given theme, to wander into graceful variations, and conjure marvellous effects from the keys. In these improvisations Chopin showed himself in riper years as a true poet, and it is easy to understand that his most ardent admirers were poets who felt

themselves inspired to new creations by his playing.

When Frederic was fifteen, and Emily eleven, they wrote in honour of their father's birthday, a one-act comedy, in verse, entitled "The Mistake; or, the Imaginary Rogue." Frederic, Isabella and Emily took the principal parts, the others were divided among the boarders. The comedy is too ephemeral and naïve for quotation, but it displayed the intelligence of the youthful authors, and their command of language. In the same year (1824) Frederic entered the fourth class at the Lyceum, and although he frequently indulged in his harmless and always witty pranks, he was one of the best and most talented pupils. He used to exercise his talent for caricature by portraying one or other of the masters. One day he caricatured the director, Mons. Linde, to the life, but unfortunately the drawing fell into the director's hands. This worthy man, who was indulgent to everyone, and especially to the young, returned the paper to Chopin, without a word, having written on it, "the likeness is well drawn."

He spent his first holidays in Mazovia, at the village of Szafarnia, which belonged to the Dziewanowski estate, where he soon formed a warm and lasting friendship with the children of this distinguished family. To any boy brought

up in a city, a stay of several weeks in the country is a time full of freedom and delight; and how infinitely greater would be the enjoyment to a gifted boy like Chopin when, unburdened by school exercises, he could wander through wood and meadow, dreaming of fairies and wood nymphs. Frederic, who was not at all fond of long, fatiguing walks, loved to lie under a tree, and indulge in beautiful daydreams. Instead of an ordinary holiday correspondence it occurred to him to bring out a little periodical under the title of the *Kurjer Szafarski*, on the model of the *Warsaw Courier*, a paper then published in the capital. Among the memorials of Frederic, collected by the family, are two numbers of this little journal, for the year 1824. At the beginning of the first number we read: "On July 15th, M. Pichon (a name Frederic assumed) appeared at the musical assembly at Szafarnia, at which were present several persons, big and little: he played Kalkbrenner's Concerto, but this did not produce such a *furore*, especially among the youthful hearers, as the song which the same gentleman rendered." It is also narrated in this journal that a great many Jews were at that time in the neighbouring village of Oborów (the property of M. Romocki) to buy grain. Frederic invited some of them to his room, and played to

them a kind of Jewish wedding march, called "Majufes." His performance excited such enthusiasm among his guests that they not only began to dance, but earnestly begged him to come to an approaching Jewish marriage, and give them some more of his exquisite music. "He plays," said the delighted Israelites, "like a born Jew."*

The remainder of the news of the *Kurjer Szafarski* consisted of humorous descriptions of the daily events of the village. A strange glimpse of the condition of Poland is afforded by the fact, that according to a custom, which even now prevails in Warsaw, each issue of this journal was examined by the government censor, whose business it was to write on every number, "lawful for circulation." The office was at that time held by Mlle. Louise Dziewanowska, daughter of the proprietor of Szafarnia.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the jokes and harmless mystifications which this famous man indulged in during the happy days of boyhood, but I will mention a few of his merry tricks, for the sake of those who linger with affectionate interest over his early years.

* This story is given by Wladislaus Casimir Wojcicki in his work entitled "Cmentarz Powazkowski."

Mons. Romocki, the proprietor of Oborów, once sold his wheat to a Jewish dealer. Hearing of the purchase, Frederic wrote a letter in the Polish-Jewish style, purporting to come from the buyer, and stating that, after mature consideration, he found he should be a loser by the bargain, and, therefore, declined it. The writing was abominable, the spelling full of blunders, but the deception succeeded so well that Romocki was in a frightful rage. He sent for the Jew instantly, and would probably have soundly belaboured the unfortunate trader had not Frederic confessed his mischievous trick in time. Romocki laughed at the joke, and was on his guard against being taken in again by Frederic.

Between 1820 and 1830 there was a Protestant pastor in Warsaw, named Tetzner, who preached every Sunday in German and Polish alternately, and from his defective knowledge of the language proclaimed the truths of the gospel in very broken Polish. Being led to his church from curiosity, Frederic was at once struck by the droll speech of the preacher, and carefully noticed every wrongly pronounced word. When he reached home, he constructed a kind of pulpit with tables and chairs, put on a wig, and, summoning the family, delivered a discourse in imitation

of the pastor's broken Polish, which was so ludicrous that his hearers were in fits of laughter.

If his father's pupils made too much noise in the house, Frederic had only to place himself at the piano to produce instant and perfect quiet. One day when Professor Chopin was out there was a frightful uproar. Barcinski, the master present, was at his wits' end, when Frederic, happily, entered the room.* Without deliberation he requested the roisterers to sit down, called in those who were making a noise outside, and promised to improvise an interesting story on the piano, if they would be quite quiet. All were instantly as still as death, and Frederic sat down to the instrument and extinguished the lights.† He described how robbers approached a house, mounted by ladders to the windows, but were frightened away by a noise within. Without delay they fled on the wings of the wind into a deep, dark wood, where they fell asleep under

* One of these pupils, Casimir Wodzynski, a property owner, who is still living, often tells this story.

† Chopin generally improvised in the dark, frequently at night, as then the mind is undisturbed by outward impressions. Then he would bury himself in the theme heart and soul, and develop from it tone-pictures full of lofty inspiration and fairy-like poetry.

the starry sky. He played more and more softly, as if trying to lull children to rest, till he found that his hearers had actually fallen asleep. The young artist noiselessly crept out of the room, to his mother and sisters, and asked them to follow him with a light. When the family had amused themselves with the various postures of the sleepers, Frederic sat down again to the piano, and struck a thrilling chord, at which they all sprang up in a fright. A hearty laugh was the *finale* of this musical joke.

Further on in his life we meet with a companion picture to this story, which affords us an excellent example of Frederic's talent for improvisation, profound knowledge of counterpoint, and mastery over all technical difficulties. Like many gifted and accomplished musicians, he showed an especial preference for the organ as offering wide scope for the freest improvisation. It was customary for the students of the Warsaw University to assemble about eleven in the morning on Sundays and feast days for service at the Wizytek Church, at which artists and *dilettanti* performed vocal masses with and without orchestral accompaniments.

Chopin sometimes sat in the choir and played the organ. One day when the celebrant had sung the "Oremus," Frederic improvised, in a most

skilful manner, on the motive of the portion of the mass already performed, working out the fundamental thought with most interesting combinations and contrapuntal devices. The choristers and band, spellbound by the magic power of his fancy, left their desks, and surrounded the player, listening with rapt attention, as if they had been in the concert room rather than the church. The priest, at the altar, patiently awaited the conclusion, but the sacristan rushed angrily into the choir, exclaiming, "what the d—— are you doing? The priest has twice intoned *Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, the ministrant has rung repeatedly, and still you keep on playing. The superior who sent me is out of all patience." Chopin awoke from his reverie, and his hands lay motionless on the keys.

Although his wonderful improvisation generally cost him but little trouble, he spared no pains when preparing a work for publication. When absorbed by an idea he would brood over it for hours and days in perfect silence and solitude.

Chopin often worked far on into the night; sometimes when the rest of the household were asleep, he would spring out of bed, rush to his piano, and strike a few chords, developing some immatured thought, or resolving some imperfect

harmony. Then he would lie down, but only to rise and do the same thing again, daylight frequently finding him thus occupied. The servants, by whom Frederic was much beloved, but who could not understand such proceedings, shook their heads compassionately, and said : "The poor young gentleman's mind is affected."

When on an excursion with his father to the suburbs or spending his holidays in the country, he always listened attentively to the song of the reaper, and the tune of the peasant fiddler, fixing in his memory and delighting to idealise the original and expressive melodies. He often asked who was the creator of the beautiful melodies interwoven in the Mazurkas, Cracoviennes and Polonaises, and how the Polish peasants learned to sing and play the violin with such purity. No one could give him any information. Indeed both the words and melodies of these songs are the creation of several minds. An artless, spontaneous melody, poured forth by one person, is altered, and perhaps improved, by another, and so passes from mouth to mouth till finally it becomes a possession of all the people. Slavonic folk-songs differ greatly from the Romance and Germanic; they are historical records of the feelings, customs and character of the people.



BUST OF CHOPIN BY J. B. CLÉSINGER

Chopin was born and bred in Mazovia, a peculiarly music-loving province. A distinguished Polish writer says: "The love of song characterises the Slavonic above all other races; the rudest peasant could be allured to the end of the world by his national songs." The Mazovians have such an intense love for music that they sing about the commonest affairs of life, readily perceiving their pleasing or pathetic phases. During the great festivals—Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas—men and women walk about the Mazovian villages, singing and playing appropriate dances, and everywhere they are warmly received, gladly listened to, and not sparingly rewarded. Nearly all these songs originated in the cottage, their composers were men who could neither read nor write, and whose names will always remain unknown.

Perception of the poetry of human life and sensibility to the beauties of nature are evidently innate in the Polish character; they are susceptibilities which neither prosaic work, the cares of daily life, nor even the burden of more than a century of national suffering have had power to blunt.

In his childhood Chopin had embedded these folk-songs in his memory, and, impressed by their peculiar beauty, he frequently interwove some

especial favourite into his own compositions. He first gave the national dance tune a truly beautiful and perfect form by adorning it with interesting harmonics and poetical arabesques.

CHAPTER III.

*CHOPIN'S EARLY MANHOOD. HIS FIRST
JOURNEY. HIS RELATIONS WITH PRINCE
ANTON RADZIWILL.*

THE year 1825 found Frederic's social and artistic circle continually increasing in numbers and influence, and the fame of his extraordinary musical talents spreading far and wide. His great popularity was shown by the fact that the only strikingly successful concerts were those in which he took part. His marvellous playing at two grand concerts, given for charitable objects, in the hall of the conservatoire, on May 27 and June 10, 1825, awakened unbounded enthusiasm. As the best pianist in the capital, Chopin was summoned to play before the Emperor, Alexander I, who, during his stay in Warsaw, was desirous of hearing the newly

invented Aelomelodicon.* The instrument was placed in the Protestant Church, for the sake of heightening the tone by its being heard under the enormous dome of that building. In token of his admiration of the wonderful performance of the talented youth, then little more than a boy, the emperor presented him with a valuable diamond ring.

The same year saw the publication of Chopin's first printed work, the Rondo dedicated to Madame von Linde. Neither this nor the following "Rondo à la Masur," Op. 5, also published in Warsaw, made him famous abroad, but in his own city he was already regarded as a popular and rapidly maturing artist. Looking at their son merely as a distinguished dilettante, his parents had not made music his chief study, but when they saw that Frederic was by nature designed for a great musician, they put no hindrances in his way, and left him to the undisturbed enjoyment of his piano and his poetic dreams.

Everywhere he was warmly welcomed: in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy, by his comrades at the conservatoire, or the Lyceum, of which he was considered the chief ornament, and where he formed some life-long friendships. Among these

* Brunner and Hoffmann were the inventors.

friends we may mention Titus Woyciechowski, to whom he dedicated his Variations, Op. 2; Alexander Rembielinski;* Wilhelm von Kolberg; Johann Matuszynski; Stanislas Kozmian, now president of the Scientific Society at Posen; Eustachius Marylski; Dominicus Magnuszewski and Stepan Witwicki, both poets of talent; Celinski; Hube and Julius Fontana.†

Frederic excited no jealousy among his fellow students at the conservatoire, for his talents as pianist and composer were so pre-eminent that they all bowed before him as their master. Kind and affable by disposition he had also an innate

* Alexander Rembielinski, an excellent pianist, who died young.

† Julius Fontana, pianist and composer, was born in Warsaw, in 1810, and educated with Chopin at the Conservatoire, under Elsner. In 1830 he entered the army and soon became a lieutenant of artillery. After the insurrection he emigrated to France; some years later settled in America, but in 1850 returned to Paris, where he died in 1870. He was an almost daily guest of Chopin's, and knew exactly what compositions were published at that time; the facts that he gives in the preface to his edition of Chopin's works are, therefore, trustworthy. Besides many smaller compositions (Waltzes, Studies, Caprices, Fantasias), which he wrote and published in Paris, he published "Polish National Melodies" (London), "Comments on Polish Orthography" (Leipzig, 1866); and "Popular Astronomy" (Posen, 1869).

grace, while, from his education and refined surroundings, he possessed, even in early youth, the tact of a grown-up person. These qualities won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and no one was offended by his practical jokes, mimicries or caricatures.

The activity of the young artist was intense, and the strain undoubtedly injured his delicate constitution. Frederic's parents having been advised by the physicians to send their youngest daughter, Emily, to Bad Reinerz, in Silesia, they thought it well to let him accompany her that he might try the whey cure. Accordingly, at the beginnings of the holidays of 1826, the mother, Louise, Emily and Frederic went to the then much frequented spring. During their visit a poor widow, who had vainly been seeking help from the healing stream, died, leaving two young children, under the care of a faithful nurse, but without sufficient means for the funeral and the journey home. Hearing of their need, Chopin made the noblest use of his talents. He arranged a concert for the benefit of the poor children, and had the satisfaction of obtaining a good sum. By his masterly playing he won the admiration of the connoisseurs; by his benevolence, the esteem of all generous minds. He became the object of the most courteous attentions. A few

days after the concert Frederic and his family left Reinerz, and spent the rest of the summer at the village of Strzyzewo, part of the estate of Madame von Wiesiolowska, sister to Count Skarbek, his godfather.

Prince Anton Radziwill, a wealthy nobleman, related to the Prussian royal family, and governor of the Duchy of Posen, had his summer residence in the neighbouring village, Antonin. A passionate lover of music, a keen connoisseur, and a thoroughly trained composer, he had obtained some celebrity by his music to the first part of Goethe's *Faust*, which, by royal command, was for several years performed annually in his honour at the Berlin Academy for Singing. He had a very agreeable tenor voice, and also played the violoncello well. His house in Posen was the rendezvous for the best artists, and quartet parties for the performance of the music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and other classical masters were held in his *salons* nearly every week, the Prince himself playing the violoncello.

Frederic, who was then seventeen years of age, having availed himself of an invitation to Antonin, the Prince took a great fancy to him, and was charmed with his playing. In May, 1829, when Prince Radziwill went to Warsaw as representative of the Prussian court, at the coronation of the

Emperor Nicholas, he visited Frederic at his father's house, and was very pressing in inviting him to his establishment in Posen. There was no further personal intercourse between this magnate and our artist, yet writers, ignorant of the facts, have represented the Prince as Chopin's benefactor, and as having supplied the means for his education. Franz Liszt was the first to promulgate this error in his book, entitled "*Francois Chopin*," written in French, shortly after the master's death, in which he says, "supplementing the limited means of the family, the Prince bestowed on Frederic the inestimable gift of a good and complete education. Through a friend, M. Antoine Kozuchowski, the Prince, whose own cultivated mind enabled him to understand the requirements of an artistic career, paid Chopin's educational expenses from his entry at the high school till the completion of his studies. From this time until the death of Chopin, M. Kozuchowski held the closest relations of friendship with him." There is not a word of truth in this statement. Liszt was probably misled by a Polish emigrant, Franz Grzymala. This man had been a deputy at the Diet, and was a clever author and journalist; he died in Paris in 1871, the day after the capitulation. Not having made Chopin's acquaintance until his residence in Paris, it does

not appear, from what he told Liszt, that he could have possessed any accurate information about his parents and his early life. Julius Fontana, who had known Chopin from childhood, entered a protest against Liszt's assertion, so also did the parents of the great artist, who were sadly pained to read that Prince Radziwill had entirely provided for Frederic's education. Professor at three large academies in Warsaw, and proprietor of a flourishing *pension*, surely Nicholas Chopin would have found means for the education of his dearly loved and only son.

An equally untrue report has been spread to the effect that Chopin travelled to Italy at the expense of Prince Radziwill. In reality the expenses of the journey were defrayed by the receipts of three numerous attended concerts given in Warsaw. The first time he asked his father for money was when he had determined on going to Paris, after a sojourn of eight months in the beautiful Austrian capital. In his charming childlike manner, he lamented that he should be the cause of additional expenditure to his parents, to whom he had, he thought, already cost quite enough. His father sent him the money, and an affectionate letter, expressing his willingness to supply him with means, until he procured some regular mode of subsistence in Paris.

As a mark of friendship and respect for the distinguished composer of the music to the first part of Goethe's *Faust*, Frederic dedicated to him his Trio for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 8, composed in Warsaw between 1827 and 1829. The letters in Chapter VI show what a favourite the young artist was with the Prince's family. Of a subsidy from the Prince there could never have been any question. It is only fair to Liszt to say that he is less to blame for the circulation of the falsehood, than Grzymala and those who blindly believed and promulgated so utterly false a statement.

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CHAPTER IV.

*THE JOURNEY TO BERLIN. AN INCIDENT OF
THE RETURN JOURNEY TO WARSAW.*

I^N 1827 Chopin passed his final examination before leaving the Lyceum, and then went to recruit in the country air of Strzyzewo. From there he took a short excursion to Dantzic, where he wished to make the acquaintance of Superintendent Linde, brother of his former master. This last examination had not been such a brilliant success as former ones, when every promotion to a higher class had been accompanied by a special reward. This is accounted for by his having, during the last year, devoted his chief energies to music, a goodly pile of compositions, finished or sketched in outline, being found in his study. Elsner, who was the keenest observer and most competent judge of Frederic's artistic pro-

gress, and creative power, exhorted his parents to let their son have his own way, and to do all they could to encourage his lofty flights of fancy.

The question now was how to give the young composer better opportunities for hearing and studying music than his native city afforded. Although first-rate artists occasionally gave concerts in Warsaw, Frederic could only satisfy his ardent desire of hearing the sublime works of the classic masters, in the larger European centres of life and intelligence. His parents, therefore, resolved to send their beloved son to Vienna or Berlin, if only for a few weeks, at the very first favourable opportunity. One soon offered. In 1828, Professor Jarocki having been invited by Alexander von Humboldt to the Naturalists' Congress, at Berlin, Nicholas Chopin was only too happy to confide his son to the care of one of his best friends, while the Professor was equally pleased to have the company of an amiable and talented young man like Chopin.

Thus he left his native land for the first time to visit a large foreign city, where he hoped to learn a great deal. Unconscious of his own artistic importance, he had no wish to appear in Berlin as a pianist or composer.

We will now let him speak for himself in the following letters which refer to this journey.

To Titus Woyciechowsky.

Warsaw, September 9th, 1828.

DEAREST TITUS,

You cannot think how I have been longing for news of you and your mother, nor imagine my joy when I received your letter. I was then at Strzyzewo, where I spent the whole summer, but could not reply immediately because I was so busy preparing to return to Warsaw. Now I am writing like a lunatic, for I really do not know what I am about. I am actually starting for Berlin to-day! There is to be a scientific congress at Berlin—after the model of those held in Switzerland and Bavaria—to which the King has requested the University to invite the most celebrated European naturalists. The president is to be the renowned Alexander von Humboldt. Professor Jarocki has received an invitation as a zoologist, and ex-student and doctor of the Berlin University. Something magnificent is anticipated, and it is reported that Spontini will give a performance of his “Cortez.”

Jarocki's friend and teacher, Lichtenstein, officiates as secretary to the Congress: he is a member of the Academy of Singing, and is on a

friendly footing with the director, Herr Zelter. I learn from a good authority that I shall have an opportunity, through Lichtenstein, of becoming acquainted with all the best musicians in the Prussian capital, except Spontini, with whom he is not on good terms.

I shall be much pleased to meet the Prussian Prince Radziwill, who is a friend of Spontini. I only intend spending a fortnight with Jarocki, but this will give me an opportunity of hearing a good opera perfectly performed, which is worth a great deal of trouble.

At Strzyzewo I arranged my Rondo in C major (my latest, as you may remember), for two pianos.* To-day I tried it with Ernemann, at Buchholtz's,† and it came out pretty well. We intend to play it some day at the "Ressource." As to new compositions, I have nothing besides the still unfinished Trio (G minor) which I began after your departure. The first *Allegro* I have already tried with accompaniments.

It seems to me that this Trio will meet the same fate as the Sonata and Variations. Both are

* It appears as Op. 73, in Fontana's collection of the posthumous works.

† Ernemann was a music master, and Buchholtz a pianoforte maker, in Warsaw.

already in Vienna; the former I have dedicated to Elsner, as his pupil; to the latter I have—perhaps somewhat presumptuously—affixed your name. I acted on the impulse of affection, and I am sure you will not misconstrue my motives. Skarbek has not yet returned, Jedrzejewicz will remain some time longer in Paris.* He was there introduced to the pianist, Sowinski,† who wrote to me to say that he should like to make my acquaintance, by correspondence, before he comes to Warsaw. As he is assistant editor of Fétis's *Revue Musicale*, he would be glad to be informed about musical affairs in Poland, or to receive biographies of the foremost Polish composers and artists—matters in which I have not the least intention of being mixed up, so I shall reply to him from Berlin that what he wants is not at all in my line, and that I do not feel competent to write for a Paris journal, requiring able and matured criticism.

At the end of this month I shall be leaving Berlin, a five days' journey by diligence!

Everything here is just the same as ever; the

* Professor Joseph Kalasanti Jedrzejewicz, Chopin's future brother-in-law, born 1803, died in Warsaw, 1853.

† A composer, pianist, and *littérateur*, living in Paris.

excellent Zywny is the heart and soul of all our parties.

I must conclude, for my luggage is already packed and sent to the diligence.

I kiss your mother's feet and hands. My parents and sisters send kind regards and sincerest wishes for the improvement of her health.

Take pity on me, and write soon, however briefly. I shall value a single line.

Yours,

FREDERIC.

*Berlin, Tuesday.**

MY DEARLY BELOVED PARENTS AND SISTERS,

We arrived safely in this great city about 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and went direct from the post to the hotel "Zum Kronprinz," where we are now. It is a good and comfortable house. The day we arrived Professor Jarocki took me to Herr Lichtenstein's, where I met Alex. von Humboldt. He is not above the middle height, and his features cannot be called handsome, but the prominent, broad brow, and the deep,

* September 16th, 1828.



Chopin

After a drawing by A. Ducal.

Property of F. Ries

Engraved by Rommler & Joäns. Dresd

penetrating eyes reveal the searching intellect of the scholar, who is as great a student of human nature as he is a traveller. He speaks French like his mother tongue; even you would have said so, dear Father.

Herr Lichtenstein promised to introduce me to the leading musicians here; and regretted that we had not arrived a few days sooner to have heard his daughter perform at a *matinée* last Sunday, with orchestral accompaniments.

I, for my part, felt but little disappointment, but, whether rightly or wrongly, I know not, for I have neither seen nor heard the young lady. The day we arrived there was a performance of "The Interrupted Sacrifice," but our visit to Herr Lichtenstein prevented me from being present.

Yesterday the savants had a grand dinner; Herr von Humboldt did not occupy the chair, but a very different looking person, whose name I cannot at this moment recall. However, as he is, no doubt, some celebrity, I have written his name under my portrait of him. (I could not refrain from making some caricatures, which I have already classified.) The dinner lasted so long that there was not time for me to hear Birnbach, the much-praised violinist of nine years. To-day I shall dine alone, having made my

excuses to Professor Jarocki, who readily perceived that, to a musician, the performance of such a work as Spontini's "Ferdinand Cortez," must be more interesting than an interminable dinner among scientists. Now I am quite alone, and enjoying a chat with you, my dear ones.

There is a rumour that the great Paganini is coming here. I only hope it is true. Prince Radziwill is expected on the 20th of this month. It will be a great pleasure to me if he comes. I have as yet seen nothing but the Zoological Collection, but I know the city pretty well, for I wandered among the beautiful streets and bridges for two whole days. You shall have a verbal description of these, as also of the large and decidedly handsome castle. The chief impression Berlin makes upon me is that of a straggling city which could, I think, contain double its present large population. We wanted to have stayed in the French street, but I am very glad we did not, for it is as broad as our Leszno,* and needs ten times as many people as are in it to take off its desolate appearance.

To-day will be my first experience of the music of Berlin. Do not think me one-sided, dearest

* A long and wide street in Warsaw,

Papa, for saying that I would much rather have spent the morning at Schlesinger's than in labouring through the thirteen rooms of the Zoological Museum, but I came here for the sake of my musical education, and Schlesinger's library, containing, as it does, the most important musical works of every age and country, is, of course, of more interest to me than any other collection. I console myself with the thought that I shall not miss Schlesinger's, and that a young man ought to see all he can, as there is something to be learnt everywhere. This morning I went to Kisting's pianoforte manufactory, at the end of the long Frederic Street, but as there was not a single instrument completed, I had my long walk in vain. Fortunately for me there is a good grand piano in our hotel, which I play on every day, both to my own and the landlord's gratification.

The Prussian diligences are most uncomfortable, so the journey was less agreeable than I had anticipated; however, I reached the capital of the Hohenzollerns in good health and spirits. Our travelling companions were a German lawyer, living in Posen, who tried to distinguish himself by making coarse jokes; and a very fat farmer, with a smattering of politeness acquired by travelling.

At the last stage before Frankfort-on-the-Oder,

a German Sapho entered the diligence and poured forth a torrent of ridiculous, egotistical complaints. Quite unwittingly the good lady amused me immensely, for it was as good as a comedy, when she began to argue with the lawyer, who, instead of laughing at her, seriously controverted everything she said.

The suburbs of Berlin on the side by which we approached are not pretty, but the scrupulous cleanliness and order which everywhere prevail are very pleasing to the eye. To-morrow I shall visit the suburbs on the other side.

The Congress will commence its sittings the day after to-morrow, and Herr Lichtenstein has promised me a ticket. In the evening Alex. von Humboldt will receive the members at his house: Professor Jarocki offered to procure me an invitation, but I thanked him and said I should gain little, if any, intellectual advantage from such a gathering, for which I was not learned enough; besides the professional gentlemen might cast questioning glances at a layman like me, and ask, "Is Saul then among the prophets?" I fancied, even at the dinner, that my neighbour, Professor Lehmann, a celebrated botanist from Hamburg, looked at me rather curiously. I was astonished at the strength of his small fist; he broke with ease the large piece of white bread, to divide

which I was fain to use both hands and a knife. He leaned over the table to talk to Professor Jarocki, and in the excitement of the conversation mistook his own plate and began to drum upon mine. A real *savant*, was he not? with the great ungainly nose, too. All this time I was on thorns, and as soon as he had finished with my plate, I wiped off the marks of his fingers with my serviette as fast as possible.

Marylski cannot have an atom of taste if he thinks the Berlin ladies dress well; their clothes are handsome, no doubt, but alas for the beautiful stuffs cut up for such clothes' pegs!

Your ever fondly loving

FREDERIC.

Berlin, September 20th, 1828.

I am well and happy, dear Parents and Sisters. As if on purpose to honour me, a fresh piece is brought out at the theatre every day. First I heard an oratorio at the Academy of Singing; then at the Opera, "Ferdinand Cortez," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and Onslow's "Der Hausirer." I greatly enjoyed all these performances, but I must confess that I was quite carried away by

Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"; this most nearly approaches my ideal of sublime music. With the exception of Signora Tibaldi (alto), and Fräulein von Schätzel, whom I heard in "Der Hausirer," and at the Academy of Singing, all the best singers are away. Fräulein von Schätzel pleased me best in the Oratorio, but it may have been that I was in a better mood that evening for listening. The Oratorio, however, was not without a "but," which, perhaps, will only be got rid of in Paris.

I have not called on Herr Lichtenstein yet, for he is so busy with preparations for the Congress, that even Professor Jarocki can scarcely get a word with him, but he has kindly procured me a ticket of admission. I was in such a capital place that I could see and hear everything, and was quite close to the Crown Prince. Spontini, Zelter, and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy were also there; but I did not speak to any of them, as I did not think it proper to introduce myself. It is said that Prince Radziwill will come to-day; I shall find out after breakfast if this is really true.

At the Singing Academy I observed the handsome Princess von Liegnitz, talking to a man in a kind of livery, whose face I could not clearly see. I asked my neighbour if he were a Royal

valet de chambre, and received for a reply, "Aye, that is His Excellency Baron von Humboldt." You may imagine, my dear ones, how thankful I was that I had only uttered my question in a whisper; but I assure you that the chamberlain's uniform changes even the countenance, or I could not have failed to recognise the great traveller, who has ascended the mighty Chimborazo. Yesterday he was present at the performance of "Der Hausirer," or, as the French call it, "Le Colporteur." In the Royal box sat Prince Charles.

The day before yesterday we visited the Royal library, which is very large, but does not contain many musical works. I was much interested in seeing an autograph letter of Kosciusko's, which his biographer, Falkenstein, immediately copied, letter by letter. When he saw that we were Poles, and could, therefore, read the letter without any trouble, he begged Professor Jarocki to translate it into German, while he wrote it down in his pocket book. Falkenstein, an agreeable young man, is secretary to the Dresden Library. I met, also, the editor of the *Berlin Musical Gazette*; we were introduced, and exchanged a few words. To-morrow will see the fulfilment of my most earnest wishes: "Der Freischütz" is to be performed. I shall then be able to compare our singers with the singers here. To-day I am in-

vited to the grand dinner at the drill hall. The number of caricatures increases.

Yours ever lovingly,

FREDERIC.

Berlin, Saturday, September 27th, 1828.

I am quite well, and have seen all that is to be seen. I shall soon be with you again. In a week, from the day after to-morrow, we shall embrace. Lounging about agrees with me capitally. Yesterday "The Interrupted Sacrifice" was performed again, and Fräulein von Schätzel omitted more than one chromatic scale. I quite fancied myself in your midst.* This "your" reminds me of a Berlin caricature.† A Napoleon grenadier stands as a sentinel; he calls out, "qui vive," to a woman passing. She is about to reply, "die Wäscherin" (the laundress), but wishing to express herself in a more refined manner, she says, "la vache" (the cow). I count among the great

* A reference to the Warsaw lady singers, who often left out or altered *coloratures*.

† In Polish "your" is "wasz," pronounced "wasch" or "vache."

events of my visit here the second dinner with the scientists, which took place the day before the conclusion of the Congress, and was really very lively and entertaining. Several very fair convivial songs were sung, in which all the company joined more or less heartily. Zelter conducted, and a large golden cup, standing on a red pedestal, in front of him, as a sign of his exalted musical merits, appeared to give him much satisfaction. The dishes were better that day than usual, they say, "because the scientists have been principally occupied during their sittings with the improvement of meats, sauces, soups, etc." They make fun of these learned gentlemen in like manner at the Königstadt Theatre. In a play, in which some beer is drunk, someone asks, "Why is beer so good now in Berlin?" "Why, because the scientists are holding their congress," is the answer.

But it is time to go to bed, as we start off quite early to-morrow. We shall spend two days in Posen, on account of an invitation from the Archbishop Wolicki. Oh, how much I shall have to tell you, my dearests, and how glad I shall be to see you again.

Your warmly affectionate

FREDERIC.

Professor Jarocki and Chopin had, as companions, on their return from Berlin, two gentlemen, whose wearisome talk about politics, in which Chopin never took any interest, and still more their incessant smoking (almost unendurable to him) made them very disagreeable. When one of the gentlemen announced that he always smoked from morning to night, and would rather die than give up his pipe, Frederic and the Professor went outside the diligence to enjoy the fresh air.

At the little town of Züllichau, finding they had an hour to wait for horses, Professor Jarocki proposed a walk through the place. This did not take long, and as the horses were not ready when they returned, the Professor sat down to a meal—the post-house being also a restaurant—but Frederic, as if drawn by a magnet, went into the next room, and saw—oh, wonder of wonders!—a grand piano. Professor Jarocki, who could see through the open door, laughed to himself when his young friend opened the instrument, which had a very unpromising exterior; Chopin also looked at it with some misgivings; but when he had struck a few chords he exclaimed, in joyful surprise, “O Santa Cæcilia, the piano is in tune.”

Only the impassioned musician knows what it is, after sitting for several days in a diligence,

suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, to have an opportunity of playing on a good instrument.

Regardless of his surroundings, our artist began to improvise *con amore*. Attracted by the music, one of the travellers got up and stood behind the player's chair. Chopin called out to Professor Jarocki, in Polish, "Now we shall see whether my listener be a connoisseur or not." Frederic began his Fantasia on Polish Songs of which the first sketch had been made; the traveller, a German, stood like one petrified, captivated by this music, so new and bewitching; his eyes mechanically followed every movement of the pianist's delicate hand; he had forgotten everything, even his beloved pipe, which went out unheeded. The other travellers stepped in softly and at the same time the tall postmaster and his buxom wife appeared at the side door with their two pretty daughters behind them. Frederic, unmindful of his audience, and absorbed in converse with his muse, had lost all thought of where he was, and that he must soon be on his way.

More and more tender and expressive became his playing; the fairies seemed to be singing their moonlight melodies; with bowed head everyone was listening in rapt attention to the elegant arabesques sparkling from his fingers, when a stentorian voice, which made the windows

rattle, called out, "The horses are ready, gentlemen."

"Confounded disturber," roared the postmaster, while the triplet of ladies cast angry glances at the postilion. Chopin sprang from his seat, but was immediately surrounded by his audience, who exclaimed with one voice: "Go on, dear sir, finish that glorious piece, which we should have heard all through but for that tiresome man." "But," replied Chopin, consulting his watch, "we have already been here some hours, and are due in Posen shortly."

"Stay and play, noble young artist," cried the postmaster, "I will give you couriers' horses if you will only remain a little longer."

"Do be persuaded," began the postmaster's wife, almost threatening him with an embrace. What could Frederic do but sit down again to the instrument?

When he paused, the servant appeared with wine and glasses; the daughters of the host served the artist first, then the other travellers, while the postmaster gave a cheer for the "darling Polyhymnias," as he expressed it, in which all united. One of the company (probably the town cantor) went close up to Chopin and said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Sir, I am an old and thoroughly trained musician; I, too, play the

piano, and so know how to appreciate your masterly performance; if Mozart had heard it he would have grasped your hand and cried 'Bravo.' An insignificant old man like myself cannot dare to do so."

The women, in their gratitude, filled the pockets of the carriage with the best eatables that the house contained, not forgetting some good wine. The postmaster exclaimed, with tears of joy, "As long as I live I shall think with enthusiasm of Frederic Chopin."

When, after playing one more Mazurka, Frederic prepared to go, his gigantic host seized him in his arms, and carried him to the carriage.

The postilion, still sulky over his scolding, and jealous because the pretty servant girl could not take her eyes off the interesting virtuoso, whispered to her: "Things often go very unfairly in this world. The young gentleman is carried into the carriage by the master himself; the like of us must climb laboriously on to the box by ourselves, though we are musical."

Long years afterwards Chopin would recall this episode with pleasure. It was like a good omen to him at the commencement of his artistic career. He often related how, like the old minstrels who went from town to town with their

harps and received good cheer as their honorarium, he had played at Züllichau for cakes, fruit and good wine; and assured his most intimate friends that the highest praise lavished on him by the Press had never given him more pleasure than the naïve homage of the smoker who, in his eagerness to listen, let his pipe go out.

In Posen our travellers visited, by invitation, the Archbishop Wolicki, and paid their respects to Prince Anton Radziwill. They both met with the kindest reception from the Prince, who knew how to esteem such a learned man as Jarocki, but, being a musician to the backbone, he was better able to appreciate the rare talent of Chopin; he regarded him as a kindred spirit, whose superiority he gladly recognised. Most of the day in Prince Radziwill's house was devoted to music; the sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel were performed by Chopin and the bandmaster, Klinghor. But Frederic called forth most admiration by his incomparable improvisations.

As soon as our travellers had left hospitable Posen, Frederic's ardent yearning to see his family drew him to his father's house, and his love of art summoned him back to his studies. The last miles seemed endless, and, yielding to his pressing request, the Professor decided to take post horses at Lowicz.

On October 6th Frederic reached at length his much desired goal, and the dear returning traveller was in the loving arms of his parents and sisters.

CHAPTER V.

*JOURNEY TO VIENNA, PRAGUE, TEPLITZ,
DRESDEN. CHOPIN'S PERFORMANCE AT TWO
CONCERTS IN VIENNA.*

ON his return Chopin was, of course, once more in a whirl of social engagements, as appears from the following letter to his intimate friend, Titus Woyciechowski :

Warsaw, Saturday, December 27th, 1828.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Hitherto I have been delayed writing to you, but now friendship triumphs over idleness, and, sleepy as I am, I take up my pen that you may have this in time for the 1st and the 4th of January. I do not desire to fill my letter with compliments, good wishes, or trite jokes, for we both

understand each other perfectly—whence my silence and the laconic nature of this epistle. . . .

The score of my Rondo Cracovienne is ready. The introduction is almost as funny as I am in my great coat,* and the trio is not quite finished. My parents have just had fitted up for me a little room, leading by a staircase direct from the *entrée*; there will be an old *secrétaire* in it, and I shall make it my den. That orphan child, the Rondo for two pianos, has found a step-father in Fontana (whom you may, perhaps, have seen here; he goes to the University); he has learnt it after a month's study and a short time ago we tried it over at Buchholtz's to see how it might sound. I say "might," for the instruments were not tuned alike, and our fingers were stiff, so we could have no adequate impression of the effect of the work. For a week past I have composed nothing of any value. I run from Ananias to Caiaphas; this evening I was at Madame Wizegerod's, and from there went to a musical soirée at Mlle. Kicka's. You know how pleasant it is to be pressed to improvise when you are tired. I seldom now have such happy thoughts as when you were with me. And then the wretched instruments one meets with

* A very long winter overcoat, made by Boy, in which his friends said he cut a very comical figure.

everywhere. I have not found one either in mechanism or tone anything approaching ours or your sister's.

The Polish theatre opened yesterday with "Preciosa." The French have given "Rataplan" to-day, the "Geldhab," by Fredro; and to-morrow, Auber's "Maurer und Schlosser" are to be performed. Somebody or other said to me the other day that you had written to him. Do not think I am angry with you for not having written to me for so long; I know you well enough, and do not think anything of a bit of paper; I should not have scribbled so much nonsense to-day, but to remind you that you still hold the same place in my heart, and that I am the same Fritz as ever. You do not like being kissed, but you must put up with it to-day. We all unite in best wishes to your mother. Zwyny sends warmest remembrances.

Your FREDERIC.

In spite of all these distractions, Frederic studied with indefatigable zeal from one year's end to another; neither father nor teacher had ever been obliged to incite him to diligence, for even as a mere boy he had always shown the greatest desire to learn. As he seemed to be working almost beyond his strength, his anxious

father resolved to send him on another journey, having made the happy discovery that his Frederic had learned a good deal in Berlin.

This time (July, 1829) our artist was to go with some of his friends to Vienna, and highly delighted as he was at first with the prospect, he regarded it with some misgivings when his father and all his friends urged him to appear publicly as a pianist in that musical city.

With the innate modesty which never left him even after his greatest triumphs, he exclaimed, "Here I have been leniently judged by kind-hearted compatriots; but what am I to expect in a city which can boast of having heard a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven?"

And yet, even then, there was scarcely a rival of whom he needed to be apprehensive.

A few months before this journey Frederic had become acquainted with Hummel, who had stayed some time in Warsaw, and given concerts there. Hummel had acquired, by his very successful tour, the reputation of being the greatest living pianist. Chopin was acquainted with his compositions, and thought very highly of them. He greatly admired his classical style of playing, formed on the best models; yet, exacting as the young artist was towards himself, he could say,

without vanity, that, in technical execution, he was not very inferior to the older master.

Frederic's chief desire was to enter into the musical life with which the beautiful city of Vienna abounded, to hear all he could that was new to him, and, when possible, to come into contact with the masters of his art. He never dreamed that the latter, dazzled by his extraordinary genius, would be the very people who would press him to appear in public.

With a heart full of hope for himself and fervent blessings for his family, Chopin, in company with his friends Celinski, Hube, and Franz Maciejowski (the last-named a nephew of the famous authority on Slavonic law), left his beloved Warsaw.

After visiting Cracow, the old capital of the Piasts and the Jagellons, and Ojcow, the so-called Polish Switzerland, the travellers arrived on July 31st at Vienna.

The following is a literal transcription of the letters Chopin wrote from that city :

Vienna, August 1st, 1829.

MY DEARLY LOVED PARENTS AND SISTERS,

We arrived here yesterday well and in good spirits, and I may say without fatigue, and so without discomfort. We took a private carriage

at Cracow, in which we were very comfortable. We were able to enjoy to perfection the picturesque scenery of Galicia, Upper Silesia, and Moravia, for the clouds had been amiable enough to lay the dust with a slight shower.

But before I speak of Vienna I must tell you about our journey to Ojcow. On Sunday afternoon we hired a four-horse country waggon, such as they use at Cracow, which cost us four thalers. We dashed merrily and swiftly along to Ojcow, intending to put up at Herr Indyk's house, which all tourists praise, and where Fräulein Tanska* stayed. But, as ill-luck would have it, Herr Indyk lived a full mile† outside the town; our coachman did not know the way, and drove us into a little brook, as clear and silvery as those in the fairy tales. Right and left were walls of rock, and we did not find our way out of the labyrinth till nearly 9 o'clock, when two passing peasants good-naturedly conducted us to Herr Indyk's. Wearied and wet through, we at length reached the wished-for house, and were very kindly received. Although not expecting visitors at so late an hour, Herr Indyk made no trouble about giving us a room in the little house, built on pur-

* Clementine Tanska, a famous Polish authoress for the young.

† About three English miles. [Translator's Note.]

pose for tourists. Sister Isabella,* do you know, that Fräulein Tanska had been in it only a little while before!

My companions changed their clothes and gathered round the stove, in which our host had, meanwhile, lighted a fire. Wet above the knees, I crouched in a corner, considering what I had best do. Seeing the mistress go into the next room for linen for our beds, I instinctively followed her, and finding on the table a pile of woollen Cracow caps (they are double woven), I bought one, tore it in half, wrapped my feet in it, sat before the fire and drank a small glass of red wine. I thus escaped a severe cold. We laughed and talked a little while over our adventure, then went to bed and slept soundly.

Frederic, who had a sharp eye and keen ear for all around him, goes on to describe the neighbourhood of Ojcow, the strangely-formed sand rocks, the black grotto, and the King's grotto, in which tradition says that King Lokietek† took

* Chopin's second sister; she and her husband, M. Barcinski, were still living in Warsaw in 1878.

† A nickname given to this prince on account of his extraordinarily small stature, in spite of which he was one of the most able rulers. A thorough exploration of the King's Grotto has recently been made by archæologists, and the bones of prehistoric animals have been discovered.

refuge from his enemies, at the end of the thirteenth century. Frederic was very enthusiastic over everything he saw, but Ojcow and the neighbourhood appear to have had a special charm for him. He gives an account, also, of the Vienna picture gallery, to which he had at first only paid a flying visit. We give, unabridged, the following letters to his family :

Vienna, August 8th, 1829.

I am well and in good spirits. Why, I do not know, but the people here are astonished at me, and I wonder at them for finding anything to wonder at in me. I am indebted to good Elsner's letter of recommendation for my exceedingly friendly reception by Herr Haslinger. He did not know how to make me sufficiently welcome; he showed me all the musical novelties he had, made his son play to me, and apologised for not introducing his wife, who had just gone out. In spite of all his politeness he has not yet printed my compositions. I did not ask him about them, but he said, when showing me one of his finest editions, that my Variations were to appear, next week, in the same style, in *Odeon*. This I certainly had not expected.* He strongly advised

* Chopin had sent Haslinger for publication, the Variations on "La ci darem la mano," Op. 2; and the Sonata, Op. 4.

me to play in public, although it is summer, and, therefore, not a favourable time for concerts.

The artists and lovers of music, who know that I am here, consider that Vienna would lose a great deal if I left without giving a concert. I do not know what to make of it all; Schuppanzigh, to whom I have letters of recommendation, informs me that although his quartet parties are over, he will try to get a gathering before I leave. I have only been once to old Herr Hussarzewski; he was quite enthusiastic about my playing, and invited me to dinner. Several Viennese gentlemen were present, and all, without exception, as if by previous concert, recommended me to perform in public.

Stein offered to send me one of his instruments, and begged me to play on it at my concert; Graff, whose pianos I prefer, has made the same proposal. Würfel* says that if you have composed anything new, and want to create a sensation, you must, by all means, play it yourself. Herr Blahetka, a journalist, whom I met at Haslinger's, also advised me to give a concert. My Variations

* Wilhelm Würfel, born in Bohemia, was, for some years, pianoforte teacher at the Warsaw Conservatoire. In 1826, he became conductor at the Kärthner Thor Theatre, in Vienna, where he died in 1832.

have been much praised by those who have heard them.

Haslinger thinks that the Viennese should hear me play my own compositions. Everybody assures me that the newspapers will be certain to give me a flattering notice. Würfel is of opinion that, as my compositions are to appear now, it would be advisable for me to give a concert, otherwise I should have to come again, but that the present would be the best time, as the Viennese are longing for something new. He calls it unpardonable in a young musician to neglect such an opportunity; I ought to appear in the twofold capacity of pianist and composer, and must not think too modestly of myself. He wishes me to play the Variations first, then the Rondo Cracovienne, and, in conclusion, to improvise.

I do not know yet how it will all be arranged. Stein is very kind and amiable, but I should prefer to use one of Graff's instruments. Haslinger, Blahetka and Würfel approve my choice.

Wherever I show myself, I am besieged with requests to play. I have no lack of acquaintances in the musical world, and Haslinger is going to introduce me to Charles Czerny.

At the theatre, which is under the management of Count Gallenberg, I have—besides some

second-rate music—heard three operas, “La Dame Blanche,” “Cenerentola,” and Meyerbeer’s “Crociato.” Orchestra and chorus were excellent. To-day “Joseph in Egypt” is to be performed. I have twice listened, with admiration, to May-seder’s solos at the Academy of Music.

Vienna is a handsome, lively city, and pleases me exceedingly. They are trying to persuade me to spend the winter here. Würfel has just come in to take me to Haslinger’s.

P.S.—I have made up my mind. Blahetka thinks I shall make a furore, for, as he puts it, I am “an artist of the first rank and worthy to be placed beside Moscheles, Herz and Kalkbrenner.” Würfel is really very kind, and has introduced me to Count Gallenberg; the bandmaster, Seyfried, and to such of his acquaintances as have any interest or influence in matters musical. He declares I must not leave Vienna till I have given a concert. Count Gallenberg is very pleased with this, as I shall play at his theatre, and—as my principal object now is to win laurels—without payment. The journalists stare at me already; the members of the orchestra salute me very deferentially when I walk in, arm in arm, with the director of the Italian Opera (which is now closed).

Würfel has taken no end of trouble on my behalf, and will be present at the rehearsal. He was very kind to me at Warsaw, and I am particularly glad that he has such a pleasant recollection of Elsner. People here are surprised that Kessler, Ernemann and Czapek should live in Warsaw with me there too, but I tell them that I give no lessons and only play from love of the art. I have decided on Graff's instrument, but I do not want to offend Stein, so I shall thank him with such an expression of obligation that he cannot but forgive me.

I hope for God's gracious help. Do not be anxious, my dearest ones.

Your fondly loving

FREDERIC.

Vienna, Wednesday, August 12th, 1829.

You know of my intention, my beloved ones, from my last letter. Yesterday (Tuesday) at seven o'clock in the evening, I appeared before a Viennese public for the first time, at the Imperial Opera House. Here, an evening concert in the theatre is called a musical academy. As I played gratuitously, Count Gallenberg expedited the arrangements for my appearance.

The following was the programme :

Overture, by Beethoven.

My Variations.

Song, by Fräulein Veltheim.*

My Cracovienne.

A Ballet, in conclusion.

The orchestra accompanied so badly at the rehearsal that I was obliged to substitute a "Free Fantasia" for the Rondo.

Directly I appeared I was greeted with cries of "Bravo," and, after each variation, the audience shouted this welcome word so lustily that I could not hear the *tutti* of the orchestra. I had such a hearty recall, that I was obliged to come forward twice to bow my acknowledgements. I must confess that I was not quite satisfied myself with the Free Fantasia; but the public must have been pleased, for I was overwhelmed with applause. One reason for this may have been that the Germans know how to appreciate free improvisation. I am now doubly obliged to Würfel, for without his support and encouragement I should never have accomplished the daring enterprise which has succeeded so well. I shall be able to relate

* Charlotte Veltheim was one of the most celebrated bravura singers of her time (1821-1840), and a much valued member of the Dresden Court Theatre. She was a thorough musician, and played the piano very well.

my experiences and impressions by word of mouth better than I can now. I was not hissed, so don't be uneasy about my artistic reputation. The newspapers have been very favourable to me; if some of them should pick holes in me I am prepared for it. My compositions have received Count Gallenberg's undivided approbation. The theatrical manager, Herr Demar, was very kind and pleasant; he did his best to encourage me before I appeared, so I went to my piano without much anxiety.

My friends were scattered about the house that they might hear the observations of the critics, and the various opinions of the public. Celinski can tell you that he heard nothing unfavourable. Hube reports the most severe criticism, and that, too, from a lady: "A pity the youth has so little presence." If this is the only sort of blame I am to receive, I cannot complain. My friends swear they heard nothing but praise, and that, until the audience spontaneously burst into applause, not one of them had clapped or uttered a bravo. The manager was so pleased with my Rondo that he came up after the concert, shook hands with me, and made some very flattering remarks.

I improvised on a subject from "La Dame Blanche," and, that I might have a Polish theme,

chose "Chmiel."* The public, to whom this kind of national melody is quite unknown, seemed electrified. My friends in the pit say the people began a regular dance on the benches.

Wertheim, although only arriving yesterday with his wife from Carlsbad, went to the theatre; he could not imagine how I came to play there. He was here just now to congratulate me on my good success. At Carlsbad he saw Hummel, who remembered me very kindly. He writes to him to-day, and will inform him of my performance.

Haslinger is to print my works. I have kept the programme of the concert. It was most interesting to me to become personally acquainted with Gyrowetz, Lachner, Kreutzer and Seyfried; with Mayseder I have had a very long conversation. There is an almost unanimous opinion that I play too softly, or rather, too delicately, for the public here. That is because they are accustomed to the drum-beating of their own piano virtuosi. I am afraid the newspapers will say the same thing, especially as the daughter of one of the editors drums dreadfully; but never mind, if it is to be so, I would much rather they said I played too gently than too roughly.

* "Chmiel" is a song in the mazurka measure, sung by the Poles at marriage ceremonies at the moment when the bride's sisters solemnly place the cap on her head.

Count Dietrichstein, one of the personages nearest to the Emperor, came on to the stage yesterday, and had a long talk with me in French, complimented me and requested me to stay longer in Vienna.

The orchestra execrated my badly written score, and were not at all favourable to me up to the moment of my improvisation; then, in concert with the public, they applauded heartily, which showed their good opinion of me. I do not yet know what the other artists think; but what can they have against me? They see that I do not play for pecuniary advantage.

So my first performance, unexpected as it was, has passed off successfully. Hube thinks that one never succeeds in anything by ordinary means and according to preconceived plans, but must trust somewhat to chance. So I trusted to my good fortune and allowed myself to be persuaded to give the concert. If the newspapers cut me up so much that I shall not venture before the world again, I have resolved to become a house painter; that would be as easy as anything else, and I should, at any rate, still be an artist!

I am curious to hear what Herr Elsner will say to all this. Perhaps he disapproves of my playing at all? But I was so besieged on all sides

that I had no escape, and I do not seem to have committed a blunder by my performance.

Nidecki* was particularly friendly to me yesterday; he looked through and corrected the orchestral parts, and was sincerely pleased at the applause I received. I played on one of Graff's pianos. I feel at least four years wiser and more experienced.

You must, indeed, have wondered at my sealing my last letter with a strange seal. I was absent-minded and took the first and best that came to hand.†

Adieu,

Your fondly loving

FREDERIC.

Thursday, August 13th, 1829.

If ever I longed to be with you I do so now.

To-day I have become acquainted with Count Lichnovski. He did not know how to praise me

* Thomas Nidecki, one of the best pupils at the Warsaw Lyceum, was sent to Vienna, in 1822, at the public expense, to complete his education. He became bandmaster at the Leopoldstädter Theatre. From 1841 he was bandmaster at the Grand Theatre in Warsaw, in which city he died in 1852.

† The seal belonged to a waiter, and bore the word "Madeira."



BRONZE MEDALLION BY A. DOVY

enough, he was so delighted with my playing. Wülfel took me to him. He was Beethoven's best friend, to whom the great master was much indebted.

Everyone says that I have especially pleased the *noblesse* here. The Schwarzenbergs, Wrbnas, and others were quite enthusiastic about the delicacy and elegance of my execution as you may see by Count Dietrichstein's coming on the stage to seek me. Countess Lichnovski and her daughter, with whom I drank tea to-day, are quite delighted that I am going to give a second concert on Tuesday. They invited me to visit them if I passed through Vienna, on my way to Paris; then they wished to give me a letter to a certain countess, sister to Count Lichnovski. A great deal too much kindness. Czerny, Schuppanzigh, and Gyrowetz have also paid me many compliments.

To-day a stranger looked at me in the ante-room, and, asking Celinski if I was Chopin, rushed up to me. He said what pleasure it would give him to become acquainted with such an artist, and exclaimed: "You really delighted and enchanted me the day before yesterday." It was the same gentleman who had sat beside Maciejowski and seemed so charmed with my improvisation on "Chmiel."

Under no circumstances will I give a third concert; I only give a second because I am forced to, and I thought that people might say in Warsaw: "He only gave *one* concert in Vienna, probably he was not much liked." To-day I was at the house of one of the newspaper critics, who is very well disposed towards me, and is sure to write a favourable critique. I cannot tell you how kind and pleasant Würfel is. I shall play gratuitously the second time also, for the sake of obliging Count Gallenberg, whose finances are not very flourishing. (But this is a secret.) I shall play the Rondo, and then improvise.

For the rest, I am in good health, and eat and drink well. Vienna pleases me much, and I am not without the society of my countrymen; there is one in the ballet, who took charge of me at my debut, and brought me *eau sucrée*.

Please give all my news to Elsner, and beg him to pardon me for not writing to him, but my time is really so filled up that I have scarcely a moment to spare. I wish to thank M. Skarbek, who was one of the foremost in persuading me to give a concert; this is, indeed, the artist's first step in life.

Your ever affectionate

FREDERIC.

Vienna, August 19th, 1829.

If on the first occasion the public were favourable, my reception, yesterday, was still more hearty. I was greeted, when I came on the stage with three long rounds of applause. The audience was much larger than at the first concert. The financial manager—whose name I cannot remember—thanked me for the receipts, and said that the house could not have been so full on account of the ballet, for that had been given several times.

The profession praise my Rondo, one and all from the bandmaster, Lachner, to the piano tuner. I know I have pleased the ladies and the musicians. Gyrowetz, who sat next Celinski, called "Bravo," and made a tremendous noise. The only people not satisfied were the out-and-out Germans. Yesterday, one of them, who had just come from the theatre, sat down to eat at the table I was sitting at. His acquaintances asked him how he liked the performance. "The ballet is pretty," was his answer. "But the concert, what of that?" they asked. Instead of replying he began to talk of something else, from which I conclude that he recognised me, although my back was towards him. I felt bound to relieve him from the restraint of my presence, and went

to bed, saying to myself : " The man has not been born yet who does everything right."*

I am glad to be able to say that my popularity increases. As I depart at nine o'clock this evening, I must spend all the forenoon in farewell visits. Schuppanzigh said, yesterday, that as I had made such a short stay in Vienna I must come again soon. I answered that I should gladly return for the sake of further improving myself, to which the Baron replied, " that for such a reason I should never need to come, for I had nothing more to learn." This opinion was confirmed by the others. These are, indeed, mere compliments, but one does not listen to them unwillingly. For the future I shall not at any rate be regarded as a student.

Blahetka tells me that what he most wonders at is that I could learn it all in Warsaw. I answered that the greatest donkey must learn something with Messrs. Zwiny and Elsner.

It is very unfortunate for me that I cannot confirm what I have told you by sending you the opinions in the press. I know that the critique is in the hands of the editor of the paper to which I have subscribed, and which Bäuerle† will send

* An old Polish proverb.

† The "Wiener Theater Zeitung," published by Adolphe Bäuerle, from 1828 to 1848, was to every artist

to Warsaw. I expect they waited for my second performance before giving a notice. This paper comes out twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays; possibly therefore you may read what is favourable or the contrary about me before I do.

I have on my side the scholarly and the poetically minded. We shall have a great deal to talk over. I would have written of something quite different, but my head is so full of yesterday that it is quite impossible to collect my thoughts. My finances are still in the best order.

I have just paid my farewell visits to Schuppanzigh and Czerny. Czerny was warmer than any of his compositions. I have packed up, but must go again to Haslinger's, and then to the café opposite the theatre, where I am to meet Gyrowetz, Lachner, Kreutzer, Seyfried and others. In two nights and a day we shall be at Prague; the mail coach goes at nine. It will be an agreeable journey with such pleasant companions.

Your FREDERIC.

an important and dreaded publication. There were then but few papers devoted to art matters, and this journal was to be found in the clubs and coffee-houses of every town in Germany. Whoever was praised by the "*Wiener Theater Zeitung*" was a made man. Bäuerle was the composer also of "*Staberl, Staberl's Wedding Day*," "*Aline, Queen of Golconda, or, Vienna in another quarter of the world*," and "*The False Catalani*," pieces which were performed an immense number of times.

Prague, Saturday, August 22nd, 1829.

After an affecting parting—which indeed it was, for Fräulein Blahetka* gave me as a souvenir, a copy of her compositions, with her autograph, and her father sent warmest regards to you my good Papa, and to you my dear Mamma, with congratulations to you both on having such a son, young Stein wept, and Schuppanzigh, Gyrowetz, in short, all the artists were deeply moved—after this tender farewell, and giving a promise of returning soon, I got into the diligence. Nidecki and two other Poles, who were to start for Trieste in half an hour, accompanied us a little way. One of them, Niegolewski by name, comes from Great Poland, and is travelling with his tutor, or rather, companion, a student from the Warsaw University; we had met and conversed several times in Vienna.

Countess Hussarzeweska (she and her husband are both excellent people) wanted to keep me to dinner when I paid my farewell visit, but I had not time to stay, having to go to Haslinger's. After many hearty wishes for a speedy meeting,

* Leopolda Blahetka, born in Vienna, November 15th, 1811, a distinguished pianoforte virtuosa, pupil of Czerny and Moscheles. She made several artistic tours, winning everywhere the highest approbation. Her amiability made her a general favourite.

Haslinger promised, most solemnly, to bring out my variations in five weeks, that he may have something new to offer the musical world in the autumn. Although a stranger to you, my dear Father, he wished to be kindly remembered.

When we were taking our places in the coach, a young German got in, and, as we were to sit together for two nights and a day, we scraped an acquaintance. He was a merchant from Danzig, knew Pruszką, Sierakowski of Wapleń, Jawurek, Erncmann, Gresser and others. He was in Warsaw two years ago, and had now just come from Paris. His name is Normann. He was a very agreeable gentleman and a capital travelling companion. We are in the same hotel with him, and have resolved, when we have seen Prague, to go on together to Teplitz and Dresden. It would be inexcusable to miss seeing Dresden when we are so near, especially as our finances will permit of it, and the journey for four persons is easily managed, and not expensive.

After a good shaking in the coach, we reached Prague at noon, yesterday, and went at once to table-d'hôte. Then we called upon Hanka,* to whom Maciejowski had a letter of introduction;

* Wacław Hanka, a celebrated philologist and Slavonic linguist, originator of the revival of Czech nationalism, born in 1791, died in Prague, 1861.

I regretted afterwards that I had not asked Skarbek to furnish me with one to this famous savant. As we had stayed some time at the Cathedral and Castle we did not find Hanka at home.

The city, viewed from the castle hill, looks large and old fashioned, but generally handsome; formerly it was an important place.*

Before leaving Vienna I had six letters given me, five from Würfel and one from Blahetka, to Pixis, asking him to show me the Conservatoire here.

They wanted me to play; but I shall only stay three days, and have no desire to forfeit the reputation I gained in Vienna. As Paganini even came in for criticism, I shall take care not to perform in this place. The five letters from Würfel are to the theatre director, the bandmaster and other musical celebrities. I shall deliver the letters, for he asked me to very earnestly; but I will not perform. The excellent Würfel has also given me a letter to Klengel, in Dresden.

I must now conclude, as it is quite time to go to Hanka's. I shall introduce myself as godson of

* Especially in the time of Otto the Great, the last independent King of Bohemia, who was conquered by Rudolph of Hapsburgh, and died on the field of March. From 1790 to 1848 the Royal Theatre at Prague was one of the best and most celebrated in Germany.

Count Skarbek, and I hope that no further recommendation will be necessary.

Your FREDERIC.

Dresden, August 26th, 1829.

I am merry and well. When I was in Vienna, a week ago, I did not dream I should be in Dresden to-day. Our visit to Prague was a flying one but not without profit. Herr Hanka was very pleased to receive news from Skarbek. Like all visitors to the Prague Museum who have received any special attention from Herr Hanka, we had to write our names in a book kept for the purpose; we found among others the names of Brodzinski, Morowski,* etc. Each of us wrote whatever occurred to him in poetry or prose. What could I, a musician, write that would be worth reading? The thought happily struck Maciejowski to write four strophes for a mazurka, and I set them to music; so I think we have both immortalised ourselves in the most characteristic manner.

Hanka was delighted with this idea, for the mazurka contained a reference to him and to his efforts for the elevation of the Slavs. He has given me several views of Prague for Skarbek. I

* Two famous Polish poets.

cannot possibly tell you by letter all that Herr Hanka showed us. I must describe, verbally, the lovely views, the majestic cathedral, with the figure of St. John, in silver, the beautiful chapel of St. Wencelaus, inlaid with amethysts and other precious stones, and many other things.

I am indebted to Blahetka's and Würfel's letters for the friendly reception which I had from Pixis. He gave up his lessons, kept me at his house, and asked me about all sorts of things. I noticed Klengel's visiting card on his table, and asked if it belonged to a relative of the famous Klengel, of Dresden. "Klengel himself is here," replied Pixis, "he called while I was out."

I was delighted at the prospect of becoming acquainted with this artist, to whom I had a letter from Vienna. I spoke to Pixis about it, and he invited me to come in the afternoon, if I wished to meet Klengel, as he was expected then. We met by accident on the steps of Pixis's house, and effected our first acquaintance there. I listened to his fugues for more than two hours; I did not play, as I was not asked. Klengel's playing pleased me, but, to speak candidly, I had expected something still better. (I pray you not to mention this to anyone.) He gave me an introductory letter with the following address: "Al ornatissimo Signore Cavaliere Morlacchi, primo

Maestro della Capella Reale"; in which he begs this gentleman to make me acquainted with the whole musical world of Dresden, and in particular to present me to Fräulein Pechwell. This lady is a pupil of Klengel's and, in his opinion, the first pianist in Dresden. He was extremely affable towards me. Before his departure—he is going to Vienna and Italy—I spent a couple of hours with him, and our conversation never flagged. This has been a very agreeable acquaintanceship, and I value it more highly than Czerny's; but not a word of this either, my dear ones.

The three delightful days in Prague were over before we were aware.

I am, as you know, very absent-minded, and on the day we left rushed suddenly into a strange room without knowing. "Good morning," said a cheerful voice. "I beg your pardon, I mistook the number," I answered, and ran away as fast as possible. We left Prague at noon in a private carriage, and arrived at Teplitz towards evening. The next day I found in the list at the Baths Ludwig Lempicki's name; I immediately went to call on him. He was very glad to see me, and told me there were several Poles here; among others he mentioned old Prusack, Joseph Köhler and Kretkowski, from Kamionna. Lempicki told

me that they generally all dined together in the "German hall," but that to-day he was invited to Prince Clary's castle. This Prince belongs to one of the most distinguished of the Austrian princely families. He is very wealthy, and owns the town of Teplitz. Princess Clary, née Countess Chotek* is sister of the present Oberstburggraf of Bohemia. Lempicki said he was quite at home in Prince Clary's house, and would introduce me there in the evening when the Princess received, he would mention my name to them at dinner. Having no engagement for the evening, I accepted the proposal with pleasure.

We have seen all that is worth seeing here, and have also been to Dux, the residence of the Counts Waldstein. We were shown the halberd with which Albrecht Waldstein (or Wallenstein) was stabbed, a piece of his skull and other relics. In the evening, instead of going to the theatre, I dressed and went with Lempicki to the castle. I put on my white gloves which had already done duty at the Vienna concert. The company was not numerous, but very select: an Austrian

* Princess Aloysia von Clary was an extremely amiable lady. She was an excellent pianist, and to rare culture united true goodness of heart. Artists and poets met with the most cordial reception in her hospitable house, and to extreme old age the Princess took a warm interest in all literary and artistic matters.

prince; an Austrian general, whose name I forget; an English naval captain; two or three elegant dandies (Austrian princes or counts, I believe); and the Saxon General von Leiser, who bore the uncommon decoration of a scar on his face.

I talked most to Prince Clary. After tea Countess Chotek, mother of the Princess, asked me to play. The instrument was a good one, by Graff. I took my seat at the piano, and asked the company to give me a theme for improvisation. The ladies, who had established themselves at a table, immediately whispered to each other "un thème, un thème." Three pretty young princesses, after some consultation, referred to a Herr Fritsche,* tutor to Prince Clary's only son, and he suggested the chief theme in Rossini's "Moses," which was unanimously approved of. I improvised, I suppose with some success, for General von Leiser had a long talk with me afterwards. When he heard I was going to Dresden, he at once wrote the following to Baron von Friesen :

"Monsieur Frédéric Chopin est recommandé de la part du General Leiser a Monsieur le Baron de Friesen, Maître de Cérémonie de S. M. le roi de Saxe, pour lui être utile pendant son séjour à Dresde, et de lui procurer la connaissance de plusieurs de nos premiers artistes."

* Composer of several short comedies which were performed successfully in Dresden and Vienna, between the years 1836 and 1848.

Below was written in German: "Herr Chopin is one of the best pianists I have heard." I copied this literally for you, my dearests, from the general's pencil letter.

I had to play four times. The Prince and Princess asked me to prolong my stay at Teplitz, and dine with them the next day. Lempicki offered to accompany me to Warsaw, if I remained a day or two here, but I could not hear of being separated from my companions, so, with many thanks, I declined both proposals.

We left yesterday morning, at five o'clock, in a carriage, for which we paid two thalers, and arrived at Dresden at four in the afternoon, when we met Lewinski and Labecki. Everything happened very fortunately for me throughout the journey. The first part of "Faust" is to be given to-day, and Klengel tells me that the Italian opera will be on Saturday.

I began this letter last night, intending to finish it to-day. Now I must dress for calling on Baron von Friesen and Morlacchi, so have no time to spare. We intend leaving in a week, but, weather permitting, not without a visit to the Saxon Switzerland. We hope to spend a few days in Breslau, and go direct home from there. I am longing so much to see you again, my dear parents, that I do not at all care to go to Węsiółowski's first.

Oh, how many stories and adventures I shall have to relate, and each more interesting than the last.

P.S.—Baron von Friesen, maître de cérémonie, received me very kindly. He asked me where I was staying, and regretted that the Chamberlain, who was also director of the royal band, was not in Dresden just now, but he would find out who was his deputy, and do all he could to show me something worth seeing during my short sojourn. Whereupon many bows and stammered thanks on my part. My next letter, from Breslau, will tell you the rest.* I have seen the world-renowned gallery, the fruit show, the gardens, have paid some visits, and am now going to the theatre. Enough, I hope, for one day.

SECOND POSTSCRIPT.—It is night. Just returned from the theatre, where I saw "Faust."† The rush was so great that we had to be in the queue, outside the office, before five o'clock, to get a ticket at all. The performance began at six, and lasted till eleven o'clock. Devrient,‡ whom I saw

* I have not found any letters from Breslau. He probably hurried on as fast as he could, to give his news in person.

† The first part of Goethe's "Faust" was performed for the first time, that evening, in Dresden. Louis Tieck had made the necessary curtailments.

‡ Charles Devrient, eldest of the three brothers, nephews of the great Louis Devrient,

in Berlin, acted *Faust*. A fearful but magnificent conception. Portions of Spohr's opera, "Faust," were performed as entr'actes. Goethe's eightieth birthday was celebrated to-day. Now I am off to bed. I expect Morlacchi early to-morrow, and shall go with him to Fräulein Pechwell's, that is, he will come with me.

Good night,

Your FREDERIC.



CHOPIN

CHAPTER VI.

*INFLUENCE OF THE LAST JOURNEY ON
CHOPIN. FAREWELL CONCERT IN WARSAW.
CHOPIN LEAVES HIS NATIVE CITY.*

THE innocent youthful gaiety which accompanied Chopin on his journeyings was his faithful companion for some time to come. The brilliant success of his two performances in Vienna assured him that he really had talent, and that his parents had not done wrong in allowing him to dedicate himself wholly to art.

He returned from his second journey with wider views and riper judgment. He left off drawing caricatures, with which, in boyish mischief, he had often amused himself in Berlin. He felt, with intense delight, that the wings of his genius were bearing him higher than they did a year ago. With his inborn modesty he was

surprised that great musicians should marvel at his playing. Although he already had the courage to defend his opinions when they differed from those of other musicians; he always spoke with a certain reserve and courtesy which prevented him from giving offence, nor did he forget to pay the respect which the young man owes to the elder. "That Vienna would lose much if he went away without letting people hear him," was incomprehensible to the modest youth not yet fully conscious of his talents.

It is characteristic of Chopin that he always began his letters in a clear elegant hand; but, as the rush of thought and feeling took possession of him the writing seemed, as it were, hurled upon the paper. His Polish letters are pithy and natural, and often contain surprisingly original ideas. A great deal cannot unfortunately be transcribed into German.

Frederic's humorous nature was often displayed in the address of a letter. For example, he sent one to his father directed "To the Right Hon. N. Chopin, Professor in Warsaw, and to the dear parents of the son who is in Dresden." He would often call his sisters "my children" (*moje kochane dzieci*), out of tenderness, and add some playful affectionate expressions. He never forgot to send remembrances to his much honoured

teachers, Zwiny and Elsner, nor to gladden his fellow collegians and intimate friends by kind words as reminders of himself.

It has become the custom with most writers to dilate on Chopin's weak and exhausted health. The grossest exaggerations have been current on this point, and, as is nearly always the case, more credence has been given to the exaggerations than to the truth. Goethe says truly: "People believe the truth so little because it is so simple."

It has been said of Chopin that he suffered from his earliest years from an incurable malady which might have caused death at any moment. This may have been the reason why Liszt describes him as very sickly when only a youth of fifteen or sixteen; among other things about him he says:

"* * * * Chopin was more like one of those ideal creations with which the poetry of the middle ages adorned the christian temples: a beautiful angel, with a form pure and lithe as a young god of Olympus, with a face like that of a woman and, to crown all, an expression at once tender and severe, chaste and impassioned.

"He daily accustomed himself to think that the hour of his death was near, and, under the influence of this feeling, he accepted the careful attentions of a friend, from whom he concealed

how short a time, he believed, remained for him on earth. He possessed great physical courage, and, if he did not accept with the heroic carelessness of youth the idea of his approaching end, he at least cherished the expectation of it with a kind of bitter pleasure."

These remarks are not applicable to this period of Chopin's life, for they are not in accordance with the facts. Chopin neither looked like "a beautiful angel," "a woman," nor "a young god from Olympus"; just as little did he imagine daily "that the hour of his death was near." On the contrary, his cheerful letters, pervaded with the joy of youth, showed that Frederic had as good health as any other young man of his age. When travelling he saw all that was worth seeing, gave two concerts within a week, paid several visits, was present at long performances at the theatre, and besides wrote many long letters. Undeniably Chopin had a delicate constitution, but he was healthy, and strong enough to bear the fatigue of travelling in a diligence.

It was not until ten years later that he was threatened with the illness brought on by the excitement of Paris life. And if Frederic had been sickly, would his parents have permitted their only, tenderly loved son to travel abroad? Would they have consented to an absence of two

years—which followed the earlier journeys—if the young artist had been troubled with a dangerous malady? It was only in the last years of his life his physical strength was often greatly exhausted, in consequence of the rapid strides of the disease which caused his early death.

Chopin's playmate and schoolfellow, Wilhelm von Kolberg, affirmed that till manhood, Chopin was only ill once, and then from a chill. Naturally, after the manner of loving, womanly hearts, mother and sisters very much petted their dear Frederic. There was no lack of exhortations to "wrap up carefully in cold, damp weather"; he laughed good-humouredly at the instructions, but followed them like an obedient son.

There were moments when, buried in thought, Frederic paid little heed to the outer world, and avoided even his best friends.

In a general way he was fond of pleasure, and delighted to share it with his parents, family, and friends. He was never a kill-joy. If he were among company who wished to dance, he would sit down to the piano without being pressed and play the most charming Mazurkas and other dances. If a bad player were at the piano, he would politely and pleasantly put himself in his place. In after years also, when he lived in Paris and had acquired a European reputation, he was

always willing, in the kindest manner, to delight a Polish family with some national dances. As a player he was as indefatigable as the dancers, who in their enthusiasm often did not know how to stop.

Like all intelligent young men, Frederic returned from his travels with a wider knowledge of human nature. He perceived that the artists, whose acquaintance he had lately made, were not all so amiable and free from envy as he had imagined; he, therefore, clung the closer to the more noble-minded among his compeers, for whom he retained through life a friendly feeling.

The artists in Vienna looked upon Chopin as a young man with a thorough and most refined musical education, who was not puffed up with vanity, and had no thought of settling in the Imperial city. They were, therefore, favourably disposed towards him, and willingly lent their assistance. Disillusionment awaited him in future years.

Like every true artist and poet, Chopin was tormented with doubts as to the extent and range of his genius. Some, indeed, who heard him at the concerts which he gave in Vienna, said that his playing was not powerful enough; but with regard to his compositions, there was but one opinion. Real connoisseurs of pianoforte play-

ing, truly musical souls, knew how to value the smoothness, certainly, and elegance of his style. The wonderful, penetrating and melancholy expression peculiar to Chopin's playing, found a response in all poetical minds. He was pre-eminently the pianist for poets, and could not be exalted too highly above the mass, who only desire technical skill and noise; to musicians the character and originality of his compositions especially appealed. To complete the story of his Vienna experiences, I give two letters to his particular friend, Titus Woyciechowski.

Warsaw, September 12th, 1829.

DEAREST TITUS,

You would not have heard from me, if I had not met Vicentius Skarbek, and thereby been reminded that you would be in Warsaw by the end of this month. I hoped that I should have been able to tell you personally of my GREAT JOURNEY, for truly and sincerely I should only be too glad to have a chat with you. But as this is unfortunately impossible, let me tell you, dear, that I have been to Cracow, Vienna, Prague, Dresden and Breslau.

We passed the first week at Cracow in taking walks, and visiting the neighbourhood. Ojcow is very beautiful; but I shall not say anything,

for although you were not there, you know all about it from Tanska's accurate descriptions. I had good company on my way to Vienna; if Cracow made so many demands upon me that I could not find a few moments to think of you and my family, Vienna so utterly stupefied and infatuated me, that, although a fortnight passed without my receiving a letter from home, I felt no longing for my friends. Just imagine my playing twice in the Royal and Imperial Theatre in so short a time. This is how it came about: my publisher, Haslinger, represented to me that it would be of advantage to my compositions if I were to appear in Vienna; that my name was as yet unknown, and my music difficult both to play and understand.

I did not yet think of it seriously, and replied: "That I had not played a note for a fortnight, and so was not prepared to present myself before a select and critical public." In the meantime Count Gallenberg, who writes pretty ballets, and is manager of the Vienna Theatre, came in. Haslinger introduced me to him as a coward, afraid of appearing in public. The Count very obligingly placed the theatre at my disposal, but I was shrewd enough to decline, with thanks. The next day Würfel came in, and urged me not to bring disgrace on my parents, Elsner and myself, by

neglecting the opportunity of performing in Vienna.

As soon as I had yielded to all this pressure, Würfel at once undertook the necessary preparations. The next morning bills announced my concert. It was impossible, therefore, to retreat, although I did not know how or what I should play. Three manufacturers proposed to send me pianos, but, owing to the narrow limits of my lodgings, I was obliged to refuse their offers. What would have been the use either of my practising a great deal two days before the concert?

In one day I made the acquaintance of all the great artists in Vienna, among them Mayseder, Gyrowetz, Lachner, Kreutzer, Schuppanzigh, etc.

The members of the orchestra looked sourly at me during the rehearsal; they were particularly vexed at my making my debut with new compositions. Then I began the Variations dedicated to you, which were to come after the Rondo Cracovienne. The Variations were a success, but the Rondo, owing to the way in which it was written, went so badly that we were obliged to commence from the beginning twice. I ought to have put the pauses below instead of above. Enough; the gentlemen made such wry faces that I felt very much inclined to announce myself ill in the evening.

Demar, the manager, noticed the ill-temper of the orchestra, who do not like Würfel. The latter wished to conduct himself, but the orchestra declined (I don't know why) to play under his lead. Herr Demar advised me to improvise, at which proposal the orchestra stared. I was so much irritated by what had happened that I consented in despair; and who knows whether my miserable mood and strange humour were not the cause of the great success I achieved?

The presence of the Viennese public did not excite me at all, and I sat down, very calmly, to a wonderful instrument of Graff's, the best, perhaps, then in Vienna. Beside me sat a young man, covered with rouge, who had turned over for me in the Variations, and plumed himself on having rendered the same service to Moscheles, Hummel and Herz. I played, as you may imagine, in a desperate mood; the Variations, nevertheless, made such an effect that I was encored enthusiastically. Fräulein Veltheim sang very beautifully. As to my improvisation I only know that it was followed by a storm of applause and many recalls.

The Vienna newspapers were lavish in their praise. By universal desire I played again the next week, congratulating myself that no one could say now that I was only able to appear

once. I was especially pleased with the performance of the Rondo, because Gyrowetz, Lachner, and other masters, and even the orchestra, were so delighted—forgive me for saying so—that they recalled me twice. I was obliged to repeat the Variations (at the special request of the ladies); Haslinger, too, was so pleased with them that he is going to bring them out in *Odeon*; a great honour for me, is it not?

Lichnowski, one of Beethoven's friends, wished to lend me his piano for the concert (this is, indeed, something), as it seemed to him that mine was too weak. But this was on account of my style of playing, which pleased the ladies so much; especially Fräulein Blahetka. It might be that she is favourably disposed towards me (by the way, she is not yet twenty, a lovely and intelligent girl). At my departure she honoured me by a composition, with an inscription in her own handwriting.

The *Wiener Zeitung* said, in a notice of the second concert: "Mons. Chopin is a young man who knows how to please by entirely original means. His style differs totally from that of the ordinary concert giver." I hope this is satisfactory, especially as the article concludes, "Mons. Chopin was to-day again unanimously applauded." Pardon me for writing such an

opinion of myself, but I do so because it pleases me more than any amount of praise in the *Warsaw Courier*.

I became quite intimate with Czerny, and often played with him on two pianos. He is a good-natured fellow, but nothing more. Klengel, whom I saw at Pixis's, in Prague, I like best of all my artistic acquaintances. He played his fugues to me (one might call them a continuation of Bach's, there are forty-eight, and as many canons). What a contrast to Czerny! Klengel gave me a letter of introduction to Morlacchi, in Dresden. We visited the Saxon Switzerland, so rich in natural beauties, and the magnificent Dresden picture gallery; but the Italian Opera had to be given up before my very eyes. I was, unfortunately, obliged to leave the day on which "Crocato in Egitto" was to be performed. My only consolation was that I had already heard it in Vienna.

Madame Pruszk, and her two children, Alexandrine and Constantin, are in Dresden. I met them the day I left. What a pleasure! They called out, "Pan Frycek, Pan Frycek."* It was so charming that I should certainly have stayed but for my companions. Monsieur Pruszk I

* The Polish for Frederic.

met at Teplitz. Teplitz is a wonderfully beautiful place. I was only there a day, but went to a soirée at Prince Clary's.

I have been too much absorbed in my writing to be able to stop. I affectionately embrace you, and, with your permission, kiss your lips.

Your FREDERIC.

Warsaw, October 3rd, 1829.

DEAREST TITUS,

You write that you have read something about my concerts in two newspapers; if they were Polish papers, you could certainly not have been gratified, for not only is their translation bad, but they have taken the trouble to distort, to my disparagement, the comments of the Viennese critics. The Vienna *Sammler* and the *Zeitschrift für Literatur*, from which Hube brought me the extracts, made the most flattering criticisms on my playing and compositions (pardon me for writing this to you), and called me, in conclusion, "An independent virtuoso, whose playing is full of delicacy and the deepest feeling."* If such

* Edward Hanslick, in his book, "History of Concerts in Vienna," uses the same words as the *Sammler* does about Chopin.

extracts had fallen into your hands I should have no occasion to be ashamed.

You will learn from me by and by what I think of doing this winter. In no case shall I remain in Warsaw; where fate will lead me I do not yet know. Prince and Princess Radziwill, have, in the most courteous manner, invited me to Berlin, and offered me apartments in their palace; but of what use would this be? I have begun so much work that it would seem the wisest course for me to remain here. I have also promised to return to Vienna, and a Viennese paper said frankly that a sojourn in the Imperial city would be very advantageous to me, and have the best influence on my career.

You will, perhaps, think so too; but do not imagine what I am thinking about Fräulein Blahetka, whom I mentioned in my letter. I have already—to my misfortune, perhaps—found my ideal, whom I sincerely and loyally worship. Half a year has passed without exchanging a syllable with her of whom I dream every night. While thinking of this lovely being, I composed the Adagio in my new Concerto,* and early this morning the Waltz, which I send you. Notice the passage marked +, nobody knows of it but

* E minor Concerto, Op. 11.

yourself. How glad I should be if I could play my newest compositions to you, my dear friend. In the fifth bar of the Trio, the melody in the bass must rise to the higher E flat in the violin cleff, which, however, I need not tell you, for you will feel it for yourself.

I have no other musical news to send than that every Friday there are performances at Kessler's. Yesterday they played, among other things, Spohr's Octett, a wonderful work. I go to Brzezina's* every day; he has nothing new but Pixis's Concerto, which made no great impression on me; the Rondo seems the best part of it. You cannot imagine how dull Warsaw looks. If it were not for the happiness I find with my family I could not live here.

Oh, how miserable it is to have no one to share your sorrows and joys, and, when your heart is heavy, to have no soul to whom you can pour out your woes. You know very well what I mean. How often do I communicate to my piano all that I would confide to you.

My friend, you must change into a delightful reality my dreams of travelling with you abroad. I do not know what I should do for joy. But, alas, our ways lie wide apart.

* Book and music seller in Warsaw.

I hope to go to Italy, from Vienna, for my further education, and next winter I am to meet Hube in Paris; but everything may be altered, as my father would like me to go to Berlin, for which, to say the truth, I have no great desire. If, as I trust, I go to Vienna, I shall, perhaps, choose the way through Dresden and Prague, to visit Klengel again; also the famous Dresden picture gallery and the Prague Conservatoire.

I must now leave off, or I shall only weary you with my dry news, and I do not want to do that. If you would only write a few lines, it would give me pleasure for several weeks. Forgive me for sending you the Waltz, which will make you angry with me in the end. My intention is to please you.

Your FREDERIC.

The favourable critiques in the Vienna newspapers of Chopin's playing awakened universal interest in Warsaw, and caused his father to take counsel with Elsner and other friends about Frederic's further training. All agreed on sending the young artist for a longer sojourn abroad. Warsaw offered, indeed, little artistic stimulus to Chopin's extraordinary abilities; he passed there for a perfect artist. His compositions, published in Warsaw, are among the best he ever wrote, and

if his creative talent grew and matured in later years, his early works bear the true Chopin stamp.

Elsner's advice was that Chopin should go to Italy first, then to Paris, and so be away two years in all. From letters to his friend, Titus Woyciechowski, who very kindly furnished copies of them, we learn from Frederic himself how he passed the next few years. It is very fortunate for us that his most intimate friend religiously preserved, as sacred memorials, every line of the talented artist.

Warsaw, October 20th, 1829.

MY DEAREST TITUS,

You won't know how to make out why such a writing mania has suddenly seized me, and how it is that in so short a time I send you a third letter.

I start at seven this evening, *per diligence*, for Wiesiowski's, in Posen, and so write to you beforehand, not knowing how long I shall stay there, though I have only got a passport for a month. My idea is to return in about a fortnight. The object of my journey is to see Prince Radziwill, who is residing at his estate not far from Kalisz. He wishes me to go to Berlin, and live as a guest in his house, etc.; but I cannot see that it

would be of any real, that is to say, artistic use. "Mit grossen Herren ist nicht gut Kirschen essen."

My good father will not believe that these invitations are merely *des belles paroles*.

Forgive me if I repeat myself. I easily forget what I have written, and often fancy I am giving you news when it is really stale.

Kessler gives a musical soirée every Friday; nearly all the artists here meet together, and play whatever is brought forward, *prima vista*; so, for example, there were performed, last Friday: Concerto in C sharp minor, by Ries, with quartet accompaniment; then Trio in E major, by Hummel; Beethoven's last Trio, which I thought magnificent and impressive; also a Quartet, by Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, *alias* Dussek;* and singing to conclude with.

Elsner has praised my Concerto Adagio. He says there is something new in it. As for the Rondo, I do not want any opinion on that at

* Chopin says what he may have heard reported, for it is well known that the world rarely credits the nobly born with artistic talent. Prince Louis Ferdinand was, indeed, Dussek's pupil, but he was not, therefore, helped in his compositions by his teacher. Prince Ferdinand—called Louis Ferdinand in history, and on the title-pages of his compositions—was a gifted man, and what works he has left are really the products of his own brain. Full of patriotism and courage, he took part in the war, and fell at Saalfeld, October 13th, 1806.

present, for I am not yet satisfied with it myself. I wonder whether I shall finish it when I return.

Thank you very much for your letter, which pleased me exceedingly. You have the happy gift of cheering and delighting one. You cannot imagine how despondent I was in the morning, and how my spirits rose when I received your letter. I embrace you warmly. Many write this at the end of their letters and scarcely think about it: but you know, dearest friend, that I do it sincerely, as truly as I am called "Fritz." I have composed a Study in my style; when we meet again I will play it to you.

Your faithful

FREDERIC.

Warsaw, Sunday, November 14th, 1829.

DEAREST TITUS,

I received your last letter at Radziwill's, at Antonin. I was there a week, and you cannot think how quickly and pleasantly the time passed. I travelled back by the last Post, and had great trouble to get away. As for myself, I could have stayed there till I was driven away, but my occupations, and, above all, my concerto, which still impatiently awaits its *finale*, forced me to quit Paradise.

My dear Titus, there were two daughters of Eve there, the young princesses, who are extremely amiable, musical and kind-hearted; and the Princess, their mother, who knows quite well that the value of a man does not depend on his descent, is so lady-like and amiable towards everyone that it is impossible not to honour her.

You know what a lover of music the Prince is. He showed me his "Faust," and I found much that is really beautiful in it; some parts, indeed, show considerable talent. Between ourselves, I certainly should not have accredited a Stadtholder with such music. I was struck, among other things, by the scene where Mephistopheles allures Margaret to the window, by playing the guitar and singing outside her house, while a Chorale is heard at the same time in the neighbouring church. This is sure to produce a great sensation. I only mention this to give you an idea of his style. He is also a great admirer of Gluck. His idea of operatic music is that its sole function is to depict the situation or the feelings; therefore the overture has no conclusion, but leads directly to the introduction. The orchestra is always invisible, placed behind the stage, so as not to distract the attention by such externals as the conducting, the movements of the musicians, etc.

I wrote an "Alla Polacca," with 'cello accompaniment, during my visit to Prince Radziwill. It is nothing more than a brilliant drawing-room piece—suitable for the ladies. I should like Princess Wanda to practice it. I am supposed to have given her lessons. She is a beautiful girl of seventeen, and it was charming to direct her delicate fingers. But, joking apart, she has real musical feeling, and does not need to be told when to play *crescendo*, *piano*, or *pianissimo*. Princess Elise was so much interested in my Polonaise (F minor)* that I could not refuse to send for it. Please let me have it by return of post. I did not wish to be thought impolite, but I should not like to write it out of my head again, my dearest, for I should, perhaps, make it very different from the original. You can picture to yourself the character of the Princess from her having me play the Polonaise to her every day. The Trio in A flat major always pleases her particularly. She wishes me much to go to Berlin in May, so nothing stands in the way of my going to Vienna in the winter. It does not seem likely that I shall get off before December. Papa's birthday is on the sixth, which I shall, in any case, keep with

* This Polonaise appears as Op. 71 in the collection of posthumous works.

him. I do not think of starting till the middle of December. I hope also to see you again.

You would not believe what a blank I feel in Warsaw just now. I have no one to whom I can really talk confidentially. You want one of my portraits. I certainly would have sent it to you if I could have stolen one from Princess Elise, who has two in her album, which, I am assured, are very faithful likenesses; but you, my dearest, need no picture of me. Believe me, I am always with you and will never forget you to the end of my life.

Let me remind you once more of the Polonaise; please send it by return. I have written some studies; I should play them well in your presence. Last Saturday, Kessler played Hummel's E major Concerto, at the Ressource. Next Saturday, perhaps, I shall play; I shall choose the Variations dedicated to you.

Your faithful

FREDERIC.

Warsaw, March 27th, 1830.

I never missed you so much as now, for there is no one to whom I can pour out my heart. A single look from you, after the concert, would be more to me than the praise of all the critics here.

Directly I received your letter, I wanted to describe my first concert to you; but I was so distracted and busy with the preparations for the second, which took place on Monday, that I was not capable of collecting my thoughts. I am not indeed, much calmer to-day, but I cannot delay the sending of this letter any longer, for the post goes, and who knows when my mind will be at rest again?

The first concert, for which three days before there was neither box nor stall to be had, did not, on the whole, make the impression I had expected. The first Allegro of the E minor Concerto (not intelligible to everyone) was indeed rewarded with a bravo, but this was, I think, because the public wished to show that it knew how to understand and appreciate serious music. In every country there are plenty of people who readily assume the airs of connoisseurs. The Adagio and Rondo made a great effect, and were followed by the heartiest applause and shouts of bravo. But the Potpourri on Polish songs* completely missed its mark. They applauded indeed, but, evidently only to show the player they were not wearied with him.

* Grand Fantasia on Polish Airs, Op. 13.

Kurpinski* thought he discovered fresh beauties in my Concerto that evening. Ernemann was entirely satisfied. Elsner regretted that my piano was not stronger, the bass being, as he thought, not heard clearly enough.

Those sitting in the gallery or standing in the orchestra appear to have been most satisfied; there were complaints in the pit of the playing being too soft. I should very much like to know the gossip about me at "Kopciuszek."† In consequence of the remarks in the pit, Mochnacki, after highly praising me in the *Polish Courier*—especially for the Adagio—advised me, for the future, to use more power and energy. I knew quite well where this power lay, so at the second concert I did not play on my own but on a Viennese instrument. This time the audience, again very large, were perfectly content. The applause knew no bounds, and I was assured that every note rang out like a bell, and that I played much more finely than before. When I appeared, in reply to a recall, they called out "give another concert." The Cracovienne produced a tremend-

* Charles Kurpinski, bandmaster, and composer of several national operas, was born in 1785, and died in 1857, in Warsaw.

† A coffee-house frequented by most of the *litterati*; called in German "Aschenbrödel." (Cinderella.)

ous sensation; there were four rounds of applause. Kurpinski regretted that I had not played the Polish Fantasia on the Viennese piano, a remark which Grzymala repeated the other day in the *Polish Courier*. Elsner says I could not be properly judged of until after the second concert. I confess, candidly, that I would rather have played on my own instrument, but the Viennese piano was generally regarded as more appropriate to the size of the building.

You know what the programme of the first concert was.* The second began with a Symphony by Nowakowski† (*par complaisance*), followed by

* The following programme was performed in the Warsaw Theatre, March 17th, 1830.

First Part.

- 1.—Overture to the opera, "Leszek Bialy," by Elsner.
- 2.—Allegro from the E minor Concerto, composed and played by Mons. F. Chopin.
- 3.—Divertissement for Horn, composed and played by Mons. Görner.
- 4.—Adagio and Rondo, from E minor Concerto, composed and played by Mons. Chopin.

Second Part.

- 1.—Overture to the opera, "Cecilia Piaseczynska," by Kurpinski.
- 2.—Variations by Paër, sung by Madame Meier.
- 3.—Pot-pourri on national songs, by Mons. Chopin.

† A fellow student of Chopin's, born 1800, died in Warsaw, 1865.

a repetition of the first Allegro of my Concerto. Then the theatre concert director, Bielawski, played an Air Varié, by Bériot, and I, my Allegro and Rondo again. The second part commenced with the Rondo Cracovienne. Madame Meier sang an air from Soliva's opera, "Helene and Malvina," and, in conclusion, I improvised on the volkslied, "Wmiescie dziwne obyezaje" (there are strange customs in the town), which very much pleased the people in the first rows. To be candid, I must say that I did not improvise as I had intended, but, perhaps, that would not have been so well suited to the audience. I wonder that the Adagio pleased so generally; from all I hear, it is with reference to this that the most flattering observations have been made. You must have read the newspapers, and you will see that the public were very pleased with me.

A poem, addressed to me, and a large bouquet were sent to my house. Mazurkas and waltzes are being arranged on the principal themes from my Concerto. Brzezina asked for my likeness, but I declined giving it. This would be too much all at once, besides I do not like the prospect of butter being wrapped up in the paper on which I am portrayed, as was the case with Lelewel's portrait.

Wishes are expressed on all sides that I should

give a third concert, but I have no desire to do so. You would not believe the excitement one has to go through for some days before the performance. I hope to finish the first Allegro of the second Concerto before the vacation, so I shall wait, at any rate, till after Easter, although I am convinced that I should have a larger audience than ever this time; for the *haute volée* have hardly heard me at all yet. At the last concert a stentorian voice called out from the pit, "Play at the Town Hall," but I doubt whether I shall follow this advice; if I play again, it will be in the theatre. It is not a question of receipts with me, for the theatre did not bring me in much. (The cashier, to whom everything was left, did as he liked.) From both concerts, after all expenses had been deducted, I did not receive quite 5,000 gulden,* although Dmusczewski, editor of the *Warsaw Courier*, stated that no concert had been so crowded as mine. Besides, the Town Hall, where the anxieties and arrangements would be many, would not please everyone. Dobrzynski† is vexed with me for not performing his symphony. Madame W. took it amiss that I did not reserve a box for her, etc., etc.

* About 2,500 marks.

† Felix Ignaz Dobrzynski, pianist and composer, born 1807, died in Warsaw, 1867.

I close this letter unwillingly, because I feel as if I had not told you anything interesting yet. I have reserved all for the dessert, which is nothing more than a warm embrace.

Your FREDERIC.

Warsaw, April 10th, 1830.

(Anniversary of Emily's* death.)

I have been vainly wishing to write to you for some weeks past. I don't know why the time should pass so quickly now. Our musical season is at its height; Passion week even was disregarded. Last Monday there was a grand soirée at Philippeus's, when Madame Sauran sang a duet from "Semiramis" very beautifully; I accompanied Messrs. Soliva and Gresser in a buffo duet from Rossini's "Turk in Italy," which, by unanimous desire, was repeated. I have sketched out a programme of the soirée at Lewicki's, at which Prince Galizin is to take part in a quartet by Rode. I shall select Hummel's "La Sentinelle," and shall finish with my Polonaise with violoncello, to which I have written an Adagio by way of introduction. I have tried it already, it

* Emily was Chopin's youngest sister.

does not go badly. This is the latest *salon* news. Now for the newspaper intelligence, which is no less important to me, as it includes some most favourable opinions about myself. I should like to send them to you. There was an article, two pages long, in the *Warsaw Gazette*, in which Elsner was very much abused. Soliva* told me that he only avoided the controversy because two of his pupils were shortly to make a public appearance, otherwise he should certainly have replied to the attack. It is difficult to describe the whole case in a few words; I would send you the newspaper if I could, so as to make the matter quite clear. A word to the wise is sufficient, so I will give a brief outline of the affair.

My concerts called forth a great many laudatory notices, especially in the *Polish Courier*, and the *Official Journal* also gave me a few words of praise. This was all very well, but one of the numbers of the later newspaper, although in perfect good faith, was full of such absurdities that I felt quite in despair until I read in the *Gazette*

* Soliva, an Italian by birth, was Professor of Singing at the Warsaw Conservatoire in 1821. When the Conservatoire was closed by the Prussian Government he settled first in St. Petersburg and then in Paris, where he died in 1851. Soliva composed the operas, "La Testa di Bronzo," "Elena e Malwina," and several smaller works.

Polska a refutation of the exaggerated statements in the *Official Journal*. This paper was mad enough to say that Poland would one day be as proud of me as Germany is of Mozart; and that "if I had fallen into the hands of a pedant or a Rossinist (what a ridiculous expression!) I should never have been what I am." Although, indeed, I am nothing yet, the critic is so far right in saying that if I had not studied with Elsner, I should have done still less. This taunt at a Rossinist, and praise of Elsner, made somebody* so angry that, in an article in the *Warsaw Gazette*, beginning with Fredo's comedy, "Die Freunde," and ending with "Grafen Ory," there was the following paragraph: "Why should any gratitude be due to Elsner? he cannot reel off pupils!" and "even the Devil cannot make something out of nothing." At my second concert Nowakowski's Symphony was performed.

Thirty-five years ago Elsner wrote a quartet, to which the publisher, without the author's knowledge, appended the title "Dans le meilleur gout polonais," on account of the Polish character of the minuet. This reviewer, without mentioning

* The bandmaster Kurpinski, who, because he gave scarcely any operas but Rossini's, was often called a Rossinist. There is no doubt that he wrote the anonymous article referred to.

the composer's name, ridicules the quartet. Soliva says truly that they would have been just as much justified in abusing "Cæcilia,"* especially as, with all kindness and delicacy, they give me some side thrusts, and the good piece of advice that I should listen to Rossini but not copy him. No doubt this was said because the other article remarked that I had a great deal of originality.

I am invited to an Easter breakfast at Minasowicz's† for the day after to-morrow; Kurpinski is to be there, and I am very curious to see how he will behave towards me. You would not believe how amiable he always is to me. I saw him last Wednesday week at little Leskiewicz's concert. The latter does not play badly, although he still shows that he is a learner. It seems to me that he will be a better player than Krogulski, but I have not yet ventured to say so, though I have been often asked for an opinion.

Oh! the postman! A letter . . . from you! Oh, my dear friend, how good you are! It is no wonder, however, for I am always thinking of you. As far as I can gather from your letter, you have only seen the *Warsaw Courier*; get the

* A Polish national opera by Kurpinski.

† A Polish poet, died in 1849.

Polish Courier, and No. 91 of the *Warsaw Gazette*, if you can. Your advice is good; I had already given up some invitations for the evening as if in anticipation of it, for I always think a great deal of you in everything that I undertake. I do not know whether it is because I have learnt to think and feel with you, but when I write anything I always want to know if it pleases you, and my Second Concerto (F minor) will not have any value in my eyes until you have heard and approved it.

My third concert, which is being counted on here, will not take place until shortly before I leave; I think of playing the new Concerto, which is not yet finished, then, by desire, the Fantasia on Polish airs, and the Variations dedicated to you, which I am anxiously awaiting, as the Leipzig Fair has already begun, and Brzezina has received a large consignment of music. The Frenchman from St. Petersburg, who wanted to treat me with champagne after my second concert, and whom people took for Field, is a pupil from the Paris Conservatoire, named Dunst. He has given several concerts in St. Petersburg, which made a great sensation, so he must play unusually well. You will, doubtless, think it strange—a Frenchman from St. Petersburg with a German name. I have the sad piece of news to add that



CHOPIN

From a Portrait by Ary Scheffer.

Anton Orlowski* has been making mazurkas and galops on my themes; but I have begged him not to have them printed.

Warsaw, April 17th, 1830.

(Papa's birthday.)

A letter from you gives me some respite from my intolerable yearning (*sehnsucht*), and to-day I was more than ever in need of this consolation. I want to drive away the thoughts which poison my happiness; yet it gives me pleasure to dally with them; I do not know what ails me perhaps I shall be calmer by the end of this letter.

I am very pleased to hear that there is some probability of your coming, for I am going to remain until the meeting of the Diet, which, as you have doubtless seen by the newspapers, will take place on the 28th inst., and last a month. The *Warsaw Courier* has already announced the arrival of Mlle. Sonntag; Dmusczewski, the editor, is incorrigible, he is always getting hold of some story, which he prefixes by saying, "We learn,

* Anton Orlowski, a fellow student of Chopin's, a talented musician, afterwards bandmaster at Rouen. Born at Warsaw, 1811. Died 1861.

on good authority," etc., etc. When I met him yesterday he told me that he was going to insert a sonnet addressed to me. I begged him, for heaven's sake, not to do anything so absurd. "It is already printed," he replied, with a smile, thinking that I should feel very much delighted and honoured. Oh, these mistaken kindnesses! Those who envy me will have another mark to shoot at. With regard to the mazurkas on themes from my Concerto, mercenary motives have won the day, and they are already published. I do not care to read anything more that people may write about me.

Last week I had an idea of coming to see you, but was too busy; I must work as hard as I can to finish my compositions. If you come to Warsaw for the meeting of the Diet, you will be at my concert. I have a presentiment that you will, and if I dream that you do, I shall firmly believe it. How often do I turn night into day, and day into night; how often do I wake in dreams, and sleep in the day; but it is not like sleep, for I always feel the same, and instead of gaining refreshment, I worry myself, and rack my brains, till I am quite exhausted.

Pray think kindly of me. . . .

Warsaw, May 15th, 1830.

You will certainly have wondered that Fritz did not answer your letter by return of post; but as I could not immediately give the information you asked for, I delayed writing till to-day.

Now listen, my dearest: Henrietta Sonntag is coming to Warsaw in June, or, perhaps, at the end of May. I am sure you will not neglect the opportunity of hearing her. Oh, how thankful I am for it. She must be in Danzig now, and from there she comes to us. We have several concerts in prospect. Little Worlitzer, pianist to the King of Prussia, has already been here a fortnight. He plays very finely, and being of Jewish descent has many natural gifts. He has been with me; he is just sixteen; some of the things he played at our house went famously. His best performance is Moscheles's Variations on the Alexander March. He really plays those excellently. You would like his style and manner of playing, although—this to you only—he still lacks much to deserve his title of chamber virtuoso. There is also a French pianist here, Monsieur Standt. He intended giving a concert, but seems lately to have relinquished the idea.

It is an agreeable piece of musical news that Herr Blahetka, father of the Viennese *pianiste*,

will, if I advise him, come here, when the Diet meets, and give some concerts. But my position is a difficult one; the man wants to make money, and if it happens that his hopes are not fulfilled, he will be angry with me. I answered immediately that I had often been asked whether he would not come, and that many musicians and lovers of music would be glad to hear his daughter; but I did not conceal from him that Sonntag would be here, that Lipinski was coming, that we have only one theatre, and that the expenses of a concert amount to at least 100 thalers. He cannot say now that I did not properly inform him of the state of things. It is very possible that he will come. I should be very glad, and would do all in my power to get a full house for his daughter. I would willingly also play with her on two pianos; for you would not believe how kindly her father interested himself on my behalf in Vienna.

I do not know yet when I shall commence my journey. I shall probably be here during the hot months. The Italian Opera does not begin in Vienna till September, so I have no occasion to hurry. The Rondo for the new Concerto is not ready yet. I have not been in the right mood to finish it. When the Allegro and Adagio are

quite done with, I shall not be in any anxiety about the Finale.

The Adagio in E major is conceived in a romantic, quiet, half melancholy spirit. It is to give the impression of the eye resting on some much loved landscape which awakens pleasant recollections, such as an exquisite spring moonlight night. I have written for the violins to accompany *con sordini*. Will that have a good effect? Time will show.

Write and tell me when you are coming back to Warsaw, for it would be worse than it was the first time if I had to give my concert without you. You do not know how I love you. Oh, if I could only prove it. What would I not give to be able to embrace you heartily once again.

Warsaw, June 5th, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have missed five of Mlle. Sonntag's concerts, but if you come on the 13th, you will have several opportunities of hearing her. The 13th will be Sunday, and you will arrive just when I am at home, trying over the Allegro of the Second Concerto, as I am making all the use I can of Mlle. Sonntag's absence. I learnt from

her own pretty lips that she was going to Fischbach, by invitation from the King of Prussia, and that she would return from there to us.

I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from closer acquaintance with this "heavenly messenger," as some enthusiasts justly call her; I am sincerely grateful to Prince Anton Radziwill for having introduced me. I, unfortunately, got but little benefit from her weeks stay here, for she was bored with wearisome visits from senators, *woiewodes*, castellans, ministers, generals, and adjutants, who sat staring at her and making dull speeches. She received them all very kindly, for she is too good-hearted to be ever unamiable. Yesterday, when she wanted to go out to a rehearsal, she was actually obliged to shut herself up in her room, as the servants could not keep the hosts of callers out of the ante-room. I should not have gone to her had she not sent for me, on account of Radziwill having asked me to write out a song he had arranged for her. It consists of variations on an Ukrainian folk-song (*Dumka*); the theme and the finale are pretty, but I do not at all like the middle movement, and Mlle. Sonntag approves of it still less; I have made some alterations, but it won't do yet. I am glad that she is going after to-day's concert, as I shall thus be released from this trouble, and when Radziwill

comes back for the close of the Diet, he will, perhaps, have given up his variations.

Mlle. Sonntag is not beautiful, but extremely fascinating; everyone is enchanted with her voice, which is not particularly powerful, but splendidly cultivated. Her *diminuendo* is the *non plus ultra*, her *portamento* wonderfully beautiful, and her chromatic scales, in the upper register especially, unequalled. She sang us an air by Mercadante very beautifully, and Rode's variations, especially the last *roulades*, more than admirably. The variations on a Swiss theme were so much liked that she was obliged, after repeatedly bowing her acknowledgments, to sing them *da capo*; and the same thing occurred yesterday after the last variation by Rode. She sang also the Cavatina from the "Barbier," and some airs from the "Diebischen Elster" and the "Freischütz." But soon you will be able to judge for yourself of the difference between her performances and anything that we have heard here before. One day when I was with her, Soliva brought Mles. Gladkowska and Wolkow to sing to her their duet, closing with the words "barbara sorte" (you remember it, do you not?). Mlle. Sonntag said to me, in confidence, that both voices were very beautiful, but rather screamy, and that the young ladies must change their method of singing altogether, unless

they wanted to run the risk of losing their voices completely in two years. I heard her say to Mlle. Wolkow that she sang with a great deal of ease and taste, but had "une voix trop aigue." She invited them both in the kindest manner to come and see her often, and promised to spare no pains to teach them her own method. Is not that a rare piece of politeness? Indeed, I believe it was exquisite coquetry which made on me the impression of *naïveté*, for one can scarcely imagine anyone being so natural unless acquainted with all the arts of coquetry.

Mlle. Sonntag is a hundred times prettier and nicer *en déshabille* than in evening dress, but those who have only seen her in the concert room are charmed with her beautiful appearance. On her return she will give concerts until the 22nd instant, when, she tells me, she thinks of going to St. Petersburg. So make haste, dear friend, and come at once that you may not miss any more concerts.

There is a good deal of talk about Pasta coming, and of both the artists singing together. A French lady pianist, Mlle. Belleville, is here, and intending to give a concert next Wednesday; her playing is very good, very light and elegant, ten times better than Worlitzer's. She took part in the famous "*soirée musicale*" at the Court,

when Sonntag sang and Worlitzer played, though without giving much satisfaction, as I heard from Kurpinski, who accompanied the great vocalist. A good many people were surprised (*not* including myself) that I was not invited to play. But some more about Mlle. Sonntag. There is a great deal of new *broderie* in her execution, which is very effective, but not so much so as Paganini's; perhaps because it is of a smaller kind. She seems to bring with her the perfume of a fresh bouquet, and to caress and play with her voice, but she rarely moves one to tears. Radziwill, however, thinks that her impersonation of Desdemona, in the last scene of "Otello," is such that no one could refrain from weeping.

I asked her, early this morning, if she would not give us the scene in costume (for she is a capital actress); she replied that although she could move an audience to tears, yet acting affected her so painfully that she had determined to appear on the stage as seldom as possible.

Come here to rest yourself from your rural cares; when you hear Mlle. Sonntag sing you will wake up to new life and gather fresh strength for your work. What a pity I cannot send myself instead of this letter. . . . Mlle. Belleville has played my Variations, published in Vienna; she knows one of them by heart. To-day Mlle. Sonn-

tag will sing something from "Semiramis." Her concerts are short, she sings at the utmost four times, the orchestra playing between. Indeed one needs to rest after her singing, so powerful an impression does it produce and so interesting is she as an artist.

Warsaw, August 21st, 1830.

This is my second letter to you. You will scarcely think it possible, but so it is.

I wrote to you directly after my safe return from you to Warsaw, but as my parents stopped at Count Skarbek's, at Zelazowa Wola, I, of course, stopped too, and in the hurry forgot to post my letter. But there is nothing bad in the world that has not some good in it.

Perhaps I shall not weary you so much with this as with the last letter, when I had the image of your quiet country life, which I had just quitted, constantly before my eyes. I may say, truly, that I recall it with delight: I always feel a certain longing after your beautiful country seat. I do not forget the weeping willow, that Arbaleta! Oh, with what pleasure do I remember it! You have teased me enough about it to punish me for all my sins. Let me tell you what

I have done since you left, and what is settled about my departure.

I was especially interested with Paër's opera, "Agnese," because Fräulein Gladkowska made her debut in it. She looks better on the stage than in a drawing-room. Her first-rate tragic acting leaves nothing to be desired, and her vocalisation, even to the high F sharp and G, is excellent. Her nuances are wonderful, and if her voice was rather tremulous at first, through nervousness, she sang afterwards with certainty and smoothness. The opera was curtailed, which, perhaps, did not make it seem so tedious to me. The harp romance which Fräulein Gladkowska sang in the second act was very fine. I was quite enraptured. She was recalled at the conclusion of the opera, and greeted with unbounded applause.*

In a week's time Fräulein Wolkow† is to play the rôle of Fiorillo in the opera of "Il Turco in

* Fräulein Gladkowska was the realisation of Chopin's ideal. His thoughts of her are interwoven into all the compositions which he wrote at that time. Dreaming of her, he wrote the Adagio of the E minor Concerto; his desire of leaving Warsaw vanished; she entirely filled the soul of the passionate youth of twenty. Constantia Gladkowska, a pupil of Soliva, was married in 1832, and left the stage, to the great regret of all connoisseurs.

† Fräulein Wolkow, a fellow pupil with Gladkowska, also left the stage on her marriage, in 1836.

Italia," which will be sure to please the public better. A great many people blame the opera of "Agnese" without knowing why.

I do not contend that Soliva might have chosen something better for Gladkowska; 'Vestalin' would, perhaps, have been more suitable, but "Agnese" is beautiful also; the music has many good points, which the young debutante brought out capitally.

And now what am I to do?

I start next month, but I must first try my Concerto, for the Rondo is ready now.

Warsaw, August 31st, 1830.

It was high time for your letter to arrive, for as soon as I received it, I lost my catarrh. Would that my letters might be endowed with the same miraculous power.

I still stay here, and nothing, indeed, attracts me abroad. But I am certain to go next month, in obedience to my calling, and my reason, which must be weak, if it were not strong enough to conquer all other inclinations.

This week I must try the whole of the E minor Concerto, with quartet accompaniment, to give me confidence, or, Elsner says, the first orchestral re-

hearsal will not go well. Last Saturday, I tried the Trio, and, perhaps, because I had not heard it for so long, was satisfied with myself. "Happy man," you will say, won't you? It then struck me that it would be better to use the viola instead of the violin, as the fifth predominates in the violin, and in my Trio is hardly used at all. The viola would, I think, accord better with the 'cello. The Trio will then be ready to print. So much about myself. Now something as to the other musicians.

Last Saturday, Soliva brought forward his second pupil, Fräulein Wolkow, who delighted the whole house with her natural grace and good acting also with her beautiful eyes and pearly teeth. She was more charming on the stage than any of our actresses. I scarcely recognised her voice in the first act, she was so agitated. But she acted so finely, no one would have supposed her to be a debutante. Notwithstanding the encores and the enormous applause she received, she did not overcome her embarrassment till the second act, when the capabilities of her voice revealed themselves, though not quite so fully as at the rehearsal, and at the performance the day before yesterday.

In vocal ability Mlle. Wolkow is far surpassed by Mlle. Gladkowska. If I had not

myself heard the former I should not have believed there could be such a difference between two singers. Ernemann shares our opinion, that it is not easy to find a singer equal to Gladkowska, especially in the bell-like purity of her intonation, and true warmth of feeling, which are only properly displayed on the stage. She entrances her hearers. Wolkow made several slight mistakes, whilst with Gladkowska one did not hear a single note that was in the least doubtful, although she has only performed twice in "Agnese."

When I saw the two vocalists the day before yesterday and presented your compliments to them, they were evidently gratified and commissioned me to thank you.

Wolkow's reception was warmer than Gladkowska's, which Soliva did not seem to like. He said to me, yesterday, that he did not wish Wolkow to win more applause than her fellow pupil. I think a considerable share of the approbation is to be ascribed to Rossini, whose music pleases the public better (captivated also by the young girl's beauty) than the tragic misery of the unhappy daughter in Paër's opera. Gladkowska is to appear shortly in the "Diebischen Elster," but this "shortly" will last till I am over the mountains. Perhaps you will then be in Warsaw, and

will give me your opinion of the performance. Her third rôle is to be "Vestalin."

Warsaw (I think) September 4th, 1830.

My ideas are growing more and more confused. I am here still, and cannot make up my mind to fix definitively a day for my departure. It seems to me as if I were leaving Warsaw for ever; I have a presentiment that I am bidding an eternal farewell to my home. Oh, how hard it must be to die anywhere but in one's birthplace. How could I bear to see around my deathbed, instead of the faces of my beloved family, an unconcerned doctor and a hired servant. Believe me, dear Titus, I often long to come to you to ease my heavy heart, but as I cannot do that I rush out of doors without knowing why. But that does not calm or satisfy my restless, yearning spirit, and I go home only to sigh again. . . .

I have not yet tried my Concerto. At any rate, I shall have left my *treasure** behind me before Michaelmas. In Vienna I shall be condemned to eternal sighs and languishing. This is so when one's heart is no longer free. You know very well what that indescribable influence is, but can

* A reference to his attachment to Mlle. Glądkowska.

you account for that peculiar feeling which makes people always expect something better from the morrow? "Do not be so foolish," is all the answer I can give myself; if you know a better one, pray tell it me. . . .

These are my plans for the winter: I think of staying two months in Vienna; then going to Italy and perhaps spending the winter in Milan. Soliva always conducts the operas in which his pupils appear; in time, I think, he will unseat Kurpinski; he has one foot in the stirrup already, and is supported by a doughty cavalier.*

I finish my letter to-day with nothing, indeed with less than nothing, that is with what I have already said before. It is half-past eleven, and I am still sitting here *en déshabille*, although Mariolka will certainly be already waiting to go with me to dinner at C.'s. I have promised to visit Magnuszewski afterwards, so I shall not be back before four o'clock to finish the page, and the sight of the blank paper annoys me.

But I will not worry myself unnecessarily, or I shall never come to an end, and Mariolka will be disappointed altogether; and, as you know, I like to make myself agreeable to people of whose good

* General Rozniecki, who was then president of the National Theatre in Warsaw.



CHOPIN

From a Portrait published by Schuberth.

will I am assured. I have not been to see her since my return, and I must confess that I often blame her as the cause of my dejection; other people seem to be of the same opinion, and this gives me at least some slight satisfaction. My father smiles, but if he knew all I think he would weep. I seem quite happy, but my heart. . . .

By this day month you will have no more letters from Warsaw, dear friend, nor perhaps from anywhere else; perhaps you will not hear from me again before we meet. I am writing nothing but nonsense now; only the thought of leaving Warsaw. . . .

But wait awhile, and perhaps you will yourself be no better off. Man is never always happy, and very often only a brief period of happiness is granted him in this world; so why escape from this dream which cannot last long?

If I sometimes regard intercourse with the world as a sacred duty, at other times, I consider it a devilish invention, and that it would be better if mankind . . . but enough. . . . Time flies, and I must wash . . . don't kiss me now . . . but you would not kiss me even if I were anointed with Byzantine oil, unless by some magnetism I forced you to. Farewell.

Warsaw, September 18th, 1830.

I don't know exactly why I am still here, but I am very happy, and my parents agree to my remaining. Last Wednesday, I tried my Concerto with quartet accompaniment, but was not quite satisfied with it. Those who were present at the rehearsal say that the finale is the most successful movement—perhaps because it is the most easily understandable. I shall not be able to tell you till next week how it will sound with the full orchestra, as I am not going to try it until Wednesday. To-morrow I am going to have another rehearsal with the quartet accompaniment, and then I shall go—whither? I have no special attraction anywhere, but at any rate I shall not stay in Warsaw. If you imagine that some beloved object keeps me here you are wrong, like a good many other people. I can assure you that as far as I am concerned, I am ready for any sacrifice. I love, but I must keep my unhappy passion locked in my own breast for some years longer. I do not want to start with you, for the sake of the pleasure of meeting; the moment when we embrace for the first time on a foreign soil will be more precious to me than a thousand humdrum days of travelling together.

I intended to write a polonaise with orchestral

accompaniment; but have only sketched it out in my head; when it will see the light I cannot say. The *Wiener Zeitung* contains a good critique on my variations, short but comprehensive, and so philosophical that it is almost impossible to translate. The writer concludes by saying that the work has not only an external beauty, but an intrinsic excellence, which will defy the changes of fashion and make it last for ever. That is indeed a handsome compliment, for which I shall thank the reviewer when I see him. I am very pleased with the article, because, while it is not at all exaggerated, it acknowledges my independence. I should not say so much to anyone but you, but we understand each other so well, that I may venture, like the merchants, to praise my own wares.

Orlowski's new ballet is to be given to-day for the first time. There is more talk about the astounding nature of the spectacle than the originality of the music. I was at great big C.'s yesterday, for his birthday, when I played in Spohr's Quintet for piano, clarionet, bassoon, French horn and flute.* The work is wonderfully beautiful, but the pianoforte part not very playable. Everything that Spohr wrote for the piano is very difficult, and for many of his passages one cannot

* Chopin places the instruments in this order,

find any fingering at all. Instead of commencing at seven o'clock, we did not begin playing until eleven. You are, doubtless, surprised that I was not fast asleep. But there was a very good reason why I should not be, for among the guests was a beautiful girl, who vividly reminded me of my ideal. Just fancy, I stayed till 3 a.m. .

I was to have started for Vienna by the Cracow diligence this day week, but finally gave up the idea—you can guess why. You may rest assured that I am no egoist, and as truly as I love you, would willingly make some sacrifice for other people. For other people, I say, but not for outside appearance. Public opinion which has great weight here, although I am not much influenced by it, regards it as a misfortune for a man to have a shabby coat, or a rubbed hat. If I do not succeed in my profession, and I wake up some fine morning to find that I have nothing to eat, you must get a clerkship for me at Poturzyn.* I shall be as happy there in the stable as I was in your castle last summer. As long as I have health and strength I will gladly work all my days. I have often thought it over whether I was really lazy, or whether I could do more without

* Mons. Woyciechowski's estate.

physical injury. Joking apart, I am quite sure that I am not very lazy; and that, if necessary, I could do double what I do.

People often lose the good opinion of others by trying to gain it; but I do not think that I shall either raise or lower myself in your estimation, although I do sing my own praises, for there is mutual sympathy between us. You are not master of your thoughts, but I can command mine, and when I get an idea into my head, I will not part with it, any more than the trees will allow themselves to be robbed of the green covering which is the charm and beauty of their life. I, too, keep green in the winter, though only in the head, my heart is red-hot, so it is no wonder the vegetation is so luxuriant. May God help me! Enough. . . . Yours for ever. . . . I have just discovered what nonsense I have been talking. You see I have not got over the effects of yesterday, have not had my sleep out, and am still tired with having danced four mazurkas! Your letters are tied up with a ribbon given me by my ideal. I am very glad that two inanimate things agree together so well; it is probably because, although they do not know each other, they both feel that they come from hands dear to me.

Warsaw, September 22nd, 1830.

I must first explain how it is I am still here. For a fortnight past my father has objected to my going on account of the disturbances throughout Germany: in the Rhine provinces, Darmstadt, Brunswick, Cassel, and in Saxony, where the new king has already ascended the throne. It is reported here that there are riots in Vienna about the meal business; I don't know what it is they want, but it is certain that they are fighting over it. There are agitations also in the Tyrol, while in Italy they are ready to boil over, and we expect to hear something important every minute. I have not yet inquired about a pass, but it is thought that I shall only get one for Austria or Prussia; Italy and France are not to be thought of, and I know that some, and often all, passports have been refused. I shall probably go to Vienna in a few weeks, via Cracow, for I am remembered there, and one must strike while the iron is hot.

P. was with me yesterday; he starts early to-morrow, and as I am going to have a rehearsal of my second Concerto to-day, with full orchestra (except trumpets and kettledrums), I have invited him to it, for your sake. He will be able to tell you all about it, and I know that the smallest particulars will interest you. I am very sorry that

you are not here; Kurpinski, Soliva, and the *élite* of the musical world will be present, but, with the exception of course of Elsner, I have not much confidence in their judgment. I am most curious to know what the bandmaster will think of the Italian; Czapek of Kessler; Philippeus of Dobrzynski; Molsdorf of Kaczynski; Ledoux of Soltyk; and Mons. P. of us all.* No one has ever assembled all these gentlemen in one place before; I do it out of curiosity.

I am very sorry I have to write on a day like this when I cannot compose myself. It almost drives me out of my mind to think about myself, and I often go about so buried in thought as to be in danger of being run over, which, indeed, nearly happened yesterday. Catching a glimpse of my ideal in church, I rushed out in a state of happy stupefaction, and it was nearly a quarter of an hour before I came to myself again. I am quite frightened sometimes at my own distraction. I should like to send you a few trifles I have just composed, but don't know whether I shall manage to write them out to-day.

I beg you to excuse this hasty letter, but I must hasten off to Elsner to make sure of his presence

* Molsdorf and Kaczynski ('cellists), Ledoux and Count Soltyk (violinists) were good amateur musicians in Warsaw.

at the rehearsal. Then I must see about the desks, and the *sordini*, which I quite forgot yesterday, but without which the *adagio* would be nothing. The *rondo* is effective, and the first *allegro* powerful. Confounded self-love! But if anyone is responsible for my share of it, it is you. You egoist, who could live with a person like you without growing like you? However, in one respect, I am still unlike: I can never make a rapid resolution. Still, I have relentlessly determined on departing next Saturday week, in spite of any amount of weeping and lamentation. The music in the trunk, the familiar ribbon on my heart, a mind full of care, and I am off in the post carriage. Of course the city will flow with tears from Copernicus to the fountain, and from the bank to King Sigismund's column! but I shall be as cold and insensible as stone, and laugh at all the people who want to take such a tender adieu of me.

Warsaw, October 5th, 1830.

I was longing very much for your letter, which has somewhat soothed me. You cannot conceive how impatient and wearied (a feeling I cannot struggle against) I am of everything here. After

the orchestral trial of my Second Concerto, it was decided that I should appear with it at the theatre on Monday, 11th instant. Although this does not quite suit me, I am curious to know what effect the composition will have on the public. I hope the Rondo will produce a good impression generally. Soliva said, "il vous fait beaucoup d'honneur"; Kurpinski thought it original, and Elsner that the rhythm was exceedingly piquant. So as to arrange a good concert, in the true sense of the word, and avoid the unfortunate clarinet and flageolet solos, Mmes. Gladkowska and Wolkow will give some solo numbers. As to overtures, I will not have the one either to "Leszek," or to "Lodoiska," but that to "William Tell."

You would hardly imagine the difficulty I had to obtain permission for the ladies to sing. The Italian granted it readily, but I had to go to a higher authority still: to the Minister, Mostowski, who finally agreed, for it makes no difference to him. I do not know yet what they will sing, but Soliva tells me that a chorus will be necessary for one of the arias.

I am certain not to be in Warsaw a week after the concert. My trunk is bought, the outfit ready, the score corrected, the pocket handkerchiefs hemmed, the new stockings and the new coat tried

on, etc. Only the leave-taking remains, and that is the hardest of all.

Warsaw, October 12th, 1830.

MY DEAREST,

The concert, yesterday, was a perfect success; I hasten to inform you of it. I was not in the least anxious, and played as if I had been at home. The hall was crammed. Görner's Symphony opened the ball; then I played the first Allegro from the E minor Concerto; the notes seemed to roll along of themselves on the Streicher piano. A roar of applause followed. Soliva was very satisfied; he conducted his Aria, with chorus, which was very well sung by Fräulein Wolkow. She looked like a fairy in her light blue dress. After this Aria came my Adagio and Rondo, and then the usual interval. Connoisseurs and lovers of music came on to the stage and complimented me on my playing in the most flattering manner.

The second part began with the "Tell" Overture. Soliva conducted capitally, and the impression it produced was deep and abiding. The Italian was really so good to me that I owe him my everlasting gratitude. He afterwards conducted

the Cavatina from "La Donna del Lago," which Mlle. Gladkowska sang. She wore a white dress, had roses in her hair, and looked charmingly beautiful. She has never sung as she did last evening, except in the air in "Agnese." "O quanto lagrime per te versai," and the "tutto detesto" were heard splendidly, even to the low B. Zielinski declared that this B alone was worth a thousand ducats.

When I had led the ladies from the stage I played by Fantasia on National Airs. This time I understood myself, the orchestra understood me, and the public understood us both. The Mazovian air at the end made a great sensation. I was so rapturously applauded that I had to appear four times to bow my thanks. And, be assured, I did it quite gracefully, for Brandt had fully instructed me. If Soliva had not taken my score home and corrected it, and, as conductor, restrained me when I wanted to run away, I do not know what would have happened. He kept us all so splendidly in hand that I never played so comfortably with an orchestra before. The Streicher piano was very much liked, but Fräulein Wolkow still more.

I am thinking of nothing but my packing up.

On Saturday or Wednesday I go out into the wide world.

Every your truly affectionate

FREDERIC.

This last concert called forth the most favourable and enthusiastic notices of Chopin. The Warsaw newspapers were all full of his praises. They compared him to the chief European virtuosi, and prophesied the most brilliant future, saying that some day Poland would be justly proud of the great pianist and composer, etc., etc.

The sad but important day in the life of a young artist, that on which he leaves his father's house, drew near. Frederic had to part, for a lengthened period, from all that was dearest to him, home, parents, sisters, and also from that lovely young artist, the ideal object of his enthusiastic love. He was to leave her, and, alas! for ever.

On November 2nd, 1830, he said adieu to his beloved parents, who gave him their blessing, and embraced his loving sisters with tearful eyes. A party of friends, of which the venerable Elsner was one, accompanied Frederic to Wola (the first village beyond Warsaw) where the pupils of the

Conservatoire awaited him and sang a cantata, composed for the occasion by Elsner. At the banquet given there in his honour, a silver goblet, of artistic workmanship, filled to the brim with his native earth, was presented to him. The sight of this beautiful and ingenious gift caused the shining, art-loving eyes of Frederic to fill with tears of the deepest emotion.

"May you, wherever you go, never forget your fatherland, or cease to love it with a warm and faithful heart," said the friend who presented him with the goblet in the name of them all. "Think of Poland, think of your friends, who are proud to call you their countryman, who expect great things from you, whose wishes and prayers accompany you." The young artist once more pressed the hand of each, and then turned his steps onwards to the unknown.

The goal of Chopin's travels was Italy, the land still glorious in fame, the land of love, the cradle of the arts. In the home of the great masters, where sweet melodies are heard in every mouth, he hoped to perfect himself in the practice of his art, and to gather fresh ideas for new works.

Before him lay the strange, wide, chequered world. Within him he carried the consciousness of honest endeavour and perennial hope. In a foreign land, far from his beloved home, Chopin

often felt a natural yearning for his family and fatherland; for his was not one of those superficial natures which quickly forget what is not in sight. His thoughts went out with warm affection to parents and sisters, and with the passionate ardour of a poet he dwelt on the image of the adored Constantia Gladkowska. Her sweet voice ever sounded in his ears; in his dreams he saw her eyes veiled in tears, and the ring which she had herself slipped on his finger at parting was his most precious jewel. Alas! he was neither to possess his beloved, nor to behold the Italy of his aspirations!

CHAPTER VII.

*CHOPIN'S STAY IN Breslau, Dresden,
Prague, Vienna, Munich and Stuttgart.
THE INSURRECTION IN WARSAW.*

AT Kaliz, where Frederic met his friend and travelling companion, Titus Woyciechowski, he was the guest of the agreeable Dr. Helbich. The friends stopped at Breslau, whence Chopin wrote as follows :

Breslau, November 9th, 1830.

MY BELOVED PARENTS AND SISTERS,

We arrived here very comfortably on Saturday evening at six, in bright, pleasant autumn weather. We put up at the hotel, "Zur Goldenen Gans," and, as soon as we had dressed and taken some refreshment, we went to the theatre, where Raimund's "Alpine King" was being performed,

You will see the piece some day. The public admired the scenery more than we did. I thought the acting pretty good. The day before yesterday "Mason and Locksmith" was given, but not in first-rate style. To-day I shall hear the "Interrupted Sacrifice"; I am quite curious to see how it will turn out. There is a want of good singers here, but then the theatre is very cheap; a place in the pit only costs two Polish gulden.

Breslau pleases me much better this time than last. I have delivered Sowinski's letter, but have scarcely seen him yet, for we were unfortunately out when he called. We had first gone to the *Ressource*, where, by invitation of the conductor, Schnabel, I was present at the rehearsal for the concert in the evening. There are three concerts a week.

As is often the case at rehearsals, there was a very poor orchestra; a certain Referendar Hellwig was going to perform Moscheles's E flat major Concerto. Before this gentleman sat down, Schnabel, who had not heard me for four years, asked me to try the piano. I could not refuse this request, and played some Variations. Schnabel overwhelmed me with expressions of praise and pleasure. This made Hellwig feel a little uneasy, and I was pressed to take his place in the evening. Schnabel threw his influence into

the scale, and asked me so heartily, that I could not deny the dear old man his wish. He is a great friend of Herr Elsner's, which means much to me; but I told Schnabel at once that I only played for his sake, that for weeks I had not touched an instrument, and that it was not part of my programme to play in Breslau. Schnabel replied, that he was well aware of that, but that when he saw me in church yesterday, he wished to ask me, but did not venture to do so. What could I do? So I went back to the hotel with his son to fetch my music, and played the Romance and Rondo from the Second Concerto.

The Germans admired my playing at the rehearsal. "What a light touch he has," I heard them whisper; but about the composition I did not catch a syllable. Titus, whose ears are everywhere, and who is always alert on my behalf, heard one gentleman say, "there is no doubt that this young man can play, but he cannot compose."

Yesterday, at the *table d'hôte*, I made the acquaintance of a very amiable-looking gentleman, who was sitting opposite to me. In the course of conversation I discovered that his name was Scharff, that he knew Scholtz, of Warsaw, well, and was on friendly terms with the gentlemen to whom I had letters of introduction. This Herr Scharff was wonderfully kind and obliging to

Titus and myself. He took us all over Breslau, went with us to the suburbs of the town, wrote down our names as guests at the *Ressource*, and procured us visitors' tickets for the concert yesterday which he sent before the rehearsal. How astonished this friendly gentleman, and his companion who had obtained the tickets, must have been, when they beheld in one of the strangers the chief personage in the evening's performance.

Besides playing the Rondo, I improvised, for the sake of the connoisseurs, on a theme from the "Mutes of Portice." There was an overture, and some dancing to conclude with. Schnabel wanted to regale me with a sumptuous supper, but I only took a cup of broth.

Of course I have made the acquaintance of the chief organist in Breslau, Herr Köhler; he promised to show me his organ. I met, also, a certain Baron Nesse or Neisse,* a great violin player and a pupil of Spohr's.

Another musician resident here, a Herr Hesse,†

* Baron von Nuss (not Neisse), a very well-known person in the musical world of the day.

† Adolf Friedrich Hesse, born in Breslau, 1809, died there, 1863, was one of the most distinguished of organists and organ composers. He was a pupil of Köhler, whom he afterwards succeeded. By long artistic tours he acquired a brilliant reputation. In 1844 he was invited to Paris for the opening of the great organ in the church of St. Eustache.

was also very complimentary to me; but none of the Germans, except Schnabel, whose face beams with real delight, and who claps me on the shoulder every moment, quite know what to make of me.

Titus enjoyed observing what was going on. As I have not yet got a name, people could not make up their minds whether to praise or to blame me, and connoisseurs were not quite certain whether my music was really good, or only seemed so. A gentleman came up to me and praised the form, as something quite new. I don't know his name, but I think of all my listeners he understood me the best.

Schnabel placed a carriage at my disposal in the kindest manner; but when the dancing began, about ten, we went quietly home. I am truly glad that I was able to give pleasure to the dear old man.

After the concert, Schnabel introduced me to a lady who is considered the first pianist in Breslau. She thanked me very much for the "delightful surprise," as she expressed it, but regretted, exceedingly, that I would not make up my mind to appear in public.

The Referendar consoled himself, and sang—though very indifferently—Figaro's air from the "Barbiere di Sevilla."

A great deal was said about Elsner yesterday, and his Echo Variations for the orchestra were much praised. I said that they could only judge what a composer Elsner was after hearing his Coronation Mass. We leave for Dresden to-morrow at two o'clock. I kiss and embrace you. My kindest remembrances to Messrs. Elsner, Zwiny, Matuszynski, Kolberg, Marylski, and Witwicki.

Your FREDERIC.

Dresden, November 14th, 1830.

I have scarcely found a moment yet to write you a few words. I have just come from a dinner at which the company were all Poles. I have crept away to write to you, for the post goes at seven, and I should much like to see the "Mutes of Portici," at the theatre.

We quitted Breslau unwillingly; the society of the gentlemen to whom Scholtz had given us letters of introduction made our sojourn in the capital of Silesia very agreeable.

My first visit in Dresden was to Mademoiselle Pechwell. She played on Friday at a musical soirée at Councillor Kreyssig's, and procured an *entrée* for me. The "Mutes" was to be performed the same evening at the theatre. The

choice was difficult ; but one must always be polite to ladies, so I decided for the soirée. Another important reason with me was, that Signora Palazzesi, the *prima donna* of the Italian Opera, was expected to be there.

After making a very careful toilet, I had a sedan chair fetched, got into the queer, comfortable box, and was carried by the bearers, who wear a special costume, to the house where the musical entertainment was to take place. The spirit of mischief seized me, and I felt a desire to stamp through the bottom of the chair ; however, I forebore.

Arrived at Kreyssig's abode, I sent up my name to Fräulein Pechwell, whereupon the master of the house appeared, received me with many compliments, and led me into a room where a number of ladies were sitting at eight large tables. No flashing of diamonds met my gaze, but the more modest glitter of a host of steel knitting needles, which moved ceaselessly in the hands of these industrious ladies.

The number of ladies and of needles was so large that if the ladies had purposed an attack upon the gentlemen, the latter would have been in a sorry plight. The only resource left them would have been to have made weapons of their

spectacles, of which there were as many as there were bald heads.

The clatter of knitting needles and tea cups was suddenly interrupted by music from the adjoining room. The overture to "Fra Diavolo" was played first; then Signora Palazzesi sang, in a magnificent voice, clear as a bell, and with plenty of bravura. I presented myself to the songstress, which gave me an opportunity of speaking also to the musical director, Rastrelli, who had accompanied her. With true artistic politeness Rastrelli introduced me to Signor Rubini, who, with much affability, promised me a letter to his brother, the famous tenor. I do not need anything more for Milan. Yesterday Rubini kindly took me to the Catholic Church, where a mass was being performed of Morlacchi's (bandmaster here). This refined and agreeable man remembered me at once, and, giving me a place beside him, talked to me a long time. At these Vespers I heard the two celebrated Neapolitan soprani, Sassaroli and Tarquinio; the violin *obbligato* was played by the bandmaster, the incomparable Rollo, to whom Soliva had given me a recommendation. Rolla received me very pleasantly, and said he would give me a letter to his father, the opera director in Milan.

After hearing Fräulein Pechwell play at the

musical soirée, I quietly slipped away to the opera; but only arrived at the commencement of the fifth act, so refrain from any criticism. I shall hear it all this evening.

As I was going at the Dresden visiting hour, to call on Klengel, I met him in front of his house. He knew me directly, and welcomed me very warmly. I have a great respect for him. He asked me where I lived, and begged me to come and see him early the next day, as he could not go back with me then. He advised me to play in public, but I told him, in as friendly a way as I could, that I should not be here long enough for that. I don't think Dresden would bring me either much fame, or much money, and I have no time to spare.

General Kniaziewicz, whom I saw at Frau Pruszek's, talked about a concert, but thought with me that I should make little by it.

Yesterday I heard "Tancred," but could not, on the whole, praise the performance. Rolla's marvellous solo, and the song by Fräulein von Hähnel, of the Vienna Royal Opera Theatre, had to make up for the shortcomings of the rest. The King and his court were present; they were, the same morning, at the service in the church, where a mass, by Baron Miltitz, was performed, under the direction of Morlacchi. The voices of Messrs.

Sassaroli, Muschetti, Babnigg and Zesi sounded magnificent. I cannot call the composition original, but well worked out; the Royal chamber musicians, Dotzauer and Kummer, celebrated violoncellists, played their solos very finely.

I know none of the chief artists intimately, except dear Klengel, to whom I am sure to play to-morrow. I like to talk to Klengel, for one always learns something from him.

I saw the Green Vaults when I was here before, and once is enough for me; but I have visited the Picture Gallery again with the greatest interest; if I lived here I should go every week; there are pictures in it, the sight of which makes me fancy I hear music. Good-bye for to-day.

· Your FREDERIC.

Prague, November 21st, 1830.

The week at Dresden slipped away so quickly that I hardly noticed how it went. I used to leave my hotel in the best of spirits in the morning and did not return till night. When Klengel came to know me better as a musician, that is, when I had played my Concerto to him, he said that my playing strongly reminded him of Field, that my touch was quite unique, and that,

although he had already heard much about me, he had not thought that I was such a virtuoso.

I saw—and why should I be ashamed of it?—with pleasure, that these were sincere compliments; and he gave me a practical proof of their being so, for scarcely had I left him when he went to Malacchi, and to Councillor von Lüttichau, who is director general of the Royal drama, to find out whether, if I stayed four days longer in Dresden, I could give a concert without any very burdensome preparations. Klengel assured me afterwards that he did not do this for me, but for Dresden, and that he should like to force me into giving a concert. He came to me the next morning and said, that he had taken all the necessary steps, but that there was no evening disengaged till next Sunday (this was Wednesday). The first performance of “*Fra Diavolo*” was fixed for Friday, and Rossini’s “*La Donna del Lago*,” in Italian, for Saturday.

I gave Klengel a hearty welcome, for, indeed, I feel as if I had known him for years, and he seems to feel the same towards me; he asked for the score of my Concerto, and took me with him to the soirée at Frau Niesiolowska’s. I also called on Frau Szczerbinin, but I had stayed so long at Frau Niesiolowska’s that by the time I arrived the company had gone. I was, therefore, asked to

dinner the next day. In the afternoon I went, by invitation, to see Countess Dobrzycka, who is head governess to Princess Augusta.

The Countess was celebrating her birthday, and I had scarcely offered my congratulations, when two Saxon Princesses entered: Princess Augusta, only daughter of the late King Frederic Augustus, surnamed "the Just," and Princess Maximilian, *née* Princess of Lucca, daughter-in-law of the present King, a pleasant lady, still young.

I played before these ladies, whereupon letters were promised me for Italy, which showed that my playing must have pleased them. Two letters were, in fact, sent to my hotel the next day; the Countess Dobrzycka will send the others after me to Vienna. I gave her my address there. The letters were addressed to the Queen of the Sicilies, at Naples, and Princess Ulasino, at Rome. Letters of recommendation were also promised me to the reigning Duchess of Lucca, and the Queen Regent of Milan, which I was to receive through the kind care of Kraszewski.

Klengel has just given me a letter to Vienna, where he thinks of going himself by and by. At Frau Niesiolowska's he drank my health in champagne. The lady of the house teased me a good deal, and insisted on always calling me "Szopski."

Rolla is a first-rate violinist, as anyone who knows anything about violin playing must admit.

Goodbye till you hear from Vienna, which we hope to reach by nine on Thursday morning.

I pleased General Kniaziewicz very much; he told me that no other pianist had made such an agreeable impression on him; I tell you this because I know you will like to hear it.

Your FREDERIC.

Vienna, December 1st, 1830.

I was greatly delighted with your letter, my dearests, the first I have received for a month, that is since I parted from you. My appetite increased a hundred per cent at once.

"The Wild Man"—as the capital restaurant where I dine is called—charged a gulden and some kreuzers for an excellently prepared fritter; what more would you wish?

Titus was full of joy, too, for he received letters from his family. I thank Celinski for the accompanying note; it vividly recalled the time when I was still among you; it seemed to me as if I were sitting at the piano, and Celinski standing opposite to me, looking at M. Zwyny, who had just offered Linowski a pinch of snuff. Only Matus-

zynski was wanting to complete the group. Has he recovered from the fever yet?

I must say that there are many charming girls in Vienna.

Haslinger received me very kindly, although he would print neither the Sonata, nor the second Variations, but he shall repent this.

I learned, also, from Haslinger that Mademoiselle Blahetka is in Stuttgart with her parents, and that, perhaps, she will not come back at all this winter.

I have taken lodgings with Titus in one of the principal streets, close to the vegetable market. For three elegant rooms on the third floor, we pay fifty gulden a month, which is considered cheap here. An English Admiral is occupying them at present, but he leaves to-day. Admiral! And I am admired.* So the house is a desirable one, especially as the mistress, a handsome, widowed baroness, still young, has been—as she says—for some time in Poland, and heard of me in Warsaw. She knew the family Skarzynski had moved in good society, and asked Titus if he did not know a beautiful young lady of the name of Rembielinska.

* *N.B.*—Do not show this letter lest I may be thought vain. (Chopin's own observation.)

The presence of this charming and intelligent lady makes the apartments all the more agreeable, for she likes Poles, and being a Prussian she regards the Austrians with no great favour.

As soon as we go in, Graff, the pianoforte-maker, will send us an instrument. When I went to see my friend Würfel, he began to talk immediately about arrangements for a concert. He is a remarkable man; although too ill to go out, he gives lessons at his house. He spits blood, which has weakened him very much; yet he talks of a concert. The poor sufferer told me that the newspapers wrote enthusiastically about my F minor Concerto, of which I had not the remotest expectation. So I shall give a concert, but when, where, how and what, I do not in the least know.

The change of air has given me a swollen nose, which hindered me from presenting myself at the Prussian Ambassador's hotel, or at Countess Rzewuska's, the rendezvous of all the *haute volée*. This lady lives next to Hussarzewski's, where, in spite of my nose, I have already been two or three times. She is of the same opinion as Würfel, who advised me to play without honorarium. Dr. Malfatti* welcomed me as warmly as

* Malfatti, royal physician in ordinary, and a very famous doctor in his time.

if I had been a relation. When he read my name on my visiting card, he hastened to me, embraced me, and said that Herr Wladislaw Ostrowski had written to him about me, and that if he could be of any service he was ready to do anything for me. He said, besides, that he would present me to Madame Tatyszczew, the Russian Ambassador's wife, and would manage the necessary introductions; the Court was unfortunately in mourning for the King of Naples, but he would do what was possible. He also promised to introduce me to Baron Dunois, director of the Musical Society here, who would probably be most useful to me.

Klengel's letter of recommendation to Herr Mittag procured me another equally agreeable acquaintance, who took a lively interest in me, and seems to be a person of influence.

I have been to see Czerny, who was as polite as ever, and asked, "Have you been studying diligently?" He has arranged another overture for eight pianos and sixteen players, and seems very happy about it.

Except Czerny, I have seen none of the pianists this time. I have been twice to Frau Weyberheim, Frau Wolf's sister. I am invited to the *soirée* there to-morrow, "*en petit cercle des amateurs.*" I shall pay a visit afterwards to Countess

Rosalie Rzewuska, who receives between nine and ten. Hussarzewski has informed her that I am coming; I shall meet the celebrated Frau Cibini,* for whom Moscheles wrote a duet sonata.

The day before yesterday I went with my letters to Stametz's counting-house, and was received just as if I had come for money. He handed me a paper, which notified that I was to go to the police with my card of permission to stay, and—basta. But perhaps it will be different by and by.

I was also at Banker Geymüller's yesterday, where Titus has to receive his 6,000 Polish gulden. When he had read my name, Herr Geymüller, without taking any further notice of the letter, said it was very agreeable to him to become acquainted with an artist of such distinction as myself: but he could not advise me to give a concert here, as there were very many good pianists in the city, and a great reputation was requisite to make money. Finally, he remarked, "I cannot help you in any way, the times are too bad."

I listened with big eyes to this edifying dis-

* Frau Cibini was a daughter of Leopold Kozeluck, who, after Mozart's death, became court composer. She herself was an accomplished pianist, afterwards lady-in-waiting to the Empress Anna Maria. She nursed the Emperor Ferdinand in his severe illness, and died at the Hradschin, in 1860, highly esteemed as a faithful servant by the Imperial pair.

course, and when it was over I replied, that I was not at all sure whether it would pay to make a public appearance, for I had not yet called upon any influential people, not even on the Russian Ambassador, to whom I had a letter from the Grand Prince Constantine.

At that, Herr Geymüller suddenly changed his tactics; but I took my leave, regretting that I had robbed him of his precious time, and thought to myself, "Wait, you . . . Jew."

I have not been to the bandmaster, Lachner, yet, as I have not room enough to receive return visits.

We went from the "City of London," where we had a long bill to pay, to the "Golden Lamb," in Leopold Street, where we are still, hoping that the Englishman will quit the Baroness's rooms to-day. "As soon as we are in our own house," says Titus, who always tries to make me assume the position of the haughty patron, "we will introduce an aristocratic *ton*. Then," he continued, "we will receive, have music, and arrange for concerts—but not gratuitous ones."

I have not yet visited Madame Raszek, Frau von Elkau, Rothschild, the Vogts, and various other interesting people. To-day I am going to the Embassy, where I hope to see the Baron Meindorf, whom I shall ask for first, on Hussarzew-

ski's advice; for Baron Meindorf will tell me when I can best present myself to Herr Tatyszczew.

I have not touched the money which I had from the banker the day before yesterday. I mean to be very careful of it. I am sorry, my dear parents, but I must ask you to send me something more at the end of the month for the journey to Italy, in case my concerts turn out badly. The theatre is my heaviest expense; but this I regret the less as Fräulein Heinefetter and Herr Wildt sing nearly every evening, and are excellent beyond all description. This week I have heard three entirely new operas: "Fra Diavolo" yesterday, three days ago "Titus," and to-day "William Tell." I certainly prefer "The Mutes of Portici" to "Fra Diavolo."

I do not envy Orłowski because he accompanies Lafont. Will the time come when Lafont shall accompany me? Does the question seem presumptuous? But if God wills it may come to pass.

Nidecki thinks of staying here the whole winter. All this week I have done nothing but take care of my nose, go to the opera and to Graff's. I play every afternoon to get my stiff fingers into working order. I do not know how this week has flown. I have, as yet, taken no definite steps

towards a concert. Apropos of that, do you advise me to play the F minor or E minor Concerto? Würfel thinks my F minor Concerto more beautiful than Hummel's in A flat major, which has just been published by Haslinger. Herr Haslinger is shrewd, trying in a polite but subtle way, to induce me to let him have my compositions gratis. Klengel was surprised that he gave me nothing for the variations. Perhaps Haslinger thinks that if he treats my works as *bagatelles*, I shall be only too glad to get them printed; but the time for gratuitous work is over with me; now it is, pay *bestie*!

Graff advised me to choose the States Deputies Hall, where the "Spirituel" concerts are given, as the nicest and best place for my concert. But I must first obtain the permission of Count Dietrichstein, which, indeed, will not be difficult through Malfatti.

I am as strong as a lion, and they say I am stouter. Altogether I am doing well, and I hope, through God, Who sent Malfatti to be a help to me—oh, splendid Malfatti—that I shall do still better.

Your FREDERIC.

The tyrannical rule and the capricious and despotic temper of the Grand Prince Constantine,

which the nation had borne with indescribable patience and submission for fifteen years, at length led to a revolution which broke out in Warsaw, November 29th, 1830.

At the first news of disquietude in Poland, Titus Woyciechowski at once left Vienna to enter the army. Frederic wished to do the same, as he thought that in such circumstances he could not endure to be so far from his family and friends, and he was only prevented from returning home by the entreaties of his parents, who knew that their son's health was not fit for the hardships of war. Chopin's family were naturally undesirous that he should cut short the artistic career on which he had just entered at so much cost, and in which he had already achieved good success. But his anxiety about his parents and sisters was so great that he followed his friend by the extra post and had he overtaken him, he would certainly have gone back to Warsaw. Back in Vienna, Chopin yielded to his father's wishes, and resumed the idea of giving a concert.

This, however, was not so speedily arranged. The interest of the Viennese musicians had waxed somewhat faint, and he had no benevolent or influential friends among the newly-arrived artists. When he played gratuitously, help was readily forthcoming; but the case was altered now, and

Frederic saw himself neglected. It is not improbable, in the time of Metternich, that people kept aloof from Poles from motives of prudence.

Chopin lacked the energy necessary for overcoming these obstacles. Some of his former acquaintances were ill, others had gone away, and the rest were afraid that the agreeable, educated, and highly-gifted artist might, in consequence of his success, settle in Vienna, and thus become a dangerous rival. Many even were displeased at his triumphs in drawing-rooms. The rapid succession of military events in Poland frightened most of his patrons from serving him, while his own mind was more occupied with politics than music.

Several of Frederic's letters, written in a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm, were destroyed by his parents, in case they should fall into the hands of the Russian Government, which had even instituted domiciliary visits. In consequence of the war, much that he wrote never reached Warsaw at all. The sad condition of his country made a deep and painful impression on the mind of the young artist, so sensitive alike to happiness and sorrow. The gay, buoyant tone of his letters, which had formerly so delighted their recipients, changed to a certain discontent and sadness; even his pleasant wit, as the reader will see by the

following correspondence, was frequently turned into bitter sarcasm.

Vienna,

Wednesday before Christmas-day.

*(I have no almanac at hand, so do
not know the date.)*

DEAREST PARENTS AND SISTERS,

It was seven weeks, yesterday, since I left you. What for? But it is so, and cannot be helped.

I was invited, yesterday, at the very hour that I was conducted to Wola, to a little dancing party, at the Weyberheim's. There were several good-looking young people there, neither old-fashioned nor Jewish in appearance.

I was pressed to join the cotillon: so I went round a few times and then returned home. The hostess and her amiable daughters had asked several musical people, but I was not in a humour for playing the piano.

Herr Likl, whom Louise knows, was introduced to me. He is a good, honest German, and thinks me a great man; so I would not destroy his good opinion by playing when I was not in the right mood. I also spoke to Lampi's nephew, whom papa knows well. He is a handsome, agreeable young man, and paints very well. Apropos of

painting, Hummel and his son were with me yesterday. The latter has now almost finished my portrait. It is so good, one cannot imagine it better. I am sitting in my dressing-gown, with a look of inspiration which I do not know why the artist should have given me. The portrait is in quarto size, drawn in chalk, and looks like a steel engraving. The elder Hummel was exceedingly polite, and introduced me to his old acquaintance, M. Duport, director of the Kärthner-Thor Theatre. The latter, who has been a celebrated dancer, is said to be very stingy; however, he was exceedingly complaisant to me, thinking, perhaps, that I should play gratuitously for him. He makes a mistake there! We had a sort of conference together, but nothing definite was decided on. If Herr Duport offers too little, I shall give my concert in the large Redoubt Hall.

Würfel is better; I met Slawik, an excellent violinist,* at his house last week. He is at the most twenty-six, and pleased me very much. When we left Würfel's he asked me if I were going home, to which I replied in the affirmative. "Come with me instead, to your countrywoman,

* Joseph Slawik, born in Bohemia in 1806, studied at the Prague Conservatoire, under Pixis, at the expense of Count Wrba; he died at Pesth in 1833, just as he was about to commence a long artistic tour.

Frau Beyer's," said Slawik. I agreed. Now Kraszewski had sent me, the same day, from Dresden, a letter to Frau Beyer, but without any address, and Beyer is a common name in Vienna. So I resolved at once to fetch my letter and go with Slawik; and, lo and behold! I really went to the right Frau Beyer. Her husband is a Pole from Odessa. She declared that she had heard of me, and invited both Slawik and myself to dinner the next day.

After dinner Slawik played, and pleased me immensely, more than anyone since Paganini. As my playing was also agreeable to him, we determined to compose a duet together for violin and piano. I had thought of doing so in Warsaw. Slawik is, indeed, a great and gifted violinist. When I become acquainted with Merk, we shall be able to manage a trio. I hope to meet him soon at Mechetti's.

Czerny was with me at Diabelli's, yesterday, the latter invited me to a soirée on Monday next, where I am to meet none but artists. On Sunday there is a soirée at Likt's, where the aristocratic musical world assemble, and the Overture for four performers is to be given. On Saturday there is to be a performance of old church music at Kiese-wetter's (author of a work on music).

I am living on the fourth floor; some English

people took such a fancy to my abode, that they said they would rent it of me for eighty gulden; a proposal to which I acceded most willingly. My young and agreeable hostess, Frau Baroness von Lachmanowicz, sister-in-law of Frau von Uszakow, has just as roomy apartments on the fourth storey for twenty gulden, which satisfy me quite well. I know you will say, "the poor wretch lives in a garret." But it is not so; there is another floor between me and the roof, and eighty gulden are not to be despised either. People visit me notwithstanding; even Count Hussarzewski took the trouble to mount up. The street is in an advantageous position for me, in the midst of the city, close to where I most often want to go. Artaria is at the left, Mechetti and Haslinger are at my right, and the Royal Opera Theatre is behind. Could I have anything more convenient?

I have not written to Herr Elsner, but I was at Czerny's just now. Up till to-day, the Quartet has not appeared.

Dr. Malfatti scolded me for appearing at Madame Schaschek's to dinner at four instead of two. I am to dine with Malfatti again next Saturday, and if I am late again, Malfatti will—so he threatens—subject me to a painful operation.

I can imagine dear papa looking grave over my

frivolity, and want of respect to my elders; but I will improve. I am proud to say that Malfatti is really fond of me. Nidecki comes to me every day to play. If my concerto for two pianos succeeds to my satisfaction, we are going to play it together in public, but I shall play alone first.

Haslinger is always pleasant, but does not say a word about publishing. Shall I go shortly to Italy, or shall I wait? * Dearest papa, please tell me what are your and dear mamma's wishes.

I daresay mamma is glad I did not return to Warsaw, but how I should like to be there? Embrace dear Titus for me, and beg him to write me a few words.

I know you believe in my affection and deep attachment; but you can scarcely imagine what a very great delight your letters are to me. Why is not the post quicker? You will think it natural that I should be very anxious about you, and impatiently await news of you.

I have made a very agreeable acquaintance, a young man of the name of Leibenfrost; he is a friend of Kessler's. We meet frequently, and when I am not invited out we dine together in the

* A reference, perhaps, to the disturbances then prevailing in the Peninsular.

city. He knows Vienna perfectly, and will be sure to take me to see whatever is worth seeing. For instance, yesterday, we had a splendid walk to the fortifications; Dukes, Princes, Counts, in a word, all the aristocracy of Vienna were assembled there. I met Slawik, and we agreed to choose a Beethoven theme for our Variations.

For some reasons I am very glad that I am here, but for others!

I am very comfortable in my room; there is a roof opposite, and the people walking below look like dwarfs. I am most happy, when I have played to my heart's content on Graff's magnificent instrument. Now I am going to sleep with your letters in my hand; then I shall dream only of you.

The Mazurka was danced, yesterday, at Beyer's. Slawik fell down with his partner, an old Countess with a coarse face and a large nose, who daintily held her dress in the old-fashioned way, by the tips of her fingers, her head resting on the flap of his coat. But all respect to the couple, and to the lady in particular, who is sensible and entertaining and knows the *usage du monde*.

Among the most popular of the numerous amusements of Vienna are the Garden Concerts, where Lanner and Strauss play waltzes while the

public sup. After every waltz the musicians receive a boisterous bravo. If an *ad libitum* is played, introducing favourite operatic melodies, songs and dances, the enthusiasm of the Viennese knows no bounds.

I wanted to send you with this my last Waltz, but the post goes, and I have no time to write it out, so must wait till another opportunity. The Mazurkas, too, I must get copied first; but they are not for dancing.

I do not like to say good-bye already; I would gladly write more. If you should see Fontana tell him that he shall soon have a letter from me. Matuszynski* will have a long epistle either to-day or by the next post.

Farewell, my dearests,

Your FREDERIC.

* Johannes Matuszynski, born December 9th, 1809, at Warsaw, was a fellow student with Chopin at the Lyceum, and one of his most intimate friends. He studied medicine, and during the war for freedom in 1830, received the appointment of army doctor. Four years later he got promotion and went to Tübingen, and from there to Paris, where he met Chopin again. He, unfortunately, died from overwork in 1842, being at that time professor at the Ecole de Médecine.

TO JOHN MATUSZYNSKI.

Vienna,

Sunday, Christmas Morning.

This time last year I was in the Bernhardine church, to-day I am sitting in my dressing-gown, quite alone; I kiss my sweet ring and write.*

DEAR HANSCHEN,

I have just come from hearing the famous violinist, Slawik, who is second only to Paganini. He takes sixty-nine staccato notes at one stroke of the bow! It is almost incredible! When I heard him I wanted to rush home and sketch out some Variations for piano and violin on an Adagio by Beethoven; but a glance at the post-office, which I always pass (that I may ask for letters from home), diverted my desires.

The tears which this heavenly theme brought to my eyes have moistened your letter. I long, unspeakably, for a word from you; you know why.

How any news of my angel of peace always delights me!

How gladly would I touch the strings which should awaken not only stormy feelings, but the

* Mlle. Constantia Gladkowska was in the habit of going to the Bernhardine Church, which was close to the Conservatoire.

songs whose faint echoes still haunt the shores of the Danube—songs sung by the warriors of King John Sobieski.

You advised me to choose a poet. But you know that I am an indecisive being, and only once in my life made a good choice.

I would not willingly be a burden to my father; were I not afraid of that, I should immediately return to Warsaw. I am often in such a mood that I curse the moment in which I left my beloved home. You will, I am sure, understand my condition, and that since Titus went away too much has fallen suddenly upon me. The numerous dinners, soirées, concerts and balls I am obliged to attend only weary me. I am melancholy. I feel so lonely and deserted here, yet I cannot live as I like. I have to dress, and look cheerful in drawing-rooms; but when I am in my room again, I talk to my piano, to whom, as my best friend in Vienna, I pour out all my sorrows. There is not a soul I can unreservedly confide in, and yet I have to treat everyone as a friend. Plenty of people seem, indeed, to like me, take my portrait, and seek after my company, but they do not make up for you. I have lost my peace of mind, and only feel happy when I can

read your letters, think of the monument of King Sigismund,* or look at my precious ring.

Pray forgive me, dear Hänschen, for writing so complainingly, but my heart feels lighter when I can thus talk to you, and I have always told you everything that concerned myself. Did you receive a short letter from me the day before yesterday? Perhaps my scribbling is not of much consequence to you as you are at home, but I read your letters again and again.

Dr. Freyer, having learnt from Schuch that I was in Vienna, has been to see me two or three times. He gave me a great deal of interesting news, and was very pleased with your letters, which I read to him up to a certain passage, which passage made me feel very sad. Does she really look so changed? Do you think she is ill? She is of such a sensitive nature that this is not at all unlikely. But, perhaps, it was only your imagination, or she had been frightened by something. God forbid that she should suffer anything on my account! Comfort her, and assure her that as long as my heart beats I shall not cease to adore her. Tell her that, after my death, my ashes shall be spread beneath her feet. But

* The Conservatoire, where Constantia boarded, was near the statue of King Sigismund.

this not half what you might say to her on my behalf. I would write to her myself, and, indeed, should have done so long ago, to escape the torments I endure, but if my letter chanced to fall into other hands, might it not injure her reputation? So you must be the interpreter of my thoughts; speak for me, "*et j'en conviendrai.*" These French words of yours flashed through me like lightning, when I read your letter. A Viennese, who happened to be walking with me at the time, seized me by the arm, and could scarcely hold me in. He could not make out what had come to me. I could have embraced and kissed all the passers by, for your first letter had made my heart feel lighter than it had been for many a day.

I am sure I must be wearying you, my dear friend, but it is difficult for me to hide from you anything that touches my heart. The day before yesterday I dined with Frau Beyer, who is also called Constantia. I enjoy visiting her very much, because she bears a name so unspeakably dear to me; I even rejoice if one of her pocket-handkerchiefs or serviettes marked "*Constantia*" fall into my hands. Slawik is a friend of hers, and I often go to her house with him.

Yesterday, as on Christmas Eve, we played in the fore and afternoon. The weather was spring-

like. As I was returning in the evening from the Baroness's circle, I walked slowly into St. Stephen's. I was alone, for Slawik was obliged to go to the Imperial Chapel. The church was empty, and, to get the full effect of the lofty and imposing edifice, I leant against a pillar in the darkest corner. The vastness and splendour of the arching are indescribable: one must see St. Stephen's for one's self. The profoundest silence, broken only by the resounding steps of the vergers coming to light the tapers, reigned around.

Before and behind me, indeed everywhere but overhead, were graves, and I felt my loneliness and desertion as I never had before. When the lights had burned up, and the cathedral began to fill, I muffled myself in my cloak (you know how I used to go about in the Cracow suburb), and hastened off to the Mass at the Imperial Chapel. Amid a merry crowd, I threaded my way to the palace, where I heard some sleepy musicians play three movements of a mass. I returned home at one o'clock in the morning, and went to bed to dream of you, of her, and of my dear children.*

Next morning I was awakened by an invitation to dinner from Frau Elkan, a Polish lady, and

* Chopin often called his sisters his children.



CHOPIN

the wife of a well-known wealthy banker. The first thing I did that day was to play some melancholy fantasias, and, after receiving calls from Nidecki, Liebenfrost and Steinkeller, I went to dine with Malfatti. This excellent man thinks of everything; he even goes so far as to provide dishes cooked in Polish fashion.

Wildt, the famous tenor, came after dinner. I accompanied him, from memory, in an air from "Otello," which he sang admirably. Wildt and Fräulein Heinefetter are the stars of the Royal Opera; the other singers are not so good as one would expect. But a voice like Heinefetter's is very rare; her intonation also is always pure, her colouring refined, and, indeed, her singing altogether faultless; but she is cold. She looks particularly handsome as a man. I nearly got my nose frozen in the pit. I liked her better in "Otello" than in "Barbiere," in which she represented the consummate coquette, instead of the lively, witty girl. As Sextus in "Titus" she was exceedingly brilliant. In a few days she will appear in "Der Diebische Elster," which I am curious to see. Fräulein Wolkow pleased me better as Rosine in the "Barbiere," but she certainly has not the voice of Heinefetter. I wished I had heard Pasta.

You know that I have letters from the Saxon

court to the Queen Regent of Milan, but what had I best do? My parents leave me to follow my own wishes, but I would rather they had given me directions. Shall I go to Paris? Friends here advise me to stay in Vienna. Or shall I go home, or stay here, or kill myself, or not write to you any more? Advise me what to do. Please ask a certain person in Warsaw, who has always had great influence over me. Tell me her opinion, and I will act upon it.

Let me hear again before you go to the war. Address, Poste Restante, Vienna. Do go and see my dear parents and Constantia; and, as long as you are in Warsaw, please pay frequent visits to my sisters that they may think you are coming to see me, and I am in the next room; sit with them that they may fancy it is me; in a word, take my place at home.

I am not thinking any more of concert-giving just now. Aloys Schmitt, the pianist from Frankfurt-on-the-Main, whose studies are so famous, is here at present. He is something over forty years of age. I have made his acquaintance, and he promised to come and see me. He intends giving a concert, and it must be admitted that he is a clever musician. On musical matters we shall, I think, soon understand one another.

Thalberg is also here, and playing famously,

but he is not the man for me. He is younger than I am, very popular with the ladies, makes potpourris on the "Mutes," plays *forte* and *piano* with the pedals, but not with his hands, takes tenths as I do octaves, and wears diamond shirt studs. He does not at all admire Moscheles; so it is not surprising that the *tutti* were the only part of my concerto that pleased him. He, too, writes concertos.

I finish this letter three days after I began it, and have read through my stupid scribble again. Pray excuse having to pay the postage, dear Hänschen. When dining to-day at the Italian restaurant, I heard someone say, "God made a mistake in creating Poland." Is it any wonder that my feelings are more than I can express? Somebody else said, "There is nothing to be got out of Poland," so you ought not to expect anything new from me who am a Pole.

There is a Frenchman here who makes all kinds of sausages, and for a month past crowds have gathered round his attractive shop, for there is something new in it every day. Some people imagine that they are beholding the remains of the French Revolution, and look compassionately at the sausages and hams, which hang up like pictures, or they are indignant at the revolutionary Frenchman being allowed to open a meat shop,

as there were quite enough pigs in his own country. He is the talk of Vienna, and there is a general dread that if there should be a disturbance the French will be at the bottom of it.

I must close, for the time is quite up. Embrace all my dear friends for me, and be assured that I shall not leave off loving you till I have ceased to love my parents, my sisters, and her. My dearest, do write me a few lines soon. You can show this to her if you like. I am going to Mal-fatti's again to-day, but to the post first. My parents do not know of my writing to you. You can tell them, only don't show them the letter.*

I do not know how to part from my sweet Hänschen. Depart, you wretch! If W—— loves you as warmly as I do, so would Con No, I cannot even write the name, my hand is too unworthy. Oh! I should tear my hair out if I thought she forgot me: I feel a regular Othello to-day. I was about to fold and seal the letter without an envelope, forgetting that it was going where everybody reads Polish. As I have a little space left, I will describe my life here.

I am living on the fourth floor in a handsome street, but I have to be on the alert if I want to

* It is scarcely necessary to say that Chopin's passion for Constantia was kept secret from his family—probably the only secret he ever had from them.

see what passes. When I come home you will see the room in my new album, young Hummel having kindly made me a drawing of it. It is spacious, and has five windows, to which the bed stands opposite. My wonderful piano stands on the right, the sofa on the left, a looking-glass between the windows, a large handsome round mahogany table in the middle of the room; the floor is waxed. Don't be alarmed!

"The gentleman does not receive in the afternoon," so I can be in your midst in thought. The intolerably stupid servant wakes me early; I rise, take my coffee, which is often cold, because I forget my breakfast over my music. My German teacher appears punctually at nine o'clock; then I generally write, Hummel comes to work at my portrait, and Nidecki to study my Concerto. I keep on my comfortable dressing-gown till twelve o'clock, at which hour Dr. Leibenfrost, a lawyer here, comes in to see me. Weather permitting, I walk with him on the Glacis, then we dine at the "Zum Bömischen Köchin," the rendezvous of the students from the Academy, and afterwards, according to the custom here, we go to one of the best coffee-houses. Then I make calls, returning home at dusk, when I throw myself into evening dress, and go to a soirée at some house or another. About eleven or twelve o'clock (never later) I come

home, play, laugh, read, and then go to bed, put out the light, and dream of you.

My portrait—which is a secret between you and me—is very good. If you think she would like it, I could send it through Schuch, who will probably leave here with Freyer, about the 15th of next month. I began to write this letter quite clearly, but I have finished it in such a way that you will have some trouble in reading it. Embrace my college friends, and, if possible, get them to write to me. Kindest love to Elsner.

To the same.

Vienna.

New Year's Day, 1831.

DEAREST HEART,

Now you have what you wanted. Did you receive the letter, and deliver any of it? I still regret what I have done. I *was* full of sweet hopes, and *now* I am tormented with doubt and anxiety. Perhaps she scorns me, or laughs at me! Perhaps—oh, does she love me? asks my throbbing heart. You good-for-nothing Esculapius. You were in the theatre with your opera glasses, and did not take your eyes off her! If that is so, confound it. . . . Do not make light of my con-

fidence, but I only write to you for my own sake; you are not worth the trouble. Now you know all my thoughts. When you are in my room with your old friends Rostowski, Schuch, Freyer, Kyjewski, and Hube, imagine that I am enjoying myself with you, but oh! I feel so strange in writing to you here. It seems as if I were with you, and what I see and hear around me only a dream. The voices to which my ear is unaccustomed seem to me only like the rattling of a carriage, or some other unimportant sound. Only your or Titus's voice could wake me out of my stupor. To-day, life and death are indifferent to me. Say nothing of this to my parents. Tell them that I am in capital spirits, that I want for nothing, am enjoying myself gloriously, and never feel lonely. Tell her the same, if she laughs at me, but if she asks kindly after me, and seems anxious about me, whisper to her not to be uneasy, but say that I am very lonely and unhappy away from her. I am not well, but do not tell my parents. All my friends are asking what ails me; "humour" I sometimes say, but you know what is really the matter.

At the end of next month I shall go to Paris, if things remain quiet there. There is no lack of amusements here, but I very seldom care to participate in them. Merk, the first violinist in

Vienna, has promised me a visit. This is the first of January. Oh, what a sad beginning of the year for me! I love you dearly. Write as soon as possible. Is she at Radom? Have you built forts? My poor parents! How are my friends? I would die for you, for any of you. Why am I condemned to stay here, lonely and forsaken? You who are together, can comfort one another in these fearful times. Your flute will have enough to mourn over! How my piano will weep itself out!

You write that you are going to take the field with your regiment; how will you forward the letter? Do not send it by a messenger; be careful! My parents might—they might misunderstand.

Once more I embrace you. You are going to the war; come back a colonel. May all go well! Why can I not at least be your drummer? Excuse this rambling letter, for I feel quite dazed.

Your faithful

FREDERIC.*

* This letter, written on two loose sheets, was found enclosed in one to his parents, which had no envelope, and was only slightly sealed. Frederic had written under the direction these words to his sisters, "You are requested not to break the seal, and not to be inquisitive, like old women."

That Chopin continued to feel unhappy during his stay in Vienna we gather from the following letter :

Vienna, January 26th, 1831.

DEAR MONSIEUR ELSNER,

I much regret that your kindness, of which I have had so many proofs during my journey, has once more made me feel ashamed of myself, and that you have anticipated me with a letter.

I should have felt it my duty to write to you immediately on my arrival, but I put off doing so from day to day, feeling almost certain that my parents would not delay sending you all the news about me, as I am vain enough to think this would interest you.

I wanted also to wait till I could tell you something definite about myself ; but since the day on which I heard of the terrible events in the fatherland, I have had but one thought—anxiety and yearning about my country and my dear ones.

Monsieur Malfatti has been vainly endeavouring to persuade me that an artist is, or ought to be, a cosmopolitan. Supposing this to be so, and that I was an artist from the cradle, still I am a man, and as a Pole liable to serve as a soldier, so I hope that you will not blame me for not having

thought seriously as yet about arranging for a concert.

Obstacles surround me on all sides; not only has a succession of the most miserable pianoforte concerts quite ruined good music, and rendered the public distrustful, but the recent affairs in Poland have a prejudicial effect on my position.

I think, however—and Würfel fully approves my intention—of giving my first concert during the Carnival. The worthy Würfel is a constant sufferer. I often see him, and find that he has a pleasant recollection of you.

I should feel little satisfied with my stay here but for the interesting acquaintances I have made among the first talent in the place, such names as Slawik, Merk, Bocklet, etc. The opera is good, and the Viennese are enchanted with Wildt and Fräulein Heinefetter; but it is a pity that Duport brings out so few new operas, and is more careful of his pocket than of art.

Abbé Stadler is loud in his complaints, and says that Vienna is not what it used to be. He is publishing his Psalms at Mechetti's; I saw the work in manuscript and admired it.

As to your quartet, Joseph Czerny promised faithfully that it should be ready on St. Joseph's Day. He assured me that up till now it had been impossible for him to put it in hand, as he is just

bringing out Schubert's works, many of which are still in the press. So I am afraid that yours will be delayed.

As I observed, Czerny is not one of the wealthiest publishers in this city, and cannot so easily take the risk of printing a work that is not performed either at "Sperl's" or at the "Römische Kaiser."

Waltzes are here called "works," and Lanner and Strauss, who play first violin at the performance of these dances, "capellmeister" (bandmasters).

I do not mean to say that this is the universal way of speaking, for there are many who ridicule it; however, scarcely anything is printed but Waltzes. It seems to me that Mechetti is of an enterprising turn of mind, and that he will be more likely to take your Masses, for he intends to publish the scores of the famous church composers. I spoke about those glorious Masses of yours to Mechetti's book-keeper—a sympathetic and enlightened Saxon—he seemed to think something of them, and, according to what I hear, he does quite as he likes in the business. I am invited out to dinner to-day to meet Mechetti. I shall talk the matter over seriously with him, and will write to you about it soon. Haslinger is now publishing Hummel's last Mass, for he lives only

for and by Hummel; but it is said that these latest compositions do not sell well; and Haslinger, who gave him a large honorarium for them, puts aside all manuscripts now, and only prints Strauss's compositions.

Yesterday I was with Nidecki, at Steinkeller's, who has written a libretto for Nidecki. He hopes for great things from this opera, in which the famous comedian, Schuster, is to appear. In this case Nidecki may make a name for himself. I hope that this news will please you.

You ask, dear Mons. Elsner, why Nidecki studied my Second Concerto? He did so solely by his own wish. Knowing that he would have to play in public before his departure from Vienna, and having nothing suitable of his own, except the beautiful variations, he asked for my manuscripts. Meanwhile things have greatly changed; he no longer appears as a pianoforte virtuoso, but as an orchestral composer. He will be sure to tell you of it himself. I shall take care that his overture is performed at my concert. You will be proud of us yet; at any rate you shall not be ashamed of us. The pianist, Aloys Schmitt, has been cut up by the critics, although he is past forty, and composes old-fashioned music.

Kindest remembrances to all the collegians,

and to your own circle. For yourself, I beg you to receive the assurance of the unbounded respect with which I always remain.

Your grateful and faithful pupil,

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

Vienna, May 14th, 1831.

MY BELOVED PARENTS AND SISTERS,

I have to go on short commons this week, as regards letters, but I console myself with the thought that I shall hear from you again next week, and wait patiently, trusting that you are as well in the country as you were in town. As to myself, I am in excellent spirits, and feel that good health is the best comforter in misfortune.

Perhaps it is Malfatti's soups which have given me such strength that I really feel better than ever. If so, it is a twofold regret to me that Malfatti and his family are gone into the country. You cannot imagine what a beautiful villa he lives in; I was there a week ago with Hummel. Having taken us over his house, he showed us his garden, and when we were at the top of the hill we had such a splendid view that we did not want to come down again. Malfatti has the honour

of a visit from the court every year, and I should not wonder if the Duchess of Anhalt-Cöthen, who is a neighbour of his, envies him his garden.

On one side you see Vienna lying at your feet, and looking as if Schönbrunn were joined to it; on the other, high hills picturesquely dotted with convents and villages. This romantic panorama makes you quite oblivious of the nearness of the noisy, bustling Imperial city.

Yesterday I was at the Imperial library with Handler.* Do you know this is my first inspection of what is, perhaps, the richest collection of musical manuscripts in the world? I can scarcely imagine that the library in Bologna can be larger and more systematically arranged than this one.

Now, my dearest ones, picture to yourselves my astonishment at beholding among the new manuscripts a book entitled "Chopin."

It was a pretty large volume, elegantly bound; I thought to myself, I have never heard of any other musician named Chopin, but there was a certain Champin, and perhaps there has been a mistake in the spelling. I took out the manuscript and saw my own handwriting. Haslinger had sent the original of my variations to the library. This is an absurdity worth remembering.

* An author and musical connoisseur, born in 1792, died of cholera September 28th, 1831.

Last Sunday there was to have been a grand display of fireworks, but the rain spoilt it. It is a remarkable fact that it almost always rains here when they are going to have fireworks. This reminds me of the following story: "A gentleman had a handsome bronze-coloured coat, but whenever he wore it, it rained; so he went to his tailor to ask him the reason. The tailor was very much astonished, shook his head, and asked the gentleman to leave the coat with him for a day or two, as possibly, the hat, waistcoat, or boots might be the cause of the misfortune. However, it was not so, for when the tailor went out for a walk in the coat the rain suddenly poured down, and the poor man was obliged to take a cab, for he had forgotten his umbrella. Some people thought his wife had taken it to a coffee-party; but, however that may have been, the coat was wringing wet. After thinking over this strange occurrence for a long time, it occurred to the tailor that perhaps there was something strange hidden in the coat. He took out the sleeves, but found nothing; he undid the tails, and then the front, lo and behold! under the lining was a piece of a hand-bill about some fireworks. This explained all; he took out the paper, and the coat never brought down any more rain."

Forgive me for again having nothing new to

tell you about myself; I shall hope to have some more interesting news by and by. I most sincerely desire to fulfil your wishes; hitherto, however, I have found it impossible to give a concert. What do you think of General Dwernicki's victory at Stoczek?

May God continue to fight for us!

Your FREDERIC.

Vienna, May 28th, 1831.

I have just returned from the post, but once more there is no letter for me! I received one on Wednesday from Madame Jarocka, with the postscript from dear papa, which, though very short, was very precious to me. It told me at least, that you were all well. As to Marcel and Johann, I beg that they will not write to me at all, if they are so stingy, that in spite of my request they can only send a word or two. I am so angry that I feel as if I could send back their letters without opening them. Of course they will make the old excuse of want of time! I am the only one who has time to write at length every week. But how quickly this precious time passes. It is already the end of May, and I am still in Vienna, and



CHOPIN

probably shall be through June, for Kumelski* has been ill and must lay by again.

I can see already that this letter will be a very wearisome one, but you have no reason to fear that this is a sign of indisposition. On the contrary, I am quite well and amusing myself capitally. To-day I was playing from early in the morning till two in the afternoon, when I went out to dine and met the worthy Kandler, who kindly offered to give me letters to Cherubini and Paër.

I shall visit my invalid in the evening and go to the theatre, where there is to be a concert at which the violinist, Herz, is to perform. He is an Israelite, and made his debut at Fräulein Henriette Sonntag's concert in Warsaw, when he was almost hissed off the stage. The pianist, Döhler, is also to play some of Czerny's compositions, and in conclusion, Herz will give his own variations on Polish airs. Poor Polish motives, you little think how they will over-lard you with "Majufes" (Jewish melodies), giving you the title of "Polish music" to attract the public.

If you are honest enough to distinguish between real Polish music and these imitations of it, and to assign a higher position to the former, you are

* An esteemed friend, who was to accompany Chopin to Paris.

thought crazy, more especially as Czerny, who is the oracle of Vienna, has not, as yet, in the manufacture of his musical tit-bits, included any variations on a Polish theme.

Yesterday afternoon I went with Thalberg to the Protestant church, where Hesse, the young organist from Breslau, was to perform before the most select of Viennese audiences. The élite of the musical world were present: Stadler, Kiewetter, Mosel, Seyfried and Gyrowetz. Hesse has talent, and understands the management of the organ; he left an album with me, but I don't feel as if I had wit enough to write anything in it.

On Wednesday I was at Beyer's with Slawik till two o'clock in the morning. He is one of the artists here with whom I am on really friendly and intimate terms. He plays like a second and younger Paganini, whom, in time, he gives promise of surpassing. I should not think so, had I not already heard him several times. I am very sorry that Titus has not made Slawik's acquaintance, for he bewitches his hearers, and moves them to tears; he even made Tieger weep; Prince G. and Jskr. were much affected by his playing.

How are things going on with you? I am always dreaming of you. Has not the bloodshed ceased yet? I know what your answer will be;

"Patience." I constantly console myself with the same thought.

On Thursday there was a soirée at Fuchs's, when Limmer, one of the best artists here, introduced some of his own compositions for four violoncellos. Merk, as usual, made them more beautiful than they really were by his playing, which is so full of soul. We stayed there till twelve o'clock, for Merk enjoyed playing his Variations with me. He told me so himself, and it is always a great pleasure for me to play with him. I think we suit each other very well.* He is the only violoncellist I really respect.

I am curious to know how I shall like Norblin;† please do not forget the letter to him.

Vienna, June 25th, 1831.

I am quite well, and that is all that I have to be happy about, for my departure seems as far off as ever. I have never been in such a state before. You know how undecided I am, and then

* Chopin dedicated to Merk his "Introduction et Polonaise Brillante pour piano et violoncello" (Op. 3).

† M. L. Peter Norblin, born in Warsaw, 1781, was first violoncellist at the Grand Opera in Paris, and teacher at the Conservatoire. He died in 1852.

obstacles meet me at every step. I am promised a passport every day, and I run from Herod to Pontius Pilate simply to get back what I gave the police to take care of. I received a delightful piece of news to-day, that my passport had been mislaid somewhere and could not be found, so I must try to procure a new one. It is strange that every possible misfortune happens just now to us poor Poles. Although I am quite ready to start, I cannot.

I have followed Herr Beyer's advice, and had my passport *viséd* for England, although I am only going to Paris. Malfatti will give me a letter of introduction to his friend, Paër; Kandler has already mentioned me in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*.

I was not home until midnight yesterday, for it was St. John's Day, and Malfatti's birthday. Mechetti wished to give him a surprise, and had engaged Mlles. Emmering and Lutzer, and Messrs, Wildt, Cicimara, and your Frederic to give a musical performance in his honour. This almost deserved to be described as perfect ("parfait"). I never heard the Quartet from "Moses" given better; although Fräulein Gladkowska sang "Oh quante lacrime" with far more feeling at my farewell concert at Warsaw. Wildt was in

excellent voice, and I acted as quasi conductor.*

A considerable crowd was on the terrace of our house, listening to the concert. The moon shone marvellously, the fountains rose like columns of pearls, the air was filled with the perfume of the orange grove; in short, it was an enchanting night, the surroundings glorious!

I will now describe the room in which we performed. Windows, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, open on to the terrace, from whence there is a magnificent view over the whole of Vienna. Large mirrors hung on the walls; but the room was dimly lighted, which heightened the effect of the moonlight streaming through the windows; and the spaciousness of the "ante-room" adjoining the *salon* on the left gave to the whole apartment an air of grandeur. The geniality and politeness of the host, the gay and elegant company, the sparkling wit, and the excellent supper, made it late before we separated. I live as frugally as possible, and look at every penny as I did at the ring† when I was in Warsaw. You

* "Cicimara said there was no one in Vienna who accompanied as well as I did. I thought to myself, I have been convinced of this a long time. Hush."—(Remark of Chopin's.)

† The ring presented to Chopin by the Emperor Alexander I when His Majesty was in Warsaw in 1825.

may as well sell it, for I have cost you enough already.

The day before yesterday we were on the Kahlen and Leopoldsburg with Kumelski and Czapek, who visits me every day and gives me the most substantial proofs of his friendship; he offered to lend me money for travelling, if I wanted it. It was a magnificent day, and I never took a more beautiful walk. From the Leopoldsburg you see the whole of Vienna, Agram,* Aspern, Pressburg, and even Kloster-Neuburg, the castle in which Richard Cœur de Lion was for some time imprisoned. We had a view also of all the upper part of the Danube. After breakfast we went to the Kahlenberg, where King John Sobieski pitched his camp and sent up the rockets which were to announce to Count Starhemberg, Commandant of Vienna, the approach of the Polish army. There, too, is the monastery of the Kame-dules, where, before the attack of the Turks, the King knighted his son Jacob, and himself officiated in the Mass. I have gathered a leaf for Isabella from the spot, which is now covered with vegetation.

From thence we went, in the evening, to the beautiful valley of Krapfenwald, where we saw a

* Chopin must have meant to write Wagram.

ridiculous boyish frolic. A number of urchins had covered themselves, from head to foot, with leaves, and, looking like walking-bushes, crawled from inn to inn. A boy, covered with leaves, his head adorned with branches, is called "Easter-king." This is a customary jest at Eastertide.

A few days ago I was at a soirée at Aloys Fuchs's.* He showed me his rich collection of autograph works (*circa* 400). My Rondo† for two pianos was among them. Some of the company present were desirous of becoming personally acquainted with me. Fuchs gave me a specimen of Beethoven's handwriting.

Your last letter gave me great pleasure, for I saw the handwriting of all my nearest and dearest

* Aloys Fuchs, born 1799 in Austro-Silesia, was for some time musical historiographer and antiquarian at the Austrian Court. He possessed a great many autographs and portraits of famous musicians; and scores of the masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; also Mozart's compositions, in his own handwriting. Fuchs played the violoncello very well, and was one of Beethoven's intimate friends. At the sale of Beethoven's property, Fuchs bought, among other manuscripts, one of the sketch books, which he sent, as a mark of respect, to Mendelssohn. Another of these books was bought by Meyerbeer's brother, William Beer. Fuchs's fine collection was dispersed at his death.

† This Rondo appeared among the posthumous works, as Op. 73.

ones on one piece of paper. Let me kiss your hands and feet, which are more charming than any to be found in Vienna."

At last Chopin managed to give a concert in Vienna. Being a stranger in the city, he had to depend on the advice of others, and was alternately suspicious and mistrustful, or confiding as a child. The disturbances in his country deprived him, as a Pole, of the protection of the chief dignitaries of Vienna; while among the artists he met with indifference, and sometimes envy. Thus, irresolute and dispirited, he beheld other pianists gaining profit and popularity during the season, while he himself only took part in a single *matinée* given on April 4th, in the large Redoubt Hall, by the vocalist, Madame Garcia-Vestris. He gave but one concert,* and that not till late

* There is a notice of this concert, probably by Kandler, in No. 38 of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for September 21st, 1831. It says: "Frederic Chopin, whose visit last year showed him to be a pianist of the first rank, has given a concert here. The performance of his new Concerto, which is of a serious character, gave us no occasion to alter our first opinion. So sincere a worshipper of true art is worthy of all honour." Other Vienna journals spoke in the same manner of his compositions, and praised his skilful and expressive playing; but these acknowledgments did not satisfy the hopes and wishes of the young genius.

in the season, when, according to their annual custom, and partly also on account of the cholera epidemic, the wealthier inhabitants had left the city. As was to be expected, the attendance was small, and the expenses exceeded the receipts.

There is no mention of this in the following letter to his family or friends, in which he refers again to the preparations for his journey :

Vienna, Saturday, July, 1831.

I saw from your last letter, my dearests, that you have already learnt to bear misfortune with fortitude. You may be assured that neither am I so readily cast down. Hope, oh, sweet perennial hope!

I have got my passport at last, but have given up the idea of starting on Monday. We shall go to Salzburg on Wednesday and from there to Munich. I asked for my passport to be *viséd* for London; and the police did it at once; but it was kept two days at the Russian Embassy, and was sent back with permission to travel to Munich, not to London. It is all the same to me, if Mons. Maison, the French ambassador, will sign it. To these troubles another has now been added. A certificate of health is necessary for crossing the

Bavarian frontier, on account of the cholera. We ran about for half a day with Kumelski, but got the pass in the afternoon.

We had the pleasure of being at least in good company during our peregrinations, for Count Alexander Fredro,* whom we recognised from his Polish appearance, his refined manner of speaking, and his passport, was with us seeking a similar pass for his servant.

The news to-day is that the town of Wilna is taken. It is to be hoped this is not true.

Everyone is terribly afraid of the cholera, and the precautions taken are quite ridiculous. Printed prayers are sold, supplicating God and all the saints to stop the cholera. Nobody ventures to eat fruit, and most people quit the city.

I leave a Polonaise for the violoncello with Mechetti.

Louise writes that Mons. Elsner is very pleased with the article;† I am anxious to hear what he

* Alexander, Count von Fredro, born 1793, celebrated as a writer of excellent comedies, and called by his countrymen, the Polish Molière, began his literary labours with a translation of Goethe's "Clavigo." His comedies sparkle with original ideas, and are an ornament to the national stage. He died at Lemberg, July 14th, 1876.

† Probably a notice of his concert, which had now taken place.

will say about the others, as he was my teacher of composition. I want nothing but more life and energy. I often feel low-spirited, but sometimes as cheerful as at home. When I feel melancholy I go to Madame Schaschek's, where I generally meet several amiable Polish ladies who always cheer me up with their kind and hopeful words, so that I begin to mimic the generals here. This is my last new trick; those who have seen it are ready to die with laughter. But there are days, alas! when people do not get two words out of me; then I generally spend thirty kreuzers in going to Hitzing, or somewhere else in the neighbourhood of Vienna to divert my mind. Zacharkiewicz, of Warsaw, was with me, and when his wife saw me at Schaschek's their astonishment knew no bounds at my looking such a proper fellow. I have only left my whiskers on the right cheek, and they grow very well; there is no occasion to have them on the left, as you always sit with your right to the public.

The good Würfel was with me the day before yesterday; Czapek, Kumelski, and several others also came, and we went together to St. Veit, a pretty place, which is more than I can say of Tivoli, where there is a kind of Caroussel, or rather a rail with a sledge, called a "Rutsch." It is a childish amusement, but a crowd of grown

persons let themselves roll down the hill in this way without the least object in going. At first I did not at all care about trying; but as we were eight of us and all good friends, we began to dare each other to go down first. It was very foolish, but we all laughed heartily. I went heart and soul into the fun till it occurred to me that strong healthy men might find some better employment at a time like the present when there is such a universal need for protection and defence. Confound our frivolity!

A little while ago Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" was exceedingly well given, and I was very pleased to have another chance of hearing the opera. Fräulein Heinefetter, Messrs. Wildt, Binder, and Forti, in a word, all the best artists in Vienna, were present, and did their utmost. I went to the opera with Czapek, and when it was over we went to the same restaurant where Beethoven used to take his supper.

I must say, in case I forget, that I shall probably take rather more money from Peter the banker than dear papa had arranged for. I am very economical, and heaven knows I cannot do otherwise, or I should set off with an empty purse. God keep me from illness; but if anything did happen to me, you might, perhaps, reproach me for not having taken more. Forgive me, and re-

member that I have lived on this money during May, June, and July, and that I have to pay more for my dinner now than in winter. I am doing this not merely of my own accord, but on the good advice of others. I am very sorry to be obliged to ask you. Papa has already spent a pretty penny on me, and I know how difficult money is to earn. Believe me, my dearests, it is as hard for me to ask as it is for you to give. God will help us *punctum*.

It will be a year in October since I received my passport; it will need, of course, to be renewed; how shall I manage it? Write and say if you can send me a fresh one. Perhaps that is impossible.

I often run out and visit Hans or Titus. Yesterday I could have sworn I saw the latter in front of me, but I found it was only a confounded Prussian!

It is to be hoped these expressions will not give you a bad impression of the manners I have learnt in Vienna. There is nothing particular about the style of talk here, except they say "Gehorsamer Diener" (your obedient servant) in taking leave, and pronounce it "Korschamer Diener." I have acquired no habit that is truly Viennese; for instance, I cannot play any dance waltzes, and that is proof enough.

God give you health. May no more of our friends fall. Poor Gustav!

I dine to-day with Schaschek; I shall wear the studs with the Polish eagles, and use the pocket-handkerchief with the "Kosynier."*

I have written a Polonaise, which I must leave here with Würfel. I received the portrait of our commander-in-chief, General Skrzynecki, but frightfully spoilt, on account of the cholera. Your letters have also been cut, and each bears a large sanitary stamp; so great is the anxiety here.

Your FREDERIC.

On July 20th, 1831, Frederic informs his parents that he is going to start the same day with Kumelski, for Munich, through Linz and Salzburg. He writes that he is well, and provided with money, but fears that it will not last out, and asks for some more to be sent to Munich. There he was obliged to stay some weeks, awaiting money for his journey to Paris. This gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the first artists in Munich: among others, Bärmann,

* Some insurrectionary Polish infantry regiments were called "Kosyniery," because they were only armed with scythes. (Kosy.)

Berg, Shunke and Stunz, who, delighted with his playing and his works, persuaded him to perform at the Philharmonic Society's concerts. At one of these Frederic played his E minor Concerto, with orchestral accompaniments. Carried away alike by the beauty of the composition, and the charm and poetry of the execution, the audience overwhelmed the young virtuoso with hearty and genuine applause.

This was Chopin's swan-song on German soil, for, during the eighteen years of his residence abroad, he never again publicly performed in Germany. His last visit to Vienna seemed to check all his desires in that direction.

Encouraged by his success in Munich, Chopin left that hospitable town for Stuttgart, where a heavy trial awaited him: the news of the capture of Warsaw by the Russians, September 8th, 1831. Grief, anxiety and despair as to the fate of his family and his beloved one filled up the measure of his misery. Under the influence of these feelings he wrote, while still at Stuttgart, the magnificent C minor Study (the last in the first collection, dedicated to Liszt), frequently called the "Revolutions-Etude." Amid the wild storm of rushing passages in the left hand the melody rises, now passionately, now in proud majesty, bringing to the mind of the thrilled

listener the image of Zeus hurling his thunderbolts at the world.

In such a mood Chopin left for Paris at the end of September, 1831. His passport bore the words, "*passant par Paris à Londres*"; and, years after, when he had become domiciled and naturalised in France, he often said, with a smile, "I am only passing through."

From his arrival in Paris in 1831, until his death there in 1849, he continued his correspondence with his family. But of this large number of letters none, unfortunately, remain.

After Chopin's death, his effects were sold by auction in Paris, the furniture of his two apartments with the souvenirs he had delighted to have around him being bought by Miss Stirling, a Scotch lady, one of his pupils and enthusiastic admirers. She took them home with her, and they formed a kind of Chopin Museum. This interesting collection included a portrait of the gifted artist, painted by his friend, Ary Schæffer; a grand piano by Pleyel, on which Chopin had generally played; a service of Sèvres porcelain, with the inscription, "*Offert par Louis Philippe à Frédéric Chopin, 1839*"; a splendid and costly casket, presented by Rothschild; and numbers of carpets, table-covers, and easy chairs, worked by Chopin's pupils.

Miss Stirling directed, in her will, that when she died these relics were to be sent to Chopin's mother, to whose house in Warsaw they were accordingly conveyed in 1858. After the death of Madame Chopin, in 1861, they passed into the hands of her daughter, Isabella Barcinska. This lady occupied the second floor of one of two houses standing exactly on the boundary between the "New World," and the "Cracow Suburbs," and belonging to Count Andreas Zamoyski.

At the commencement of the political disturbances, which preceded the insurrection of January, 1863, a band of excited young men, inflamed by opinions which were far from being shared by the public, conspired to murder all the deputies. Although the miserable schemes of these fanatical patriots completely failed, they continued to contrive fresh ones, till, at length, exasperated beyond endurance by the bloody conflict which raged through the whole country, they laid a plot to take the life of Count von Berg, who, on the recall of Prince Constantine, had become supreme governor of Poland. Count Berg was returning in his carriage, on the 19th September, 1863, at six in the evening, with an escort of Circassians, from the Belvédère to the Palace. When the carriage came to the spot where the "New World" and "Cracow Suburb" adjoin, a

shot, followed by some Orsini bomb-shells, was fired from a window on the fourth floor of Count Zamoyski's house. The street was immediately in an uproar, but no one was killed, and only a horse or two belonging to the escort wounded. A detachment of the military, who were at that time always kept in marching order on the Saxon Square, came up in a few minutes. The soldiers surrounded both houses, rudely dragged out the women, and left them in the road, while the men were sent, under a military convoy, to the citadel.

As lava pouring forth from a volcano uproots and annihilates with its fiery heat all objects in its pathway, so rushed the angry soldiery from room to room, ruthlessly destroying all that was within their reach. Furniture, pianos, books, manuscripts; in short, everything in the house was flung out of the windows, while wardrobes and other articles too heavy to move were first cut up with hatchets, and the legs of the pianos sawn off. These two houses were in the best quarter of the town, and occupied only by well-to-do people. An idea may be formed of the quantity of furniture they contained from the fact that there were from fifteen to twenty pianos.

When the brutal and insensate soldiery arrived at the second story of the house inhabited

by Chopin's sister, the mementos of the great artist, which the whole family cherished with such pious care, were doomed to destruction. The piano one of Buchholtz's—on which he had received his earliest instruction, and which had been the confidant and interpreter of his first musical ideas, was flung into the street by these Vandals.* At night the soldiers made a stack of the ruined furniture in the square at the foot of the statue of Copernicus, and filling their kettles with the wine, spirit, and sugar from the ransacked shops, they made merry round the fire, mixing punch and singing boisterous songs. Pictures, books, and papers—among the latter Chopin's correspondence with his family during eighteen years—were thrown in to feed the flames. Eye-witnesses relate that an officer, having lighted upon a portrait of Chopin, painted by a friend, gazed at it long and earnestly before committing his wanton deed. The reflection which illumined the city announced to the terrified inhabitants that the reign of military terror had begun.

But more to be deplored than the loss of any other relics, is the destruction of the letters, in which Chopin had poured forth all his affection

* The Pleyel piano sent from Scotland in 1858, was fortunately in the possession of Chopin's niece, Mme. Ciechomska, who lived in the country.

for his family, his love for his country, his enthusiasm for his art, and his admiration for all that is beautiful and noble. The letters to his parents from Paris, written at a period when he was daily gathering fresh laurels, and was in intimate relations with leading artists and distinguished political personages, were not only of extreme interest, but of historical value, as faithful and vivid pictures of the times. For in his spirited and witty letters, Chopin often gave, in a word or two, a more life-like characterisation of some of his noteworthy contemporaries than is to be found in many a long and elaborate description.

Although thus deprived by the work of destruction in Warsaw of a valuable source of information, the biographer can fall back with assurance* on personal knowledge, the testimony of reliable men and women of his acquaintance, and on letters from Chopin to friends which were preserved in other places.

* For instance, the description of the events of the autumn of 1831. The earlier letters to his family had been copied in Warsaw before 1863.

CHAPTER VIII.

STAY IN PARIS. CHOPIN PROPOSES TO RECEIVE INSTRUCTION FROM KALKBRENNER. CHOPIN'S DESIRE TO GO TO AMERICA NOT REALISED. HE RESOLVES TO RETURN TO WARSAW. SOIRÉE AT ROTHSCHILD'S.

WHEN Chopin arrived in Paris, a considerable amount of political agitation prevailed. Despite all the efforts of the Legitimists, as the partisans of Charles X and his descendants were called, Louis Philippe, by favour of the barricades, reigned on the ruins of the Bourbon dynasty. Things had not yet quieted down, and every section of the population was divided into parties. Although not advantageous to art, the political situation was of little consequence to Frederic, as he had gone to Paris, not for the sake of performing in public, but solely for self-improvement.

Soon after the taking of Warsaw, the Polish army dispersed into Prussia and Austria, and many of the fugitives found their way to Paris. All who, whether in politics or on the field, had been foremost in the revolution—the members of the diet, officers, poets and writers, who by patriotic songs or newspaper articles had incited the people to insurrection—were in dread of the vengeance of Russia, and took refuge in France, hoping that, sooner or later, her sympathy with the wrongs suffered by Poland would move her to their redress. Miserable delusion! terrible were its consequences! Thousands of intelligent men left the country, carrying with them the light they had shed on science and art, while their loss, as Russia saw with satisfaction, was irreparable, for none were found worthy to take their place. Years of sad experience were needed to convince the Poles that their expectations were foolish, their efforts for freedom useless, and their hopes for aid from France futile.

Chopin, of course, soon became the centre of the Polish emigrants in Paris. Assured about the safety of his relatives in Warsaw, his spirits improved, and he would often ask himself, "What shall my future be?" The plans of his tour, which he had formed at home, having been utterly thwarted, he was obliged to start afresh.

To give a concert in Paris did not seem practicable, for who would be likely to take any interest in a young, unknown pianist, because he had the effrontery to perform in public? The few words of praise in the Vienna and Leipzig papers made no impression in Paris, where the public were busy with politics and amusements of all kinds. Besides, the musical world there set little or no store on critiques in foreign newspapers. Paris, they thought, was the oracle for the whole civilised world, and only on the banks of the Seine was a European reputation to be made or marred. Frederic was anxious not to let slip the precious opportunity. He considered himself far from being a perfect artist, and, therefore, resolved once more to seek instruction from Kalkbrenner.

Frederic Kalkbrenner, then at the height of his fame as a virtuoso, was regarded as the first pianist in Europe. Chopin, therefore, paid him a visit, and expressed his desire of becoming his pupil. Directly the young Pole began to play, Kalkbrenner perceived his genius, and that there was nothing for him to teach Chopin. The latter, with his modesty and zeal after the highest artistic achievements, little imagined what was passing through Kalkbrenner's mind. To the older man's fame as a pianist there was nothing to add, but the reputation of a first-rate teacher might also

be his were he to obtain a pupil of such rare gifts as Chopin; he, therefore, thought it wise not to refuse to take him. Kalkbrenner, whose judgment was authoritative, and who either thought his own opinions infallible, or knew how to proclaim them as such, fancied he could pick holes in Chopin's playing; he declared that his fingering was quite opposed to the classic method; that his execution was not that of the best school; that he was indeed a gifted virtuoso and composer, but that, although on the right road, he might easily go astray.

Chopin listened in silence, while M. Kalkbrenner announced that he was ready to give him lessons, that he might cure him of those faults which would always be a hindrance to his progress, but only on condition that Chopin promised to remain with him for at least three years. The young artist was much surprised at such a stipulation, but, not yet fully conscious of his own worth, he determined to pause before deciding on a matter of such supreme importance to him. He, therefore, wrote to his father, and to Elsner, to ascertain their wishes and opinions. Elsner was not a little astonished at Kalkbrenner's request, and inquired why such a long discipline was required for a pianist like Chopin; did Kalkbrenner desire to undo what was already

done, and to destroy Chopin's originality? Elsner was better able to judge than anyone else, how much true genius there was in Chopin, and to what degree his technical powers were developed. Accordingly he was in favour of cultivating Chopin's "virtuosity," with a view to his career as a composer, rather than of hindering the free development of his creative power by a one-sided musical training. He expressed these opinions in the following letter to his beloved pupil:

"Warsaw, November 27th, 1831.

"DEAR FREDERIC,

"I was pleased to see, by your letter, that Kalkbrenner, the first of pianists, as you call him, gave you such a friendly reception. I knew his father, in Paris, in 1805; and the son, who was then very young, had already distinguished himself as a first-rate virtuoso. I am very glad that he has agreed to initiate you into the mysteries of his art, but it astonishes me to hear that he requires three years to do so. Did he think the first time he saw and heard you, that you needed all that time to accustom yourself to his method? or that you wished to devote your musical talents to

the piano alone, and to confine your compositions to that instrument? If he, with his artistic experience, desires to render service to our art in general, and to you in particular, and if he shows himself your sincere friend, then be to him a grateful pupil.

"In the study of composition, a teacher ought not to be too narrow-minded and particular, especially with pupils of decided talent, and who display a certain independence of invention. They should rather be allowed to go their own way, and to make new discoveries. The pupil must not only stand on the same artistic platform as his master, but, when possessing pre-eminent talent, must rise beyond it, and so cultivate his abilities as to shine by his own light.

"The playing of any instrument—be it ever so perfect, like that of Paganini on the violin, or Kalkbrenner on the piano—is, with all its charm, only the means, not the end of the tone-art. The achievements of Mozart and Beethoven as pianists have long been forgotten, and their pianoforte compositions, although undoubtedly classic works, must give way to the diversified, artistic treatment of that instrument by the modern school. But their other works, not written for one particular instrument, the opera, symphonies, quartets, etc., will not only continue to live, but

will, perhaps, remain unequalled by anything in the present day. 'Sapienti pauca.'

"A pupil should not be kept too long to the study of one method, or of the taste of one nation. What is truly beautiful must not be imitated, but *felt*, and assimilated with the individual genius. The only perfect nature is the Divine, and art must not take one man, or one nation as a model, for these only afford examples more or less imperfect. In a word, that quality in an artist (who continually learns from what is around him) which excites the wonder of his contemporaries, can only arrive at perfection by and through itself. The cause of his fame, whether in the present or the future, is none other than his own gifted individuality manifested in his works.

"More by and by. Please remember me kindly to Count Plater, Grzymala, Hofmann, Lesueur, Paër, Kalkbrenner and Norblin. Embrace Orłowski for me.

"JOSEPH ELSNER."

To these weighty observations Frederic sent the following reply :

Paris, December 14th, 1831.

DEAR MONSIEUR ELSNER,

Your letter gave me a fresh proof of your fatherly care and sincere interest in me, your

grateful pupil. At the beginning of last year, although fully conscious of my deficiencies, and of how far I was from attaining to the model which I had set before myself in you, I ventured to think that I could follow in your footsteps, and that I might produce, if not a Lokietek, perhaps a Laskonogi.* But now all those hopes have vanished: I have to think how I can best make my way as a pianist, and so must, for a time, leave in the background the loftier artistic aims of which you spoke.

To be a great composer, it is not only needful to possess creative power, but experience and the capacity for self-examination, which, as you have taught me, is not acquired by the mere hearing of other people's works, but by a careful criticism of one's own.

Many young and very talented pupils of the Parisian Conservatoire are waiting with their hands in their pockets for the performance of their operas, symphonies and cantatas, which hitherto only Lesueur and Cherubini have seen on paper. I am not speaking of the smaller theatres,

* Lokietek and Laskonogi were Kings of Poland, and so called, the former on account of his small size, the latter because he had spindle legs. Elsner wrote an opera in 1818, entitled "Lokietek," which was very successful.

although these are difficult enough of approach. And when, like Thos. Nidecki, at the Leopoldstädter Theatre in Vienna, a composer is fortunate enough to obtain a performance, he reaps but little benefit from it, even when, as in this case, the work is a good one. Meyerbeer, too, after he had been famous in the musical world for ten years, stayed three years in Paris waiting, working, and spending money, before he succeeded in bringing out his "Robert le Diable," which has now made such a furore. Auber, with his very popular works, had forestalled Meyerbeer, and was not very ready to make room at the Grand Opera for the foreigner.

In my opinion, the composer who can perform his works himself is best off.

I have been recognised as a pianist at two or three cities in Germany; several of the musical papers gave me commendatory notices, and expressed a hope that I should soon take a prominent position among the first pianoforte virtuosi. Now that I have an opportunity of fulfilling my self-made promise, should I not embrace it? I did not care to study pianoforte playing in Germany, for no one could tell me exactly what I was deficient in. Neither did I see the beam in my own eye. Three years of study is a great deal too much, as Kalkbrenner himself perceived

after he had heard me a few times. From this you can see, dear Mons. Elsner, that the true virtuoso does not know what envy is. I could make up my mind to study three years, if I felt certain that would secure the end I have in view. One thing is quite clear to my mind; I will never be a copy of Kalkbrenner; he shall not destroy my resolution—bold it may be, but sincere—of creating a new era in art. If I take any more lessons now it will only be that I may become independent in the future. Ries, when he had gained a name as a pianist, found it easy to win laurels in Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Dresden, as the composer of "Die Räuberbraut"; and what a number of years Spohr had been a famous violinist before he wrote "Faust," "Jes-sonda," etc.! I trust you will not withhold your sanction when you see with what aims and on what principles I am acting.

No doubt my parents have told you that my concert is fixed for the twenty-fifth of this month. The preparations have given me a great deal of trouble, and had not Paër, Kalkbrenner, and especially Norblin (who sends kindest regards to you), taken the matter in hand, I should have been helpless. Just imagine, it takes at least two months to get up a concert in Paris. Baillot is exceedingly kind; he offered to play a Quintet of

Beethoven's with me, and Kalkbrenner a duet with an accompaniment of four pianos. Mons. Reicha I only know by sight, and you can guess how curious I am to become personally acquainted with him. Those of his pupils whom I have seen gave me no very favourable account of him. He does not like music, and will not talk about it; he never goes to the Conservatoire concerts, and when he gives lessons he looks at the clock all the time. Cherubini acts in a similar fashion, and talks of nothing but cholera and revolution. These masters are like mummies, to be respectfully regarded at a distance, while one draws instruction from their works.

Fétis, whose acquaintance I have made, and from whom much may be learned, lives away and only comes to Paris to give lessons. It is said that he does so from necessity, as his debts exceed the profits of the *Revue Musicale*. He is in danger sometimes of seeing the inside of the debtor's prison. But, as in Paris, a debtor can only be legally arrested in his own house, Fétis has left the city for the suburbs; Heaven knows where!

There are a host of interesting people here belonging to the various professions. Three of the orchestras can be called first-rate: that of the Academy, the Italian Opera, and the Théâtre Feydeau.

Rossini is director of the Italian Opera, which is undoubtedly now the best in Europe. Lablache, Rubini, Santini, Pasta, Malibran and Schröder-Devrient perform three times a week for the delectation of the élite. Nourrit, Levasseur, Derivis, Mme. Damoreau-Cinti, and Mlle. Dorus are the stars of the Grand Opera. Chollet and Mlle. Casimir Prévost are much admired at the Comic Opera; in a word, only in Paris can one learn what singing really is. I believe that Malibran-Garcia, not Pasta, is now the greatest songstress in Europe. Prince Valentin Radziwill is quite captivated by her, and we often wish you were here, for you would be charmed with her singing.

Lesueur thanks you for your kind remembrances, and commissions me to return them a thousandfold. He always speaks of you in a friendly way, and asks every time I see him: "et que fait notre bon Mons. Elsner? Racontez-moi de ses nouvelles"; and then speaks of the Requiem you sent him. Everybody here, from your godson, the young Anton Orlowski, to myself, loves and esteems you. I fear this dear friend will have to wait some time for the performance of his opera. The subject is nothing particular, and the theatre is closed till the new year.

The King is not very free with his money, the

artists need a great deal, and the English are the only people who pay well. I could go on writing till to-morrow, but will not put your patience to such a test. Believe me, with all respect and gratitude.

Ever your faithful pupil,

FREDERIC.

Not only Elsner's letter, and the advice of friends, but his own sound understanding, made Chopin feel how superfluous and even ignominious it would be for him to take a course of lessons from Kalkbrenner. He justly perceived that he must either become a servile copy of Kalkbrenner, or soon cease to be his pupil; and that as he had been able to maintain his artistic independence beside Field and Hummel, he could not do better than give up Kalkbrenner's instruction and take his own way. To preserve his friendly relations with Kalkbrenner, and from a genuine feeling of esteem, he dedicated to him his E minor Concerto. Chopin writes to his friend, Titus Woyciechowski, at this time :

Paris, December 16th, 1831.

MY DEAR TITUS,

Your letter gave me new life. I receive such contrary reports, some of which make me very

anxious, for I often put a wrong construction on what my family write. K. expressed himself so strangely, that I was frightened at my own thoughts when I read his words. I trust we may see each other again in this life.

I have been greatly pained by all that has happened. Who could have foreseen it? * Have you forgotten our deliberations the night before your departure from Vienna? Fate has sent me hither where I can breathe freely. . . . But this is a cause of trouble.

In Paris you find everything. You can amuse yourself, weary yourself, laugh, weep, and, above all, do what you like, without a soul taking any notice of you, because thousands are doing likewise. Everybody goes his own way. I believe there are more pianists, more virtuosi, and more donkeys in Paris than anywhere. I came here, as perhaps you have heard, with very few introductions. Malfatti had given me a letter to Pärer, I received two or three from the Viennese publishers: and that was all. When the news of the capture of Warsaw reached me at Stuttgart, I determined to go to Paris. Through the bandmaster, Pärer, I have become acquainted with Rossini, Cherubini, Baillot and Kalkbrenner.

* The Polish Revolution.

You can imagine how eager I was to hear Herz and Hiller play; but they are nothing to Kalkbrenner. To tell the truth, I can play as well as Herz; I wish I could say as well as Kalkbrenner, who is perfection in quite another style to Paganini. Kalkbrenner's fascinating touch, the quietness and equality of his playing, are indescribable; every note proclaims the master. He is truly a giant, who dwarfs all other artists. When I presented myself to Kalkbrenner, he asked me to play something. What could I do?

However, having heard Herz, I plucked up my courage, and played my E minor Concerto, which took so immensely in the Bavarian capital. Kalkbrenner was astonished, and asked if I were a pupil of Field. He remarked that I had Cramer's style, but Field's touch. I was very much amused by Kalkbrenner, who, in playing to me, made a mistake which brought him to a standstill; but the way in which he recovered himself was marvellous. Since this meeting we have seen each other every day; either he comes to me, or I go to him. He offered to take me as a pupil for three years, and to make a great artist of me. I replied that I knew very well what were my deficiencies; but I did not wish to imitate him, and that three years were too much for me. He has persuaded me that I only play well when I feel inspired.

The same cannot be said of him, for he plays one time just like another. After watching me for some time, he said that I belonged to no school, that although I was undoubtedly progressing very well, I might easily go astray, and that when he left off playing there would be no representative of the great pianoforte school. Further, that however much I might have the will, I could never create a new school, for I was not acquainted with the old ones. But I am certain that there is an individuality about my compositions, and I shall always strive to go forward.

If you were here I know you would say : "learn, young man, as long as you are told to." But many friends advise me not to take lessons ; they think that I play as well as Kalkbrenner, and that he only wants to have me as a pupil out of vanity. That is absurd. Anybody who understands music must appreciate Kalkbrenner's talents, although he is personally unpopular, as he will not associate with everybody. But I can assure you there is something superior about him, to all the virtuosi whom I have hitherto heard. I told my parents so, and they quite understood it, but Elsner did not ; he considered that Kalkbrenner found fault with my playing out of jealousy. Still in spite of everything I may tell you, I have already made a name among the artists here.

I am going to give a concert on the 25th of December, with the assistance of Baillot, Paganini's rival, and Brød, the celebrated hautbois player. I am going to play my F minor Concerto and the Variations in B major. Of the latter, I received from Cassel, a few days ago, a review, ten pages long, by an enthusiastic German, who, after an exhaustive preface, analysed every bar. He does not consider them variations according to the orthodox style, but an imaginative picture. He says that in the second variation Don Juan and Leporello are in pursuit; in the third that Don Juan is fondling Zerline, to the disgust of Masetto; in the D flat major in the fifth bar of the Adagio, he can perceive Don Juan kissing Zerline. A comical conceit of the journalist's, who is very anxious that the composition should be printed in the *Revue Musicale* (a paper belonging to his son-in-law, Fétis).

The good Hiller, a very talented young man, and a pupil of Hummel, gave a concert the day before yesterday, which produced a great effect. One of his own symphonies was received with loud applause. He has made Beethoven his model, and his work is full of poetry and enthusiasm. He was sufficiently interested in me to tell Fétis's father-in-law that he would do me more harm than good by that notice of his.

But to return to my concert: I am not only to play the F minor Concerto and the variations, but perform, with Kalkbrenner, his duet, "*Marche suivie d'une Polonaise*," for two pianos, with accompaniments for four pianos. Is not that a wild idea? One of the pianos is very large and is for Kalkbrenner, another very small one (a so-called monochord) is intended for me. On the other large ones, which make as much noise as an orchestra, Hiller, Osborne, Stamaty and Sowinski are to play. Norblin, Vidal, and the famous viola player, Urban, will also assist. The most difficult matter of all was to find a vocalist. Rossini would willingly have helped me to obtain one if he had been allowed to, but Robert, the second director of the Italian Opera, objected. He declared that if it were known he had obliged me he should be besieged by hundreds of similar applications.

As to the opera, I must say I never heard such a fine performance as last week, when the "*Barbieri*" was given, with Lablache, Rubini, and Malibran-Garcia. There was, too, an excellent rendering of "*Otello*," with Rubini, Lablache, and Pasta; also the "*Italiana in Algeri*." Paris has, in this respect, never offered so many attractions as now. You can have no idea of Lablache. They say that Pasta's voice has rather gone off,

but I never in my life heard such heavenly singing as her's. Malibran's wonderful voice has a compass of three octaves, and she is in her style unique and fascinating. Rubini, a capital tenor, makes no end of *roulades*, and often too many *coloratures*, but by his incessant recourse to the trill and *tremolo*, he wins enormous applause. His *mezza-voce* is incomparable. A certain Schröder-Devrient has just come out, but she does not make such a furore here as in Germany. Signora Malibran played Otello; Schröder-Devrient, Desdemona. Malibran is a much smaller woman than the German singer, and people thought, several times, that Desdemona would strangle Othello.

This was a very expensive performance. I paid twenty-four francs for my place, just to see Malibran as the Moor, and not a very extraordinary impersonation either. The orchestra was first-rate, but the appointments of the Italian Opera are nothing to those of "L'Académie Royale."

I do not believe that any spectacle at the Italian Opera, however brilliant, ever came up to that of "Robert le Diable," the new five-act opera of Meyerbeer, the author of the "Crocato." "Robert" is a masterpiece of the new school, in which devils sing through speaking trumpets, and the dead rise from their tombs, but not as in

"Szarlatan,"* only fifty or sixty at a time. The stage represents the interior of a ruined cloister, with the moonlight falling brightly on the nuns lying in their graves. In the last act monks appear with incense amid a gorgeous illumination, and the solemn strains of the organ resound from the adjacent building. Meyerbeer has, by this work, made himself an immortal name; yet it took him more than three years to obtain a performance of it. It is said that for the organ and other accessories he paid more than twenty thousand francs.

Madame Damereau-Cinti is also a very fine singer; I prefer her to Malibran. The latter astonishes, but Cinti fascinates you. She sings the chromatic scales and *coloratures* almost more perfectly than the famous flautist, Tulou, plays them. It would be almost impossible to find a more perfect technique. Nourrit, the first tenor at the Grand Opera, is admired for his warmth of feeling. Chollet, the first tenor of the Opera Comique, the best impersonator of Fra Diavolo and admirable in the operas "Zampa" and "Fiancée," has quite an original manner of conceiving a part. He charms universally by his

* An opera by Kurkinski, performed with great success in Warsaw.

sympathetic voice, and is the darling of the public. The "Marquise de Brinvilliers" is now being played at the Opera Comique; this marquise was the notorious poisoner in the time of Louis XIV. The music is by eight composers: Cherubini, Pæer, Hérold, Auber, Berton, Batton, Blangini and Caraffa.

I pray, above all, dear Titus, that you will write to me soon, or come yourself. My address is, Boulevard Poissonnière, 27. W. W. expects you. I should be so delighted to see you, and there are times when I am almost mad with longing, especially when it rains, and I cannot go out. I shall, I think, have the assistance of the best artists at my concert.

Yours till death,

FREDERIC.

Paris, December 25th, 1831.

For the second time, my dear Titus, I have to send my birthday congratulations from a long, long distance. A look, a pressure of the hand, would say more than a dozen letters, so I will not waste many words. I cannot write *ex abrupto*, and I have not yet bought one of the books of congratulations which the boys are shrieking about the streets at two sous a copy. The Parisians are a strange people; towards evening you

hear nothing but the names of new books, which consist of three or four pages of printed nonsense. The youngsters push their wares so well, that in the end, whether you will or no, you are sure to lay out a sou or two. The following are some specimens of the titles, "L'art de faire des amours et de les conserver ensuite"; "Les amours des prêtres"; "L'Archevêque de Paris avec Mme. la Duchesse de Berry," and no end of such like trash, which is, however, often very wittily written. It is really astonishing what means are resorted to for earning a penny, for there is a great deal of distress in Paris just now, and money is scarce.

There are a good many shabby, desperate-looking men about, and one overhears some threatening talk about Louis Philippe and his ministry only hanging by a hair. The populace are enraged against the Government, and would like to overthrow it, for the sake of putting an end to the prevailing misery; but the authorities are too much on their guard, and the smallest crowd is dispersed by the mounted gendarmerie.

You must know I am living on the fourth floor, but in one of the boulevards in the best part of Paris. I have a balcony overlooking the street, and so have a good view right and left over the moving masses. General Ramorino has taken up his quarters exactly opposite in the Cité bergère.

You know, of course, how the Germans everywhere received him, how in Strasburg the French dragged his carriage in triumph through the streets; in short, you know all about the enthusiasm of the populace for our general. Paris did not wish to be behind in this respect. The "école de médecine" and the "jeune France," who wear beards and neckties after a certain pattern, arranged for a grand demonstration. The ultra sections of every political party have their peculiar badge: the Carlists wear green waistcoats; the Republicans, Napoleonists (these include "la jeune France") and the Simonists, who profess a new religion, and have already a great number of proselytes, wear blue, and so forth. Nearly a thousand of these enthusiasts paraded the streets with a tri-colour banner to give Ramorino an ovation. Although he was at home, he would not appear, in spite of the shouts of "Vive les Polonais," for fear of offending the government. His adjutant came out and said that the general was unfortunately unable to receive them, and begged that they would come another day. But next morning he had gone to another lodging. A few days later an enormous mob gathered outside the Pantheon, marched across the Seine towards Ramorino's house, like an avalanche, increasing in force as they proceeded, till they

reached the Pont Neuf, where the mounted gendarmes, after several charges, dispersed them. Although many were wounded, a fresh crowd assembled on the boulevards under my windows, for the purpose of joining those who came from the other side of the Seine. The police were powerless, the crowd grew larger and larger, until a division of infantry and a squadron of hussars arrived, when the commandant ordered the municipal guard and the troops to clear the streets and arrest the ringleaders. (This is their free nation !)

The panic spread like lightning: the shops were closed, crowds congregated at the corners, and the orderlies were hissed as they galloped about the streets. Every window was crammed with spectators, as on grand fête-days with us, and the uproar lasted from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. I thought once some mischief might have followed, but about midnight they struck up "Al-lons, enfants de la patrie," and went home. I cannot describe to you the effect of the harsh voices of this excited and discontented mob. Everyone feared the *émeute* would begin again next morning, but it did not. Grenoble alone followed the example of Lyons, but the devil knows what will come of it.

At a theatre, where only dramas have hitherto been performed, the whole history of our late

revolution is being given, and people go like mad to see the fights and the national costumes. Mlle. Plater and some other ladies take the names of Lodoiska, Faniska and Floreska, and a General Gigult* appears as brother to Countess Plater.† But nothing amazed me so much as the announcement on the play-bill of a small theatre that the Mazurka, "Dabrowski, Poland is not lost yet," would be performed during the entr'actes.

All I can tell you about my concert is that I must postpone it until January 15th, as the operatic director, Mons. Véron, refuses to let me have a vocalist. There is to be a grand concert to-day at the Italian opera house, in which Malibran, Lubini, Lablache, Santini, Madame Raimbaux, Madame Schröder and Madame Casadory are to appear; Herz and Bériot, with whom Madame Malibran is in love, will assist in the instrumental portion.

Oh, how I wish you were with me. . . . You cannot think how wretched it makes me to have no one to whom I can unburden my mind. You

* Gielgud was the real name, but the French altered it.

† Countess Emilie Plater, a young Polish heroine, who, during the revolution of 1831, served as a soldier, assumed man's attire, and entered General Gielgud's division. She died during a fight. Her biography has been fully written by Straszewicz. (Paris, 1834.)

know how fond I am of society, and how easily I make acquaintances. I have scores of such friends now, but no one with whom I can sigh. My heart is, so to speak, always beating in "syn-copation," which torments me, and makes me seek for a pause, for solitude, so that no one could see me or speak to me all day. It is most disagreeable that while I am writing to you, the bell rings and some tedious visitor is announced. Just as I was going to describe to you a ball, at which I met a divine creature with a rose in her dark hair, your letter arrived. All the creations of my fancy disappeared; my thoughts fly to you, I take your hand and weep. When shall we meet again? Perhaps never, for in all seriousness my health is miserable. I seem merry enough, perhaps, especially when among friends, but there is something constantly troubling me within: melancholy forebodings, restlessness, bad dreams, sleeplessness, yearning, no pleasure in life, and indifference to death. It often seems to me as if a torpor came over my spirits; a heavenly calm comes into my heart, and images I cannot get rid of haunt my imagination, and harass me beyond measure. In short, it is a mixture of feelings not easily described. Forgive me, dear Titus, for pouring it all out to you, but this is enough. Now I will go and dress

for the dinner that our countrymen are giving to-day to Ramorino and Langermann. . . . Your letter gave me a great deal of news; you wrote four sides and thirty-seven lines; you have never been so generous before, and I really was so much in need of something when your letter came.

What you say about my artistic career is very true, and I am quite convinced of it myself. I drive in my own carriage, but the coachman is hired. I conclude, or I shall be too late for the post, for I am all in one, master and servant. Take pity on me, and write as often as possible.

Yours till death,

FREDERIC.

P.S.—In this house, on the floor above mine, there lodges a lady whose husband is never at home from early morning till late evening. The lady is good-looking, and she often asks me in to be company for her. She has a stove at which I can warm myself, and she has invited me to fix a day and hour to visit her, and so on. But I have no taste for adventures which might end in coming to blows with the husband.

I cannot keep this to myself, and must tell you of another adventure with Pixis. Just imagine: he has with him a very pretty girl of sixteen, whom, he says, he is going to marry. I met her at his house when I visited him in Stuttgart.

When he arrived here he invited me to go and see him; but did not say that the young lady—whom I had already forgotten—was with him. Probably because he knew that if he had I should have gone to see him sooner. A week after the second invitation, I went, and on the staircase accidentally met the apple of his eye. She begged me to go in, saying that Mons. Pixis was out for the moment; if I would take a seat he would be sure to come, etc., etc. A strange embarrassment came over us both. I begged to be excused—knowing that the old fellow was very jealous—and said I would rather come another time.

While we were innocently talking, Pixis clattered up the stairs, peering over his glasses to see who was speaking to his Bella. He did not seem to see who it was at once, and, hurrying up, stood before us, and addressing the girl in an angry tone said: "*Qu'est ce que vous faites ici?*" and preached her a sermon as to how she dared receive young men in his absence. I smiled at Pixis as I spoke to him, and remarked to the girl that it was rather unwise to go outside the room in such a thin silk dress.

At last the old chap was pacified, took me by the arm, and led me into the room. In his excitement he did not know where to place me; for he

was afraid that if I were offended, I should make better use of his absence another time. Finally he accompanied me downstairs, and seeing the smile which I could not suppress at the idea of anyone thinking me capable of such a thing, he asked the porter how long I had been there? That functionary must have satisfied him, for ever since Pixis has not been able to say enough to his friends about my talents. What do you think of it? I a dangerous *séducteur*!

We see from these letters that Chopin was delighted with Paris. He found himself held in high esteem by the best artists, yet much remained for him to desire. He had come to Paris with very modest means, and with neither fame nor patronage, and as he did not wish to be always dependent on the kindness of his father, he had to be very economical. Then his exiled countrymen with whom he associated constantly recalled to his mind the unhappy state of Poland. He could never hear this referred to without pain. And so, even in beautiful Paris, he could not shake off the feeling that things were not as bright as he could wish them to be.

He had hoped that his concert would make him a name among the musical public, but as the theatrical director, Véron, would not permit any

of his singers to assist, the performance was of necessity postponed till February 26th, 1832. Unfortunately, however, the receipts did not even clear the expenses, for only the well-to-do among the Polish refugees attended, and there was scarcely a French person present. Chopin's friends tried to console him by telling him of the difficulties other artists had had to struggle against in their early days. His true friends—and he had indeed some such—advised him to go more into society, for which he had plenty of opportunity, but on this point he was not to be persuaded. The letters to his parents at this period are tinged with melancholy.

His stay in Paris was saddened by the absence of any prospect of improving his position. He, therefore, turned his thoughts to quite another plan of life. Some young Polish exiles, who were neither able nor willing to remain in Paris, had resolved to go to America. Chopin, knowing there was a lack of good artists in the New World, thought he should do well to go there, and so be no longer a burden to his father. He knew full well that his parents expected his entire confidence, so he communicated to them his intentions. One cannot help asking what part could be played by Chopin, with his romantic and poetical nature, in a country where coolness and practical

ability are of paramount importance? With his life-long horror of charlatanism, his refined taste and aristocratic tendencies, how could he have lived in America, or how could the Americans have appreciated him? Had he settled there merely as a teacher, he would, perhaps, have grown rich; but he would never have shone among the stars of the musical world.

Fortunately for Chopin his parents were thoroughly opposed to his emigrating. They conjured him to stay in Paris and wait for brighter days, or return to Warsaw. Rather than consent to his going to America, they would endure to see their son exposed to the disagreeable consequences imposed by the Russian Government on every one who remained abroad after his passport had expired. His love for his country, his family, and one whose image was deeply seated in his heart, awakened an ardent longing to return home, although it was not easy for him to leave Paris with its manifold attractions. His friends and fellow-artists, Franz Liszt, Hiller, and Sowiński, tried to dissuade him from leaving Paris, but Chopin would not listen to them.

His meeting with Prince Valentine Radziwill in the street on the very day that Chopin was preparing for his departure may appear to many persons as mere chance, but it was not unlike a

Providential leading. The Prince was very friendly, and Chopin divulged his intention, and bade him farewell. Instead of venturing to dissuade him from his purpose, the Prince exacted a promise that he would spend the evening with him at Rothschild's. In after life the importance of that evening often recurred to Chopin.

In the brilliant *salons* of the financial king, the artist, whose every hope had fled, met the *haute volée* of Paris. The hostess asked him, in a kind manner, to play something, and he played and improvised as he had, perhaps, never done before. His audience were enraptured; they vied with each other in expressing their respect and admiration, and were unwearied in praising his marvellous talent.* From that evening his position changed as if by magic; the future once more smiled upon him, the mists which had hidden the sunshine of his life disappeared before the bright rays of his rising fortunes. Even during the *soirées* Chopin received several requests to give lessons from the first families in Paris. His pecuniary affairs improved daily. There was no further occasion for him to take anything from his parents, and he entirely gave up the idea of returning to Warsaw.

* See: "Les musiciens polonais et slaves," par Albert Sowinski. Paris, 1857.



CHOPIN'S GRAVE

(In Père la Chaise Cemetery, Paris.)

CHAPTER IX.

CHOPIN'S CONTINUED STAY IN PARIS. TRIP TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, CARLSBAD, MARIENBAD, DRESDEN AND LEIPZIG. VISIT TO MENDELSSOHN AND SCHUMANN.

COINCIDENT with the rise of Chopin's star above the horizon of Parisian society was the spread of his fame as a composer, so that after 1832 his works, some of which he had written in his own country, some in Vienna, Leipzig, Paris, or during his travels, became widely known. They included the three Nocturnes, Op. 15; Bolero, Op. 19; Scherzo, Op. 20; Grande Polonaise Brillante, Op. 22; Ballade, Op. 23; four Mazurkas, Op. 24; two Polonaises, Op. 26; two Nocturnes, Op. 27; and Impromptu, Op. 29.

By most of the professional critics, these compositions were, as we have already said, dog-

matically condemned as being devoid of all artistic merit. There were, however, some few—but very few indeed—who unreservedly recognised the boldness and originality of thought, the rare wealth of harmony, and the freshness of form displayed by Chopin, and who were not staggered by the novelty of a fingering, totally opposed to the traditional method. Field and Moscheles, however, could not forgive Chopin's frequent departures from the customary and classical forms, nor could they regard him as other than a bold revolutionist. In 1833 Moscheles wrote about Chopin's early works as follows : *

"I gladly avail myself of a few leisure evening hours to become acquainted with Chopin's Etudes and other works. Their originality and the national colouring of the motives are very charming; but my fingers are constantly stumbling over hard, inartistic, and, to me, incomprehensible modulations, so that the whole often seems too cloying, and unworthy of a man and an accomplished musician."

Later on he writes :

"I am a sincere admirer of Chopin's originality; he produces the newest and most attractive pianoforte work. But personally, I object to his

* See Moscheles's *Life*, Leipzig, 1872.

artificial and often forced modulations; my fingers stick and stumble at such passages, and practise them as I may, I never play them fluently."

Although he somewhat modified this opinion in after years, it is indicative of the impression produced on the most celebrated pianists by Chopin's early works. Field had a presentiment that his own glory would be dimmed by the rise of this new and brilliant orb, and he publicly spoke of Chopin as, "un talent de chambre de malade." This criticism, which principally found credence in Germany, was for ever silenced by the pen of Eusebius and Florestan, in Robert Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

The fame and favour which Chopin gained in the *salons* of Paris are clearly evidenced in a letter which he wrote to the friend of his youth, Domaszewski:

"I mix in the first circles, with ambassadors, princes, ministers, etc., and I do not myself know how I got there, for I have never pushed myself forward. But this kind of society is very necessary for me: it teaches one good taste. You possess more talent the moment you have been heard at a *soirée* given by the English or Austrian Ambassador. Your playing is more refined when Princess Vaudemont 'protects you.' I can hardly

say 'protects,' for the good old lady died a week ago. She was a lady after the style of the late Kastelanin Polaniecka. The whole of the court circle visited her; she was very charitable, and during the Reign of Terror many of the nobility hid in her house. She was the first to present herself, after the July days, at the Court of Louis Philippe, although she was the last of the older branch of the family of Montmorency. The Princess had a number of black and white lap-dogs, and a very droll little monkey which had the impudence to bite countesses and princesses.

"Although I have only been here a year, all the artists of the city show me much friendliness and consideration. Celebrities dedicate their compositions to me, Pixis, for example, his last variations with orchestra. Just now he is writing variations on a theme of mine. Kalkbrenner frequently improvises on my Mazurkas; students at the Conservatoire, and even private pupils of Moscheles, Herz and Kalkbrenner—accomplished players, therefore—take lessons from me, thus placing me on a par with Field. Indeed, if I were a little more simple than I am, I might almost imagine that I was already a perfect artist. But I feel daily how much I have to learn; and of this I am the more conscious when I meet first-

rate artists and observe what each of them lacks. But I am quite ashamed of what I am writing, for I have praised myself like a child; I would cross it out, but have no time to write another letter. Besides, you know me of old; I am just the same as ever, only that I have whiskers on one side of my face; they won't grow on the other.

"I have five lessons to give to-day. You will imagine that I shall be soon making a fortune, but nearly all I earn in this way goes in cabs and white gloves, and if I did without these, I should be thought common.

"I love the Carlists and hate the Philippists, and am myself a Revolutionist. So I do not care much for money, but everything for friendship, which I earnestly beg you to preserve."

Chopin was, of course, overwhelmed with requests to play at public concerts, for it was well-known how attractive he was to cultivated audiences. On May 20th, 1832, he played at a concert in the hall of the Conservatoire, got up by the Prince of the Muscovites for the benefit of the poor. He chose the first Allegro from his F minor Concerto, with orchestral accompaniments,*

* This work was first performed in England at one of the competitions for the King's Scholarship, at the Royal Academy of Music.—*Translator's Note.*

Girard directing. Heinrich Herz asked Chopin and Liszt to take part with him in a quartet for eight hands on two pianos, at a concert he wished to give with his brother Jacob, on April 3rd, 1833. Orłowski, a fellow student of Chopin's, wrote to his own family about that time :

"Chopin is healthy and strong; he turns the heads of all the ladies, and the men are jealous of him. He is now the *mode*, and the fashionable world will soon be wearing gloves à la Chopin. But he pines after his country."

Johannes Matuszynski, who came to Paris in the same year (1834) to study medicine, says the same thing in a letter to his father-in-law, in Warsaw :

"The first thing I did, on arriving in Paris, was to find out Chopin, and I cannot describe what a pleasure it was to us both to meet again after an absence of five years. He has grown so strong and big that I scarcely knew him again. Chopin is the first pianist in Paris, and gives a great many lessons, but none under twenty francs. He has composed a great deal, and his works are very much sought after. I am living with him in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, No. 5. This street is indeed rather far from the School of Medicine and the hospitals; but I have good reasons for wishing to be with him; he is all in all to me. We spend

the evenings at the theatres or in visiting, and if we do neither of these we make ourselves comfortable at home."

Elsner followed from a distance the artistic development of his beloved pupil, with the warmest interest, and rejoiced over his success. He wrote to him as follows:

Warsaw, September 14th, 1834.

Everything that I hear and read about my dear Frederic gives me pleasure, but pardon my candour when I say that I have not yet heard enough to satisfy me, whose pleasure it was, unworthy as I am, to be your teacher in harmony and counterpoint, and who will ever be one of your best friends and admirers. Before I leave *hoc lacrimarum valle* I should like to see a performance of your operas, not only for the sake of increasing your fame, but in the interests of musical art generally, especially if the subject were taken from the history of Poland. I am not saying too much. You know that I cannot flatter you, as I am acquainted not only with your genius but with your capacities, and I know that what the critic referred to in your Mazurkas will only become valuable and lasting in an opera.*

* It is not clear to what critique or to which Mazurkas Elsner refers. There is quite a short notice in the *Allgemeinen Musikzeitung*, No. 12, for the year 1833, on the

Urban says "that a pianoforte composition stands in the same relation to a vocal or orchestral composition or one for any other instrument, as an engraving does to an oil painting." This is sound criticism, although some compositions (especially when you play them) may be regarded as coloured plates.

What a pity it is that we can no longer see and talk to each other; I have a great deal more that I could tell you. And I want also to thank you for the present, which is doubly valuable to me. I wish I were a bird that I might visit you in your Olympian abode, which the Parisians consider a swallow's nest.

Farewell; love me as I love you, for I am now and ever

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

JOSEPH ELSNER.

Elsner's letter made Chopin think seriously about composing an opera, and he asked his friend, Stanislaus Kozmian, to write a libretto

Mazukas, Op. 6, but the composer is scarcely mentioned. The only reference to him is the following: "that there is a breath of sadness in Chopin's love of the dance form." It could not have been this to which Elsner referred. Nor was what Rellstab wrote about the Mazurkas, Op. 8, in No. 28 of *The Iris* worth mentioning, as it was an attack on, not an appreciation of, Chopin.

on a subject from Polish history. Unfortunately, however, either from want of time, or because he feared the Russian Government might object to a Polish national opera, Frederic soon relinquished the idea. Perhaps also the approbation and popularity which his pianoforte works met with everywhere, and especially in Paris, induced him to adhere to that kind of composition. In February, 1834, he gave his second public concert in Paris. It took place at the Italian opera-house, and was the most brilliant performance of the season. Habeneck conducted, and the Concerto in E minor was performed for the first time.

Everything seemed to promise the most satisfactory results for the *bénéficiaire*. The hall was filled with the cream of the Parisian aristocracy, with whom Chopin was the first favourite, and the presence of the foremost artists gave an especial interest to the event. But Frederic's hopes were disappointed. His refined and poetical playing could not be heard to advantage in the large theatre; and it failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience. Chopin felt this, and for a long time was unwilling to play again in a large public hall. The *salon* and a select circle of poets, artists, and connoisseurs formed a more fitting arena for the triumphs of the gifted and keenly sensitive artist.

Like those rare and beautiful plants which can only flourish in a soft genial climate, Frederic with his exquisite culture and delicate sensibilities, could only play *con amore* when in the best society, and among connoisseurs who knew how to appreciate all the niceties of his performance, which under such conditions had a truly magical charm. It was not in Chopin's nature to win the favour of the general public; and we might say of him, in Goethe's words:

“Wer den Besten seiner Zeit genug gethan,
Der hat gelebt für alle Zeiten!”

With the exception of a journey to Rouen, to take part in his friend Orlowski's concert, which was a great sacrifice in the cause of friendship, as appearing in public was distasteful to him, Frederic made no more artistic tours after he settled in Paris. He said in confidence to Liszt: “I am not adapted for giving concerts: I feel timid in the presence of the public; their breath stifles me, their curious gaze paralyses me; but with you it is a vocation, for if you do not please the public you know how to agitate and confound them.”

But in the midst of a circle of beautiful women, surrounded by friendly and familiar faces, a new poetical life stirred within him; the look of melancholy, which so often overshadowed his

face, yielded to an amiable and sympathetic smile; the earnest and beautiful expression of his features was wonderfully fascinating; his conversation sparkled with intelligence, and, unconsciously to himself, his fresh and harmless wit had the happiest influence on those around. When in a happy mood, his improvisation delighted and elevated the minds of his hearers, or if he happened to be under the inspiration of Comus,* awakened a sense of the purest and most innocent joy. He was often in those moods in French circles, but more often in Polish households, in which, of course, he felt more at home, and, although in the midst of Paris, could fancy himself once more in his beloved fatherland.

He liked to have all the new *belles lettres* publications sent him. To any poem that took his fancy he would write a melody, which was soon spread abroad by his friends, Fontana and Orda. (The latter, a youth of great promise, fell in Algiers.) Prince Casimir Lubomirski, Grzymala, and other musical Poles took an interest in these improvisations, and helped to make them known. These songs were often heard at the houses of Countess Komar, and her charming daughters—

* The god of festive mirth is represented in the Greek mythology as a winged youth.

one of whom was Princess Beauvau—where Chopin was always a welcome guest. The clever Princess and her younger sister, the Countess Delphine Potocka, famous for her rare beauty and her fascinating singing, gathered around them the *élite* of the literary and artistic world. No wonder was it that the young Countess made a profound and striking impression on the susceptible heart of Frederic, and that it was a delight to him to accompany her magnificent voice with his poetical playing.*

In the latter half of May, 1834, Chopin determined, for the first time, to forsake his pupils and take a trip to Aix-la-Chapelle, with Ferdinand Hiller, in order to be present at the grand Lower-Rhine musical festival, conducted by Ferdinand Ries, and also to visit Mendelssohn. Chopin's friendship with the celebrated composer of "St. Paul" dated from their meeting in Paris, in 1832, and resting as it did on mutual regard, was now confirmed and strengthened. Mendelssohn, who was at that time director of the Düsseldorf Stadt Orchestra, was much pleased to meet, at Aix-la-Chapelle, his old friend, Hiller, and also Chopin, whose compositions he esteemed very highly.

* Countess Delphine Potocka died in Paris, April 2nd, 1877.

During the festival he spent as much time as possible with the two Parisians, about whom he wrote, on May 23rd, to his mother :

“They have both made progress in their playing, and Chopin is now one of the first pianists; he produces as many novelties on the piano as Paganini does on his violin, and marvels that one would never have thought possible. Hiller, too, is an excellent player, with plenty of force and fancy. But both of them aim rather at Parisian sensationalism, and too often disregard time, repose, and true musical feeling. I, perhaps, incline to the opposite extreme, and so we supplied each other's deficiencies, and all three, I believe, learnt something from one another. About me there was a dash of the schoolmaster, about them the *soupeçon* of a *mirliflore* or an *incroyable*. After the festival we travelled together to Düsseldorf, and spent a very pleasant day in music and discussion; yesterday, I accompanied them to Cologne; and early this morning they went up by steamer to Coblenz, and I came down. Thus ended the charming episode.”*

A great pleasure was in prospect for Chopin in the following year. His father had been strongly urged by the Warsaw doctors to go to

* “Mendelssohn's Letters,” Second Series, p. 296.

Carlsbad for the sake of his health, and as soon as Frederic heard that this was decided on, he left Paris, about the end of July, and in a few days had the pleasure of embracing his beloved parents, whom, for five years, he had so painfully missed. Their dear little Frederic had become a man, and had grown stronger and more staid. He had acquired a certain dignity of bearing, which well became him, and which commanded the respect of the artistic world; but in affection and gratitude to his parents he was the same Fritz, who in childhood and youth had delighted the hearts of his father and mother. The time sped very enjoyably, and the sad and trying parting hour came a great deal too soon for Frederic no less than for his affectionate father and tender mother. Again and again they clasped their beloved son in their arms, vainly endeavouring to banish the presentiment that they would never see him again in this world. And this was the last time that these good parents whose constant care was for the welfare of their son, ever beheld him.

Frederic spent a few days in Leipzig on his return to Paris. His arrival had been expected, and of course there was a great excitement in artistic circles about the playing of so original and poetic a composer. The conflicting opinions about his works added to the interest of his visit.

Schumann wrote in his *Neue Zeitschrift*, October 6, 1835: "Chopin was here, but only for a few hours, which he spent with a small party of friends. His playing is like his composition—unique."

A letter from Frederic Wieck, father of the famous Clara, to Nauenburg, a music teacher at Halle, shows what a sensation the coming of Chopin created among the musicians of Leipzig.* It runs as follows:

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"I hasten to answer your letter of the 19th, which I received last evening. Banck returns to-morrow, so then we shall be altogether. Now for the musical news. The first subscription concert, under the direction of Mendelssohn, will take place on October 4th, the second on the 11th. To-morrow, or the next day, Chopin will arrive from Dresden, but probably he will not give a concert, for he is very lazy. He might have remained longer here, had he not been dissuaded by a false friend (a dog of a Pole) from making the acquaintance of the musical world of Leipzig; Mendelssohn, however, who is very friendly with

* This letter bears no date, but was probably written about the end of September, 1835. It is to be found in the autograph collection of Hermann Scholtz, at Dresden.

Schumann and myself, will perform. According to a speech which Chopin made to a friend in Dresden, he does not believe there is a lady in Germany who can play his compositions. We will see what Clara can do."

There seems to me no justification for the ill-humour of the much-esteemed musical pedagogue, who is so uncomplimentary in his expressions and so hasty about the imaginary false friend. Chopin had not thought of giving a concert in Leipzig, as he was only passing through, and he had, moreover, a great dislike to performing in public. As he mentioned in his letters, he was very pleased with the Leipzig artists, and especially with Robert Schumann and Carl Banck, who were at that time editing a musical newspaper. Panofka, who had lived in Leipzig before he settled in Paris, had, in conjunction with Schumann and Banck, brought Berlioz, Chopin and Liszt into written communication with each other. Schumann and Banck got Liszt's first works published in Leipzig by F. Hofmeister. Chopin and Schumann met for the first time when Mendelssohn took Chopin to the house of Frederic Wieck, whose daughter Clara, as well as other Leipzig musicians, played several of Chopin's compositions. Chopin heard Clara Wieck for the first



CAST OF CHOPIN'S LEFT HAND IN BRONZE

time, and was astonished at the marvellous attainments of one so young, for whom he prophesied a brilliant future.

It is quite possible that Chopin may have doubted whether there was a lady in Germany capable of playing his compositions; but it is very unlikely that he should have said so, for he was always very gallant to ladies, and was, as we know, a sincere admirer of Mlle. Blahetka's playing.

In a letter from Mendelssohn to his sister, Fanny Hensel, we find the following:

Leipzig, October 6th, 1835.

" The day after I had accompanied Hensel to Delitzsch, Chopin arrived there; he could only stay a day, so we spent the whole of it together and had music. I cannot help saying, dear Fanny, that I have recently discovered that your criticism did not do him justice; perhaps, as is often the case, he was not in the right humour when you heard him. I have once more been charmed by his playing, and I am convinced that if you and father had heard him perform some of his best compositions as he played them to me, you would say the same thing.

There is something so thoroughly original and masterly about his pianoforte playing, that he

may be called a truly perfect virtuoso; and as I love perfection in any form, I spent a most agreeable, although a very different day from that with you at Hensel's. I was very glad to be once more with a thorough musician, not with those half virtuosos and half classicists, who would like to unite in music 'les honneurs de la vertu et les plaisirs du vice,' but with one who has a clearly defined aim, and although this may be the poles asunder from mine, I can get on with such a person capitally, but not with those half-and-half people. Sunday evening was really very remarkable, when Chopin made me play over my oratorio to him, while curious Leipzigers stole into the room to see him, and when, between the first and second parts, he dashed into his new *études* and a new Concerto, to the amazement of the Leipzigers; and then I resumed my 'St. Paul.' It was just as if a Cherokee and a Kaffir had met to converse.

He also played a sweetly pretty new nocturne, a good deal of which I have got by heart that I may please Paul* by playing it to him. Thus we had a good time of it together, and he promised faithfully to return in the winter if I would compose a new symphony and give a performance of

* Felix's younger brother,

it in his honour; we pledged ourselves, in the presence of three witnesses, so we shall see whether we both keep our word."

This letter shows that Mendelssohn had no antipathy to Chopin's compositions, and that he was much interested by many of them. That writer was, therefore, mistaken who ranked Mendelssohn among Chopin's opponents. It has been said that Mendelssohn would not allow his pupils to play Chopin's compositions. As far as I know, the composer of "St. Paul" and "Elijah" had no time to give lessons, and it is quite understandable that he may not have recommended Chopin's works to the pupils of the Leipzig Conservatoire. But, with his love of justice, Mendelssohn felt it his duty to combat the objections of his sister, who had been educated on the old classic principles.

Chopin's second and last sojourn in Germany was in 1836. Under the pretext of trying a cure, he went to Marienbad, and there his destiny was decided. Every flame, however fierce, must expire unless it receive nourishment. Constantia Gladkowska, whom the youthful Frederic had worshipped as a saint, married in Warsaw. When Chopin heard the news he was deeply grieved and even angry. But time, which heals all wounds, calmed his passionate spirit.

Chopin met in Paris some young Poles of good family—the brothers Wodzinski, who had been at his father's *pension*. Through them he became acquainted with their sister Maria, a charming and amiable girl. He felt attracted towards her at first sight, and his interest gradually changed to ardent love. Knowing that in the middle of July she would be with her mother at Marienbad, he went thither, full of hope and longing. Chopin soon discovered that Maria returned his affection, and they were engaged with the glad consent of their relatives. When they left Marienbad the Wodzinski family decided to spend a few weeks with Chopin at Dresden.

Frederic felt at this time at the topmost pinnacle of happiness, and his gay humour communicated itself to everyone around him. His friends, remembering the harmless but clever jokes he used to play in his youth during his visits to the country, rejoiced that the famous artist, the darling of Parisian drawing-rooms, had so preserved his natural simplicity and lovable modesty. They would laughingly recall how often he used to take his sisters' delicate evening gloves when he could not afford to buy new ones for himself, and how he promised to send them gloves from Paris by the dozen; a promise which,

as soon as he had made a position in that city, he conscientiously fulfilled.

He would often mimic the playing of the most celebrated European virtuosi, imitating them even in the minutest details; and would delight the company by playing his Mazurkas—which are full of a sweet melancholy feeling—in strict dance time, as the dilettanti of Warsaw often did. Directly the conversation turned upon his family he grew serious; he was no longer the artist indulging his own wayward fancies, but the grateful son and affectionate brother. From infancy till death he had constantly received proofs of the tenderest affection, and his glowing and sensitive heart was bound to his parents and sisters by innumerable and indissoluble ties; he therefore suffered more from absence than one of less ardent temperament would have done.

When full of the hope of soon becoming a happy bridegroom, he formed a plan for returning to Poland and abandoning Paris, his second home, with all its fascinating charms, its glittering *salons*, the scene of so many of his triumphs. He wished to withdraw from the world and to settle in the country near his family in the neighbourhood of Warsaw; there he would establish schools for the people, and, without troubling himself about the public, quietly pursue his

beloved art. With this idea in his mind, he bade, as he thought, a short adieu to his betrothed, and set off for Paris through Leipzig.

Frederic had written to Robert Schumann, who looked anxiously forward to his arrival. It was about this meeting that Schumann wrote the following letter to the bandmaster, Heinrich Dorn, at Riga :

*Leipzig, September 16th, 1836.**

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

The day before yesterday, just as I had received your letter and was about to answer it, who should walk in but Chopin. This was a great pleasure to me, and we spent a delightful day together. . . . I have got a new *ballade* of his; it seems to me the most pleasing but not the cleverest of his works (*genialischtes nicht genialstes Werk*). I told him I liked it best of all, and after a long pause he said, with much emphasis, "I am very glad you do, for it is my favourite also."

He played besides a host of new studies, nocturnes and mazurkas, all of them inimitable. The way in which he sits down to the piano is exceedingly impressive. You would be very

* "Eine Biographie," von Joseph Wilhelm von Wasielewski, Dresden, 1869.

pleased with his playing: yet Clara is a greater virtuoso than even he. Imagine to yourself perfection unconscious of its own merit.

From the Diary of Madame Henrietta Voigt, *née* Kunze, a clever amateur musician, much thought of by Schumann and Mendelssohn,* we learn the following: "Yesterday (September 13, 1836) Chopin was here, and played for half an hour on my piano some Fantasias and Etudes of his own. An interesting man, and still more interesting playing: it affected me strangely. The fascination of his style lays a spell on the attentive listener; I quite held my breath. The lightness with which his velvet fingers glided—I might say flew—over the keys was wonderful. He charmed me in a way no other player has ever done. And I was particularly pleased with the childlike, natural manner of his behaviour as well as of his playing.

After placing a wreath on the monument of Prince Joseph Poniatowski,† Chopin left Leipzig in a state of deep cogitation. He believed that his wanderings were now ended, and that with his

* Schumann dedicated to her his G minor Sonata, and Mendelssohn Eight Letters (published by Grunow, 1871).

† In what was formerly called the Reichenbach, but now the Gerhard Gardens, there is a monument of Prince Poniatowski, who was drowned in the Elster, October 19th, 1813.

new duties he would enter on a new life. Thinking of his beautiful bride, he soared on the rosy wings of fancy into an ideal land amidst images of indescribable happiness and blessed hope.

Rough reality, alas ! aroused him from his delicious dreams, and inflicted a deep and painful wound upon his heart. Some time after his return to Paris (the middle of the year 1837), he learned that his fiancée, Maria, had elected to marry a count instead of an artist. The consequences to Chopin were very serious : finding his hopes of an ideal union shattered, in order to wipe out and forget the insult he had received, he threw himself into the arms of a woman who exercised a very pernicious influence over him.

CHAPTER X.

*CHOPIN'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH GEORGE SAND.
HIS LIFE AMONG HIS FRIENDS. WINTER
SOJOURN IN THE ISLAND OF MAJORCA.*

IT had been raining the whole day, and Chopin, whose nerves were painfully affected by changes of weather, and especially by damp, was in wretched spirits. None of his friends had been in to see him, there were no new books to amuse or excite him, and no melodious thoughts demanding expression had presented themselves. At length, when it was nearly ten o'clock, it occurred to him to go to Countess C.'s, who had her *jour fixe*, when an intellectual and agreeable circle always assembled in her *salon*. As he walked up the carpeted steps Chopin imagined himself followed by a shadow, exhaling an odour of violets;

he had a feeling that he was in the presence of something strange and wonderful, and he felt almost inclined to turn back; then, laughing at his superstitiousness, he sprang lightly up the remaining steps and entered the room. A numerous company was assembled, and, mingled with the well-known faces, there were some that he had not seen before.

The party had broken up into groups, talking, with French grace and vivacity, of the theatre, literature, politics and the events of the day. In a humour for listening rather than talking, Chopin sat down in a corner of the room and watched the beautiful forms passing before him, for many charming women frequented Countess C.'s.

When part of the company had gone and only the intimate friends of the hostess remained, Chopin, who was in the mood for weaving musical fairy tales (*Märchen*) sat down to the piano and improvised. His hearers, whom, in his absorption, he had quite forgotten, listened breathlessly. When he had finished he looked up, and saw a simply dressed lady leaning on the instrument and looking at him with her dark passionate eyes as if she would read his soul. Chopin felt himself blushing under the fascination of her gaze; she smiled slightly, and when he retired behind a group of camelias he heard the rustling of a silk

dress, and perceived the odour of violets. The lady who had looked at him so enquiringly while he was at the piano was approaching with Liszt. In a deep musical voice she said a few words about his playing, and then spoke about the subject of his improvisation. Frederic felt moved and flattered, and as he listened to the intellectual brilliancy and poetry of her eloquence he felt that he was appreciated as he had never been before.

This lady was Aurora Dudevant, at that time the most celebrated of French authoresses, whose romances, written under the name of George Sand, were, of course, well known to him. That night, when he returned home, the sweet words were still ringing in his ears, the flashing glance was still dazzling his eyes. But this first interview impressed his intellect only; his heart and his sense of beauty were untouched. He wrote to his parents: "I have made the acquaintance of an important celebrity, Madame Dudevant, well-known as George Sand; but I do not like her face, there is something in it that repels me." But when he met this woman of genius again, her attractive conversation, in which some delicate flattery was nearly always hidden, made him forget that she was not beautiful. Her love for him—for George Sand was passionately enamoured

of Chopin—gave to her decided and rather manly features a certain attractive softness, and made her shy and almost humble towards him; thus, unconsciously, she stirred his heart. Frederic felt at first merely grateful to her; then, if not as passionately, yet truly and deeply, he returned her love. The wound inflicted by Maria's faithlessness was healed. The consciousness of being loved by the foremost of French authoresses, a woman of European celebrity, filled Frederic with happy pride. He was no longer alone and solitary, for Audora Dudevant was not only his beloved one, but an intellectual and steadfast friend in whose heart he found a home from which fate could never banish him.

He began about this time to withdraw from large assemblies, and spend most of his time in communion with his muse, and among a small circle of friends. Always fastidious about his surroundings, he was even more so now; but he always received his intimate acquaintances with perfect good humour and his characteristic amiability. Liszt wrote:

"His apartment in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin was only lighted by some wax candles, grouped round one of Pleyel's pianos, which he particularly liked for their slightly veiled yet silvery sonorousness, and easy touch, permitting him to

elicit tones which one might think proceeded from one of those harmonicas of which romantic Germany has preserved the monopoly, and which were so ingeniously constructed by its ancient masters from the union of crystal and water.

“As the corners of the room were left in obscurity, all idea of limit was lost, so that there seemed no boundary save the darkness of space. Some tall piece of furniture, with its white cover, would reveal itself in the dim light; an indistinct form, raising itself like a spectre to listen to the sounds by which it had been evoked. The light concentrated round the piano glided wave-like along the floor, mingling with the red and golden flashes of fire-light. A solitary portrait, that of a pianist, a sympathetic friend and admirer, seemed invited to be the constant auditor of those sighing, murmuring, moaning tones which ebbed and flowed upon the instrument. By a strange accident, the polished surface of the mirror reflected, so as to double for our eyes, the beautiful oval face with the silky curls which has so often been copied and of which countless engravings have been reproduced for the friends of the elegant composer.”

Among the frequent guests at this abode were : Heinrich Heine, the German poet, of whom Enault said that sarcasm had consumed his heart,

and scepticism swallowed up his soul; Meyerbeer, the greatest dramatic musician of the day; Liszt, who astonished the world with his magnificent impassioned playing, and who, understanding the poetic soul of the Polish artist, paid a literary tribute in after years to his memory; Ferdinand Hiller,* a warm and faithful friend of Chopin; Ary Scheffer, the most classic of the romantic painters; Eugène Delacroix, who sought for harmony of colour in Chopin's enchanting music; Adolphe Nourrit, the celebrated singer, who, under the influence of melancholy, committed suicide; Baron von Stockhausen,† ambassador of the King of Hanover at the French court, a pupil and admirer of Chopin; and besides these, a little band of his own countrymen, at whose head was the veteran Niemcewicz, who had such an ardent yearning for his fatherland that his one wish was to rest from his labours in his native soil; Mickiewicz, the greatest of Polish poets, who, ever dreaming of his beloved Lithuania, celebrated its beauty in verse worthy of a Homer; the writer Witwicki; Matuszynski, Fontana, Grzymala, and

* Hiller wrote some beautiful verses full of deep feeling for the festival in memory of Chopin, held at Düsseldorf, November 3rd, 1849.

† Baron von Stockhausen possessed, among other relics, an excellent portrait of Chopin by Kwiątkowski.

last of all Musset's "la femme à l'œil sombre," who poisoned the later life of our artist, so that he might have said with a bleeding heart, as Musset did, "et si je ne crois plus aux larmes, c'est que je l'ai vu pleurer." Only those who had seen Chopin receiving these friends and gracefully dispensing true Polish hospitality, and who had also been fortunate enough to hear him improvise, could say that they really knew him. The intimate talk of a small circle would put him in the best of humours, and he would often be as merry as in the early happy days of youth in his father's house, before he had become acquainted with the cares and troubles of life.

Chopin was not fond of giving up his time to others, but when he did, he did so entirely. If an old friend or fellow-student from Warsaw came to see him, he would immediately put off his pupils and devote the day to his visitor. He would then take his guest to breakfast on the Boulevards, and for a drive in the environs of Paris (generally to Montmorency). After some hours of innocent enjoyment in the country, they would return to Paris, dine at one of the best restaurants, and finish the day at the theatre. After that sometimes they would take tea or go to some pleasure resort, where there would be no lack of amusement and pretty dancers. On such

occasions Frederic was the *Amphitryon* of his guests, and would never suffer them to pay anything.

In August, 1837, Chopin made a short stay in London, accompanied by Camille Pleyel and Stanislaus Kózmian, senior. To preserve a strict incognito he did not play at all in public. Mendelssohn wrote in September, 1837: "Chopin has suddenly appeared here, but he is seeing no one, and making no acquaintances. He played at Broadwood's delightfully one evening, and then rushed off. I hear he is very far from well."

Indeed the strain and excitement of Parisian life could not but be injurious to Chopin's delicate constitution. In the autumn of the same year he showed the first symptoms of a serious throat affection. Both his friends and the doctors were very anxious about his health, and urged him to go to the South of France.

Just at that time George Sand was intending to go to the Island of Majorca for the sake of her son Maurice, and pressed Chopin to go with her. Frederic found it very hard to leave Paris, and to separate himself from his doctor, his friends, and his piano. He was by disposition loath to break up pleasant associations, and every change agitated him, but he could not say no to a woman whom he so honoured.

His friends did not think this journey at all advisable. Frederic was not, however, very much exhausted by it, and was fairly well both on the voyages to Barcelona and Palma, but as soon as he landed, in November, 1838, he was taken dangerously ill. The cold and damp of his first apartments gave him a violent cough, and the newcomers were regarded with such evident dislike by the other occupants that they hastened to quit the house. In Majorca, consumption was thought as infectious as cholera and the plague, and no one would take in the invalid. At length he and his friends found shelter in a very lonely Carthusian establishment called "Waldemosa," which had just been vacated by the monks. This monastery was situated in a charming glen, surrounded by orange trees; but, of course, in such a building there was not a trace of comfort, and it did not contain a particle of furniture. The winter that year was a very hard one; it rained for a fortnight without ceasing, and snow fell several times. Chopin, therefore, sent to Marseilles for a stove and a piano; but, as he said in writing to his parents, he was obliged to wait for them a long time. When at length they arrived the authorities and inhabitants of Palma were in a great state of excitement; they regarded these

strange objects as diabolical machines intended to blow up the town.

Our artist did not receive the wished-for benefit from his stay in Majorca, but grew paler and thinner every day. Although his complaint was anything but chronic, all the doctors gave up attending him. Chopin himself was perfectly composed about his condition. The last physician whom he had consulted, not thoroughly understanding his disease, did not use the right means to arrest it, and the bronchitis was followed by a nervous disorder, which the doctor, not having observed the contrary symptoms, treated as the beginning of phthisis. He ordered stimulating diet, bleeding, and a milk cure. These measures were quite unsuitable to the patient. The effects of the loss of blood were almost fatal, and Frederic's sufferings increased daily. The doctor constantly insisted on bleeding, but the friend who nursed him with the utmost care seemed to hear a voice saying, "it is killing him." It soon appeared that this was a Providential presentiment. The milk cure did not succeed; there were no cows in the neighbourhood, and Frederic did not like that which was substituted—goat's milk.

"The poor great artist! It was difficult sometimes to know how to treat him," says George

Sand.* "What I feared, unhappily, came to pass—he lost all patience. He bore his bodily sufferings like a man, but he could not bridle his ever-restless imagination. The monastery seemed to him full of spirits—spectres which plagued him more than his pulmonary pains. He tried to hide from us what was troubling him, but we soon found it out. Coming back one evening, about ten o'clock, with my children from visiting the monastery ruins, we found Chopin at the piano. His looks were wild, his hair stood on end, and it was some seconds before he recognised us. Then he forced a smile and began to play something. During the short time he had been left alone, in his depression, a host of demoniacal thoughts had, against his will, crowded upon him.

"While staying in this Carthusian house, he composed some short but very beautiful pieces, which he modestly entitled 'Preludes'; they were real masterpieces. Some of them create such vivid impressions that the shades of the dead monks seem to rise and pass before the hearer in solemn and gloomy funeral pomp.† Others are full of charm and melancholy, glowing with the

* "*Histoire de ma vie*," Vol. III, chapters 6 and 7. Paris, 1855.

† The middle movement, for example, of No. 15, in D flat major.

sparkling fire of enthusiasm, breathing with the hope of restored health. The laughter of children at play, the distant strains of the guitar, the twitter of the birds on the damp branches, or the sight of the little pale roses in our cloister garden, pushing their heads up through the snow, would call forth from his soul melodies of indescribable sweetness and grace. But many also are so full of gloom and sadness that in spite of the pleasure they afford, the listener is filled with pain.

"I apply this especially to a Prelude* he wrote one evening, which thrills one almost to despair. One day Maurice and I went to Palma to make some necessary purchases. Chopin was pretty well when we left him. Towards evening a heavy rain set in; the streams swelled rapidly; we lost our boots in the flood; our driver deserted us; and we were exposed to great danger. It was with difficulty that we accomplished four and a half miles in six hours, and we did not reach home till midnight. We were greatly vexed at arriving so late, as we knew our dear invalid would be very uneasy. We found him, indeed, in a state of great agitation, and already beginning to despair. With tears in his eyes he had composed this noble and beautiful Prelude. When he saw us come in,

* No. 6, B minor.

he jumped up with a cry, stood almost motionless, and in a strange hollow voice, exclaimed: 'Ah, I thought you were dead!' By degrees he grew calm, but when he saw our soaked and ruined clothes, the thought of the danger to which we had been exposed again unnerved him. He told us afterwards that during our absence he had had a vision, and that he could not distinguish the dream from the reality. He had sunk into a kind of stupor and fancied, while he was playing, that he had been removed from earth, and was no longer in the land of the living. He imagined that he was drowned, and as he lay at the bottom of the sea could feel the cold drops keeping time as they fell upon his breast. When I called his attention to the even fall of the rain upon the roof, he obstinately maintained that he had not heard it before.

"He was vexed with me for using the expression, 'harmonie imitative,' and he was right, for imitation is an absurdity which can only tickle the ear. There was in Chopin's genius a subtle innate harmony which reflected the expression of his musical thoughts by a lofty assonance of tone, not through the material repetition of the outward sound. The Prelude he wrote that evening recalls, indeed, the rain drops falling on the roof of

the cloister, but according to his conception these drops are tears falling from heaven on his heart.

"As yet, no musical genius has appeared so full of deep poetic feeling as Chopin. Under his hand the piano spoke an immortal longing. A short piece of scarcely half a page will contain the most sublime poetry. Chopin's genius needed the aid of no gross material means to display its wealth. No! He required no trumpets and ophicleides to awaken terror or enthusiasm. Hitherto he has not been understood, and even now is not generally appreciated. Musical taste and feeling must make considerable progress before Chopin's works can be popular.

"Chopin felt both his power and his weakness; the latter arose from an excess of power which he did not know how to control. He could not, like Mozart—who in this capacity stands alone—create masterpieces from commonplace tones. Chopin's compositions contain many surprises and nuances which are often strange, mysterious, and original; but never far-fetched or strained. Although he hated and avoided what was incomprehensible, the over-intensity of his feelings often carried him into regions to which he only could attain.

"I fear that I was often a bad judge; for he was in the habit of asking me for advice, as

Molière did his cook; but when I had come to know him intimately, his style was quite clear to me. During the period in which I became increasingly familiar with his musical thoughts, and had acquired an insight into his character, I used to find in his playing either an exaltation, a struggle and a victory, or else the burden of an overmastering thought. At that time I understood him as he understood himself; a critic who knew him less intimately would perhaps have advised him to express himself more clearly.

"In youth he was full of witty and merry thoughts, as some simple yet exquisite Polish songs give evidence. Some of his later tone-poems bring before us a sparkling crystal stream reflecting the sunbeams. Chopin's quieter compositions remind us of the song of the lark as it lightly soars into the æther, or the gentle gliding of the swan over the smooth mirror of the waters; they seemed filled with the holy calm of nature. When Chopin was in a desponding mood the piercing cry of the hungry eagle among the crags of Majorca, the mournful wailing of the storm, and the stern immovability of the snow-clad heights, would awaken gloomy fancies in his soul. Then, again, the perfume of the orange blossoms, the vine, bending to the earth beneath its rich

burden, the peasant singing his Moorish songs in the fields, would fill him with delight.

“Chopin’s character thus showed itself in varying circumstances : although sensitive to all marks of friendship and to the smiles of fortune, he would remember the slightest offence for days and weeks together. The most trivial contretemps would disturb him exceedingly ; but, what is still more strange, real grief never troubled him so much as insignificant vexations. He could not overcome this weakness of character, and his irritation was often out of all proportion to the cause. He bore his illness with heroic calm and courage ; real dangers did not frighten him, but, like very imaginative and nervous men, he would torment himself ceaselessly with melancholy thoughts.

“His excessive anxiety about trifles, his insuperable repugnance to the slightest sign of poverty, and his luxurious habits, must have made his residence in Majorca, after some days of illness, very distasteful to him. But he was not in a condition to travel ; and when at last he had somewhat recovered, contrary winds arose and the ship was obliged to lie at anchor for three weeks. It was our only means of return, and unfortunately we were not able to avail ourselves of it. Our stay at the cloister was a misery to Chopin and a hard trial to me. His agreeableness and

cheerful amiability in society were frequently equalled by the gloominess and peevishness of his behaviour to those around him at home, whom he sometimes drove almost to despair. Yet I never knew anyone so noble-minded, tender, and free from selfishness. He was a faithful and honest friend. In happy moments his brilliant wit often surpassed the cleverest sayings of the most eminent men, and on matters which he thoroughly understood, the soundness of his judgment was incomparable. On the other hand, you would rarely meet with a man of such hyper-sensitive temperament and such a strange and irritable disposition. But who could quarrel with the talented artist for the waywardness and peculiarities that were the results of ill-health? A broken rosebud, the shadow of a passing grasshopper, affected him as much as if he had been bled or touched with a hot iron.

"The only objects he cared for were me and my children; everything else in the South seem unbearable to him. His impatience at the delay of our departure did him more harm than all his vexation over the want of comfort. Finally, at the latter end of the winter, we were able to go to Barcelona, and from thence to Marseilles."

So far George Sand.

When they landed at Marseilles Chopin learned,

that a funeral mass was to be performed for the celebrated singer, Adolphe Nourrit,* who, in a fit of insanity, had committed suicide. Frederic immediately hurried into the church, and during the service seated himself at the organ and played his last improvisation in honour of his departed friend.

* Adolphe Nourrit, the greatest tenor of his day, born at Montpellier, March 3rd, 1802, threw himself out of a window, in Naples, March 8th, 1839, because he fancied he was not receiving so much applause as formerly.

CHAPTER XI.

*RETURN TO PARIS. MOSCHELES. LISZT.
CHOPIN AS A PIANOFORTE TEACHER.*

AFTER spending a fine summer at Nohant, the country residence of George Sand, Chopin returned to Paris in the autumn. His health and spirits had been excellent during the whole time, and if not perfectly restored he was yet sufficiently strong to resume his usual occupations. It appeared that the doctors had been mistaken; what they took for consumption turned out to be bronchitis; they, therefore, strongly advised the artist to spare his strength as much as possible and lead a very regular life.

A tender mother or sister, or a loving and beloved wife, would doubtless have succeeded in inducing Frederic, who was naturally gentle and

tractable, to pay more regard to the delicacy of his constitution, and pursue quieter habits; but in Paris, where he spent every evening at parties which lasted late on into the night, he could not make up his mind to stay at home and go to bed early. This exciting life was very injurious to him; the first symptoms of consumption appeared, and increased in severity year by year.

Chopin lived first in the Rue Tronchet, but he soon moved to the Quai d'Orleans, where he occupied the "pavilion" of a house tenanted by George Sand. "Chopin was very pleased to have a drawing-room in which he could play and dream; but he was very fond of society, and used it chiefly to give lessons in," says George Sand; "it was only while he was at Nohant that he composed." His pupils welcomed him back with great pleasure, and were charmed with the preludes and the host of new compositions which he brought with him.*

In 1839 Moschles, who had been desirous of knowing the Polish virtuoso, arrived in Paris from London. The two artists met for the first time at an evening party at the house of Monsieur Leo, to

* These compositions are: Second Impromptu, Op. 36; two Nocturnes, Op. 37; Scherzo (C sharp minor), Op. 39; two Polonaises, Op. 40; four Mazurkas, Op. 41; Valse, Op. 42; Tarantelle, Op. 43, etc.

whom Chopin dedicated the Polonaise, Op. 53. As polished men of the world, they saluted each other with the utmost courtesy, but went no further. After this first brief meeting they were both invited by King Louis Philippe to a concert at St. Cloud, on November 29th.

Chopin played before the royal family a nocturne and some studies, and was, as Moscheles says, "admired and petted as a favourite." The German artist then played some drawing-room pieces, and, in conclusion, his Duet Sonata, with Chopin. Moscheles thought Chopin's playing full of charm and vivacity, and in a letter to his wife he says :

"Chopin's appearance corresponds exactly with his music; both are delicate and fanciful (schwärmerisch). He played to me at my request, and then for the first time I really understood his music and saw the explanation of the ladies' enthusiasm. The *ad libitum* which with his interpreters degenerates into bad time, is, when he himself performs, the most charming originality of execution; the harsh and dilettante-like modulations, which I could never get over when playing his compositions, ceased to offend when his delicate fairy-like fingers glided over them; his *piano* is so delicate that no very strong *forte* is required to give the desired contrast. Thus we

do not miss the orchestral effects which the German school demands from a pianist, but feel ourselves carried away as by a singer who, paying little heed to the accompaniment, abandons himself to his feelings. He is quite unique in the pianistic world. He declared he liked my music very much; at any rate, he is well acquainted with it. He played his Studies, and his last new work, the 'Preludes'; and I played several of my works to him. Who would have thought that, with all his sentimentality, Chopin had also a comic vein? He was lively, merry, and extremely comic in his mimicry of Pixis, Liszt, and a hunch-backed pianoforte amateur."

Chopin's imitative talent displayed itself, as the reader knows, in early youth, and increased so much in after years that the French actors, Boc-cage and Madame Dorval, declared that they had never seen anything of the kind so excellent before.* Joseph Nowakowski, a fellow-student of Chopin, relates the following anecdotes:

"When I visited Chopin in Paris, I asked him to introduce me to Kalkbrenner, Liszt and Pixis. 'That is unnecessary,' answered Chopin, 'wait a

* It is interesting to note the following reference to this in Balzac's "Un Homme d'Affaire": "He is endowed with the same extraordinary power of mimicry which the pianist Chopin possessed. In a moment he would imitate another person with startling fidelity."

moment, and I will present them to you, but each separately.' Then he sat down to the piano after the fashion of Liszt, played in his style and imitated all his movements to the life; after which he impersonated Pixis. The next evening I went to the theatre with Chopin. He left his box for a short time, and turning round I saw Pixis beside me. I thought it was Chopin, and I laughingly clapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, leave off your mimicry. My neighbour was quite flabbergasted by such familiarity on the part of a total stranger, but fortunately at that moment Chopin returned to the box, and we had a hearty laugh over the comical mistake. Then, with his own peculiar grace of manner, he apologised both for himself and me to the real Pixis.

"Liszt frequently met Chopin in society and had many opportunities of observing his imitative talent. He looked quietly on while Chopin mimicked him, and, far from being offended, he laughed and seemed really amused by it. There was not the slightest jealousy between these two artists, and their friendship remained unbroken.

"One day Chopin was asked at a party to play some of his latest works, and Liszt joined in the request. On sitting down to the piano, Chopin noticed that there were no pedals, and the hostess then remembered that they had been sent away for

repair and had not been brought back. Liszt laughingly declared that he would furnish them himself, and crawling under the piano, he knelt there while Chopin played, and completely supplied the place of the pedals.

"Some years afterwards, in June, 1843, a large number of artists were assembled at Nohant. Among them were Liszt, the celebrated Pauline Viardot-Garcia, whose incomparable power of ideal expression made her the best interpreter of Chopin's Polish songs; the painter, Eugène Delacroix, many of the best actors, and several eminent literary people. The hostess, with her son and daughter and some married couples from the neighbourhood, completed the party, all of whom were young enough to be enthusiastic about art, and full of hope.

"One evening, when they were all assembled in the *salon*, Liszt played one of Chopin's nocturnes, to which he took the liberty of adding some embellishments. Chopin's delicate intellectual face, which still bore the traces of recent illness, looked disturbed; at last he could not control himself any longer, and in that tone of sang-froid which he sometimes assumed he said, 'I beg you, my dear friend, when you do me the honour of playing my compositions, to play them as they are written or else not at all.' 'Play it yourself, then,'

said Liszt, rising from the piano, rather piqued. 'With pleasure,' answered Chopin. At that moment a moth fell into the lamp and extinguished it. They were going to light it again when Chopin cried, 'No, put out all the lamps, the moonlight is quite enough.' Then he began to improvise and played for nearly an hour. And what an improvisation it was! Description would be impossible, for the feelings awakened by Chopin's magic fingers are not transferable into words.

"When he left the piano his audience were in tears; Liszt was deeply affected, and said to Chopin, as he embraced him, 'Yes, my friend, you were right; works like yours ought not to be meddled with; other people's alterations only spoil them. You are a true poet.' 'Oh, it is nothing,' returned Chopin gaily, 'We have each our own style; that is all the difference between us. You know, quite well, that nobody can play Beethoven and Weber like you. Do play the Adagio from Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, but nicely, as you can do when you choose.' Liszt began the Adagio, his hearers were moved deeply, but in quite another manner. They wept, but not tears of such sweetness as Chopin had caused them to shed. Liszt's playing was less pathetic but more dramatic."

"Some days afterwards," writes Charles Rollinat, in *Le Temps*, "we were once more the guests of George Sand. Liszt asked Chopin to play, and, after a little pressure, he consented. Liszt then desired the lights to be put out and the curtains drawn that it might be perfectly dark. This was done, and just as Chopin was sitting down to the piano Liszt whispered something to him and took his place. Chopin seated himself in the nearest arm-chair, not dreaming of his friend's intention. Liszt immediately began to improvise in the same manner as Chopin had done on the former evening, and so faithfully copied both sentiment and style that the deception was perfect. The same signs of emotion were again perceptible among the audience, and just as the feeling reached its height, Liszt lighted the candles on the piano. A general cry of astonishment echoed through the room. 'What, it is you?' 'As you see,' said Liszt, with a laugh. 'But we made sure it was Chopin playing,' rejoined the company.*

"Comedies were sometimes performed, or improvised recitations delivered, the latter spontaneous and poetical, as all true improvisations

* Someone else has added to the story that at the conclusion Liszt said to Chopin: "Now I have been Chopin, Can Chopin also be Liszt?"

ought to be. There was a theatre in George Sand's chateau, and also a great variety of costumes. Only the subject of the piece and the number of scenes needed to be given; the actors improvised the dialogue. Liszt and Chopin were the orchestra; they sat at two pianos right and left of the stage behind some drapery, and followed the play with appropriate music.

"Both artists were endowed with an astonishing memory. They had at their command all the Italian, French and German operas of importance, and could select, with marvellous readiness, motives adapted to the particular situation, and work them out with such fire and enthusiasm that the actors—whose own achievements were by no means inconsiderable—called out from the stage, 'Hold, you are too lavish with your beauties; they are being wasted.'"

Charles Rollinat continues :

"In the middle of the garden was an esplanade, commanding a view of the whole valley. A table, some stone benches, and a light garden seat seemed to invite the loiterer to stay and rest. The esplanade was surrounded by a strong iron railing, to prevent the children who played there from falling into the brook. The spot was noted for a wonderful echo, which repeated every word three or four times with perfect clearness. The

children often amused themselves in what they called making the echo talk. One evening the thought occurred to somebody of bringing out the piano and letting the echo repeat fragments of romantic music. The idea met with universal approval, and the magnificent Erard instrument was taken out on to the esplanade.

"It was a clear, still night in June, there was no moon, but in the place of her silvery light shone a countless host of stars. The piano was opened towards the valley, and Liszt's energetic hands performed the well-known hunting chorus from 'Euryanthe.' He stopped, of course, to wait for the echo after each pause. Even after the first we were all wild with enthusiasm: there was something marvellously poetic in nature thus echoing art. The musical phrase was too long both the first and second time for the echo to give it back clearly; but the third and fourth time the echo of the echo in the chorus was beautifully repeated, without missing a note, by the natural echo. Liszt himself felt the spell and quickened the time. Every phrase excited the liveliest curiosity and the most intense expectancy. One in particular swept with a sweet melancholy sound over the tops of the trees in the valley; but the last announced the triumph of the human will over the obstacles opposed by nature,

"After this most artistically managed Fanfare, Chopin took Liszt's place and made the echo sing and weep. He played some scraps from an impromptu which he was at that time composing. Frederic's delight over this diaphanous Æolian music knew no bounds; he continued his converse with the spirits of the valley much longer than Liszt had; it was a strange communion, a whispering and a murmuring like a magic incantation.

"The hostess was almost obliged to draw him by force from the piano; he was in a state of feverish excitement. When Chopin had finished playing, Pauline Garcia sang the lovely naïve romance, '*Nel cor più non mi sento.*' It was an excellent choice, for every phrase consisted of only two notes, which, to the intense delight of us all, the echo repeated with astonishing clearness. Aurora had already begun to spread her rosy veil before the party broke up, carrying with them not only a delicious impression but, doubtless, an undying recollection."

As is so often the case in life, the warm friendship between Liszt and Chopin grew very cool in after years, and finally died out altogether. On whose side the fault lay I will not venture to decide, but in some of the letters to his parents, Chopin complains bitterly of Liszt.

Having given up performing in public, Chopin occupied himself in Paris with giving lessons. His handsome, gentlemanly appearance, his great talents and brilliant fame, and his gift for teaching caused him to be highly esteemed and sought after, particularly by the aristocracy. In taking pupils he always gave the preference to his compatriots, and trained many of his own countrywomen, who have more or less acquired his style and manner. Especially to be mentioned are, Princess Marcelline Czartoryska *née* Radziwill, the Countess Pauline Plater, Countess L. Czosnowska, Countess Delphine Potocka, Princess Beauvau, Madame Rosengart-Zaleska, Emilie Hofmann, Baroness Bronicka, etc. Among his many non-Polish pupils were: Madame Kalergi *née* Countess Nesselrode, afterwards Madame de Muchanoff, Mlles. Emma and Laura Harsford, Mademoiselle Caroline Hartmann, Mademoiselle Lina Freppa, Countess Flahault, Baroness C. de Rothschild, Miss J. W. Stirling, Mademoiselle de Noailles, Mademoiselle L. Duperré, Mademoiselle R. de Könneritz, Princess Elizabeth Czernicheff, Camille Meara, afterwards Mme. Dubois, Mlle. Elise Garvard, Countess d'Agoult, Princess C. de Souzzo, Countess d'Appony, Baroness d'Est, Mlle. J. de Caraman, Mlle. C. Maberly, Countess de Perthuis, Coun-

tess de Lobau, Countess Adèle de Fürstenstein, and Mlle. F. Müller, to whom Chopin dedicated his *Allegro de Concert*, Op. 46, and who has frequently been spoken of as his most gifted and favourite lady pupil.

Unlike other great artists, Chopin felt no dislike to giving lessons, but, on the contrary, took evident pleasure in this laborious occupation, when he met with talented and diligent pupils. He noticed the slightest fault, but always in the kindest and most encouraging manner, and never displayed anger towards a dull pupil. It was only later on, when increasing illness had made his nerves extremely irritable, that he grew angry with dull pupils. Then he would fling the music off the desk, and speak very sharply. Not pencils merely, but even chairs were broken by Chopin's apparently weak hands. However, these outbursts of temper never lasted long; a tear in the eye of the culprit at once appeased the master's wrath, and his kind heart was anxious to make amends.

He could not endure thumping, and on one occasion jumped up during a lesson, exclaiming, "What was that, a dog barking" Owing to the delicacy of his nerves, his playing was not so powerful as that of other pianists, Liszt especially. This rendered the first few lessons a real torture to his pupils. He found most fault with a too

noisy touch; his own thin slender fingers seemed to stroke rather than strike the keys. Nevertheless he was quite able to produce vigorous tones. It is a great error to suppose that his playing was invariably soft and tender, although, in after years, when he had not sufficient physical power for performing the energetic passages, it lacked contrast, but in his youth he displayed considerable fire and energy, of which he never made any misuse.

Moscheles, in speaking of his playing at a soirée at the Palace of King Louis Philippe, in 1839, says, "the audience must, I think, have caught the enthusiasm which Chopin threw into the piece throughout."

He would not take a pupil who had not some amount of technical skill, yet he made them all alike begin with Clementi's "*Gradus ad Parnassum*." We see from this that his chief object was the cultivation of the touch. The pre-eminence attached to technical superiority by pianists of the present day obliges them to devote their whole time to acquiring mechanical dexterity and enormous force. Thus they frequently lose their softness and lightness of touch, and neglect the finer nuances and the artistic finish of the phrasing.

The second requirement that Chopin made of a

new pupil was perfect independence of the fingers; he, therefore, insisted on the practising of exercises, and more especially the major and minor scales from *piano* up to *fortissimo*, and with the *staccato* as well as the *legato* touch, also with a change of accent, sometimes marking the second, sometimes the third or fourth note. By this means he obtained the perfect independence of the fingers, and an agreeable equality and delicacy of touch. Chopin thought of embodying in a theoretical work the results of his long years of study, experience and observation of pianoforte playing; but he had only written a few pages when he fell ill. Unfortunately he destroyed the manuscript shortly before his death.

Chopin's fundamental principle was:

"Play as you feel and you will play well." One day, when one of his pupils was playing in a stiff, feelingless mechanical manner, he impatiently exclaimed, "*Mettez y donc toute votre âme.*"

His friends relate that he used to lament greatly over one pupil, who studied with indefatigable diligence and perseverance, and possessed all the qualities for becoming an artist of the first rank except the most essential of all—feeling.

Yet how much mischief may arise from following this true and simple maxim, "Play as you

feel." How many celebrated pianists exaggerate or misunderstand the meaning of Chopin's works! His principle is only a sure, and infallible guide when the player has the capacity of perceiving the intentions of the composer. This, unfortunately, is a rare gift, and its absence in the rendering of Chopin's compositions is doubly painful. He felt this himself, and when one of his French pupils was being overwhelmed with praise for his performance of one of his master's works, Chopin said, quickly, that he had played the piece very well, but had quite missed the Polish element and the Polish enthusiasm. Nor did he confine this criticism to the interpretation of distinctly Polish works, such as mazurkas and polonaises, but applied it also to his concertos, nocturnes, ballades and studies.

La Mara* was not wrong in saying that a correct performance of Chopin's works was rare. No one, be he ever so great a pianist, who cannot sympathise with the misfortunes which have been and are still the lot of the Pole, no one who does not understand the melancholy which is characteristic of the whole nation can interpret Chopin with faithfulness.

One evening, in 1833 or 1834, there were assem-

* "*Musikalische Studienköpfe.*" Leipzig, 1868.

bled at the house of the Castellan Count Plater three great artists : Liszt, Hiller and Chopin. A lively discussion arose on national music, Chopin maintaining that no one who had not been in Poland and inhaled the perfume of its meadows could have any true sympathy with its folk-songs. As a test of this it was proposed to play the well-known mazurka, "Poland is not lost yet." Liszt played first, then Hiller, each giving a different interpretation; then came Chopin, whom both Liszt and Hiller were obliged to admit far surpassed them in comprehending the spirit of the Mazurka.

There is, undoubtedly, a growing interest among the public in Chopin's compositions, but the number of his interpreters who really understand him is still comparatively small. In some we find a certain affectation and coquetry, in others only the poetic enthusiasm (*schwärmerei*) which is infused into most of his works, while others again seek expression by means of violent contrasts. These apparent diversities are rarely combined in one individual, but it is only in their union that we find the true Chopin stamp of genius.

As the best means for acquiring a natural style our master recommended the frequent hearing of Italian singers, among whom there were many

celebrities at that time in Paris. He always commended their broad, simple style and the easy manner in which they used and consequently preserved their voices, as worthy the imitation of all pianists, especially of those who hoped to attain perfection. He advised his pupils not to break up the musical thoughts, but to let them pour out in a rich stream; he liked to hear in a player what in a singer is understood by *portamento*. He hated any exaggeration of accent which, in his opinion, destroyed all the poetry of playing and made it appear pedantic.

Chopin's soft, velvety fingers could evoke the most exquisite effects. No other pianist of the day possessed his executive skill and refined taste, or equalled him in those graceful embellishments which he interwove into his playing, and which resembled filagree work or the most delicate Brabantine lace. He was very fond of playing to himself or some favourite pupil the works of Sebastian Bach, which he had studied with the utmost accuracy and completely mastered.* The *tempo rubato* was a special characteristic of

* Tenz once said to Chopin, "Do you study much just before a concert?" He answered, "It is a dreadful time for me; I do not like public life, but it is a part of my profession. I shut myself up for a fortnight and play Bach. That is my preparation. I do not practise my own compositions."

Chopin's playing. He would keep the bass quiet and steady, while the right hand moved in free *tempo*, sometimes with the left hand, and sometimes quite independently, as, for example, when it plays quavers, trills, or those magic, rhythmical runs and *floritures* peculiar to Chopin. "The left hand," he used to say, "should be like a bandmaster, and never for a moment become unsteady or falter."

By this means his playing was free from the trammels of measure and acquired its peculiar charm. The outlines, like those in a good painting of a winter landscape, shade off into a transparent mist. He used the *tempo rubato* with great effect, not only in his nocturnes but also in many of his mazurkas. Those who have entered into the spirit of Chopin's works will easily see when to use the *rubato*. Chopin rendered the *tremolo* to perfection, making the melody float like a boat on the bosom of the waters. Liszt says :

"Chopin was the first to use the *tempo rubato*, which gave such an original stamp to his compositions : an evanescent, interrupted measure, ductile, abrupt, yet languishing, and flickering like a flame in the breeze. In his later works he left off marking *tempo rubato* at the commencement of a piece, considering that whoever understood it

would of himself discover this law of latitude. Chopin's works require to be played with a certain accent and swing which it is difficult for anyone to acquire who has not had frequent opportunities of hearing him play. He seemed very anxious to impart this style to his pupils, and especially to his compatriots. His Polish pupils, particularly the ladies, acquired this method with the quick sensitiveness which they possess for poetic feeling; and their innate perception of his thoughts enabled them to follow faithfully all the undulations on his azure sea of sentiment."

While Chopin was strong and healthy, as during the first years of his residence in Paris, he used to play on an Erard piano; but after his friend Camillo Pleyel had made him a present of one of his splendid instruments, remarkable for their metallic ring and very light touch, he would play on no other maker's. If he were engaged for a soirée at one of his Polish or French friends, he would often send his own instrument, if there did not happen to be a Pleyel in the house. "Quand je suis mal disposé," said Chopin, "je joue sur un piano d'Erard, et j'y trouve facilement un son fait. Mais quand je me sens en verve et assez fort, pour trouver mon propre son à moi, il me faut un piano de Pleyel."

Chopin sacredly cherished art as one of

heaven's best gifts, as a gentle comforter in sorrow, and would never put it to any commonplace purpose. There are, unfortunately, plenty of famous artists who regard their art merely as a means for making a fortune. What Schiller says of men of science is no less true of artists :

“Einem ist sie die hohe, die himmlische Göttin, dem
Andern
Eine Tüchtige Kuh, die ihn mit Butter versorgt.”

Throughout his life Chopin regarded art as something divine. He was frequently asked by wealthy and aristocratic personages to give instruction to them or to their relations, but the largest honorarium could not induce him to teach anyone devoid of talent, although at that time he had long ceased to receive anything from his parents, and was very particular about the appointments of his household, fond of giving presents, and always dispensed a most liberal hospitality. In a pleasant manner—and, indeed, no other was possible to him—Chopin would refuse on the score of not increasing the number of his pupils. Young people of talent he would encourage with the sincerest kindness, lending them books, music, and sometimes money even, when he found their means were limited; many he taught gratuitously. One of his most talented pupils was Filtsch, a young Hungarian, of whom

Chopin thought a great deal, and always liked to have about him. His premature death made a deep and painful impression on our master. All who knew Filtsch* intimately, and had heard his beautiful playing, say that he would have fulfilled the most splendid hopes, and unite in deploring his death as a sad loss to the musical world.

Among Chopin's best pupils we must name: Gutmann; Gunsberg, a clever young Jew, who died prematurely of consumption at Pau; Teleffsen; George Mathias, who is now a professor at the Paris Conservatoire; Charles Mikuli, director of the Musical Union, at Lemberg; Casimir Wernik, who died young, at St. Petersburg, in 1859; and Gustav Schumann, a much esteemed pianist in Berlin, who only went to Paris for a short time during the winter of 1840-1 to receive instruction from Chopin.

Chopin was not only respected but loved by all his pupils for his warm sympathy and exceedingly fascinating personality. To Polish artists he was especially amiable and kind, and ever ready to serve them in any way; thus, showing that his love for his fatherland was as warm as

* Liszt said of him: "If he travels I shall shut up shop." (Lenz's "Great Pianists of the Present Day.")

when a dreamy, gentle boy, his parents' house in Poland was all the world to him. So it came to pass that many artists, who were only spending a short time in Paris, but were anxious to acquire fame and popularity, gave themselves out as Chopin's pupils, although he did not even know their names. When asked if such a one were his pupil, he would answer, "I never taught him, but if it is any benefit to him to be called my pupil, let him enjoy it in peace." Chopin was not only a kind, but also a conscientious teacher. He never gave more than four, or, at the utmost, five lessons a day for his health's sake, but he attended regularly to those and never put off his pupils, except when he was very ill, or when friends and acquaintances from Poland came to see him. Carriages were frequently sent for him by those of his pupils living at a distance, but in the last years of his life they were obliged to come to him, and when he became so weak that he could scarcely sit up, he would give lessons lying on a *chaise longue* before a pianette, with the pupil seated at another instrument. If a passage were played wrongly or not according to his taste, he would raise himself up and play it, and then lie down again.

CHAPTER XII.

DOMESTIC SORROWS. BREACH WITH GEORGE SAND. JOURNEY TO ENGLAND. RETURN TO PARIS. CHOPIN'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

THE fears of the physicians began to be realised. Chopin's manner of life in Paris was quite contrary to their advice, and sad results ensued. In 1840, decided symptoms of an affection of the lungs appeared. The sufferer was much troubled by sleeplessness, and during those restless nights his active and versatile imagination conjured up the gloomiest fancies. The gravity of the situation was now unmistakable. His annual visit to Nohant always gave him some relief; there he could live in perfect freedom, and work or rest as he felt inclined. But the winter unfortunately increased his sufferings, and the sharp cold winds destroyed all the good effected by the mild air of Nohant.

On May 3rd, 1844, Frederic received a severe shock in the death of his dearly beloved father. The melancholy news quite prostrated him; and he was agonised by the thought that he had not been able to soothe his parent's last moments, and receive his blessing and farewell. Frederic felt that he ought to write to comfort his mother and sisters, and mingle his tears with theirs, if only by letter; but, as often as he resolved to do so, his strength failed him. At length George Sand, who was at that time still faithful to Chopin, undertook the sad duty, and wrote the following letter expressing her sympathy with the mother of the man whom once she had so passionately loved, and for whom she still cherished friendship and respect.

Paris, le 29 Mai, 1844.

MADAME!

Je ne crois pas pouvoir offrir d'autre consolation à l'excellente mère de mon cher Frédéric, que l'assurance du courage et de la résignation de cet admirable enfant. Vous savez si sa douleur est profonde et si son âme est accablée; mais grâce à Dieu, il n'est pas malade, et nous partons dans quelques heures pour la compagne où il se reposera enfin d'une si terrible crise.

Il ne pense qu'à vous, à ses sœurs, à tous les

siens, qu'il chérit si ardemment, et dont l'affliction l'inquiète et le préoccupe autant que la sienne propre.

Du moins, ne soyez pas de votre côté inquiète de sa situation extérieure. Je ne peux pas lui ôter cette peine si profonde, si légitime et si durable; mais je puis du moins soigner sa santé et l'entourer d'autant d'affection et de précautions que vous le feriez vous même.

C'est un devoir bien doux que je me suis imposé avec bonheur et auquel je ne manquerai jamais.

Je vous le promets, Madame, et j'espère que vous avez confiance en mon dévouement pour lui. Je ne vous dis pas que votre malheur m'a frappée autant que si j'avais connu l'homme admirable que vous pleurez. Ma sympathie, quelque vraie qu'elle soit, ne peut adoucir ce coup terrible, mais en vous disant que je consacrerai mes jours à son fils, et que je le regarde comme le mien propre, je sais que je puis vous donner de ce côté-là quelque tranquillité d'esprit. C'est pourquoi j'ai pris la liberté de vous écrire pour vous dire que je vous suis profondément dévouée, comme à la mère adorée de mon plus cher ami.

GEORGE SAND.

Among Chopin's friends and admirers was

Alexander Thies,* of Warsaw. He had often seen Frederic in Paris, and through him had become acquainted with George Sand, whom as a writer he greatly admired. He wrote from Warsaw a kind letter of inquiry about Chopin and Mickiewicz, and in conclusion wished good health, prosperity and fame to George Sand. I mention these three words particularly that the following reply may be intelligible.

Paris, le 25 Mars, 1845.

MONSIEUR !

Nous sommes bien coupables envers vous, moi surtout ; car lui (*Chopin*), écrit si peu et il a tant d'excuses dans son état continuel de fatigue et de souffrance, que vous devez lui pardonner. J'espérais toujours l'amener à vous écrire, mais je n'ai eu que des résolutions et des promesses, et je prends le parti de commencer, sauf à ne pas obtenir, entre sa toux et ses leçons, un instant de repos et de calme.

C'est vous dire que sa santé est toujours aussi

* Alexander Thies, born in Warsaw, 1804, died in Paris, 1846, a Polish pianist and State functionary. He published, in addition to many scientific articles in home and foreign journals, "Dernier Mot sur le pouvoir social" (Paris, 1836), "Code civil de l'empire de Russie" (Paris, 1841), "Précis des notions historiques sur la formation du corps des lois russes" (Petersburg, 1843).

chancelante. Depuis les grands froids qu'il a fait ici, il a été surtout accablé; j'en suis presque toujours malade aussi, et aujourd'hui je vous écris avec un reste de fièvre. Mais vous? Vous souffrez plus que nous, et vous en parlez à peine. Vous êtes un stoïque de chrétien, et il y a bien d'assez belles et grandes choses dans votre doctrine, pour que je vous passe la forme, sur ce point. Vous ne me convertirez pas. Mais que vous importe? Vous n'êtes pas, je l'espère, de ces catholiques farouches, qui damnent sans retour les dissidents. D'ailleurs, l'orthodoxie de ces principes d'intolérance est tres-controversée, et votre grand cœur peut prendre là-dessus le parti qui lui convient; moi, j'ai l'espoir d'être sauvé tout comme une autre, bien que j'ai fait le mal plus d'une fois tout comme une autre. Mais il y a plus de miséricorde là-haut qu'il n'y a de crimes ici-bas. Autrement, ce ne serait pas la justice divine, ce serait la justice humaine, la peine du faible. Blasphème inique et que je repousse avec horreur.

Je ne vous dirai rien de *Mickiewicz*, il n'a pas fait son cours cette année, et je ne l'ai pas vu.* Je n'ai même pas lu son livre. Je le regarde aussi

* From December, 1840, till March, 1844, *Mickiewicz* lectured at the Collège de France, on Slavic literature. His widespread fame and his ability as a lecturer attracted crowded audiences. But he sank into a morbid

comme un noble malade, mais sans le croire sur le chemin de la vérité, je le crois aussi bien que vous et moi sur la route du salut; s'il est dans son erreur convaincu, humble et aimant Dieu, Dieu ne l'abandonnera pas, Dieu ne boude pas, et je ne puis croire qu'une telle âme ne soulève pas quelque coin du voile étrange dont il s'envelop-pait l'année dernière.

Je vous remercie de vos souhaits affectueux, santé, bien-être et gloire; tout cela est chimère. Nous sommes ici-bas pour souffrir et travailler; la santé est une bénédiction du ciel, en tant qu'elle nous rend utiles à ceux qui ne l'ont pas; le bien-être est impossible à quiconque veut assister ses frères, car dans ce cas-là, plus il peut recevoir, plus il doit donner. La gloire est une niaiserie pour amuser les enfants. Une âme sérieuse ne peut y voir autre chose que le résultat douloureux de l'ignorance des hommes, prompts à s'engouer de peu de chose. La santé serait donc le seul bien désirable dans vos trois souhaits. Mais je ne l'ai pas cette année et je ne murmure pas, puisque vous, qui le méritez mieux que moi, vous ne l'avez pas retrouvée.

mysticism, and talked of a visionary millennium instead of literature, and was, on that account, suspended by the authorities. His lectures are published under the title of "Les slaves. Cours professé au Collège de France" (five vols. Paris, 1849).

Espérez-vous maintenant en cette cure que vous avez entreprise avec tant de courage? Ecrivez-moi donc que vous êtes mieux; cela nous consolerait de n'être pas bien. Eh quand nous revenez-vous? Nous n'irons pas de bonne heure à la campagne, si le printemps est aussi laid que l'hiver. J'espère donc que nous vous reverrons ici, et si vous tardez, nous voulons vous voir à Nohant. Vous devez nous dédommager d'y être restés si peu l'autre fois. Mes enfants vous remercient de votre bon souvenir et font aussi des vœux pour vous.

A vous de cœur, toujours et bien sincèrement, vous le savez.

GEORGE SAND.

Soon after the death of his father, the poor invalid, who so much needed comforting and cheering, had to bear another grief in the loss of his dearest friend in Paris, Johann Matuszynski. As his physical sufferings increased, he grew melancholy and was haunted by the most dismal visions. George Sand speaks of this in writing to a friend who knew him well:

"The Catholic faith, by teaching the doctrine of a purgatorial fire, represents death in a terrible light. Far from picturing the soul of a beloved one in a better world, Chopin often had dreadful

visions, and I was obliged to spend the night in his room, to dispel the spectres of his dreaming and waking hours. He dwells a great deal on the superstitions of Polish tradition. The spirits harass and entangle him in their magic circle, and instead of seeing his father and friend smiling at him from the abodes of the glorified, as the Lutheran doctrine teaches, he imagines that their lifeless forms are at his bed-side, and that he is trying to tear himself away."

Month by month the disease made rapid strides, and his strength perceptibly diminished. The cough grew more obstinate, and very often he was so weak and suffered so from want of breath, that when he went to see his friends he was obliged to be carried upstairs.

The following compositions belong to this period: *Polonaise* Op. 53; *Berceuse*, Op. 57; *Sonata in B minor*, Op. 58; *Mazurkas*, Op. 59 and 63; *Barcarolle*, Op. 60; *Polonaise-Fantasia*, Op. 61, and *Sonata in G minor*, for piano and violoncello, Op. 65. These works are all beautiful and poetical, but the melancholy and peculiar agitation displayed, especially in the two last, reveal the morbid state of mind of the composer. The musical thoughts have not the pleasing clearness of his earlier works, and not infrequently border on eccentricity. But how full of sorrow and suf-

fering had these years been to the delicately wrought spirit of the artist with its natural inclination to melancholy.

Chopin who, in spite of his self-absorption, noticed everything that went on around him, could no longer conceal from himself that the woman who had attracted him by the intensity of her love, and won the devotion of his deeply poetical nature, that she, whose steadfastness had seemed firm as a rock, was daily wavering in her affection. His pride whispered, "leave her, she regards you as a burden"; but the sense of moral obligation fostered by his education, and his parents' noble example of wedded faithfulness and constancy, exhorted him to stay.

There were times when Chopin felt some scruples about his illegitimate connection with Aurora Dudevant-Sand, when he sincerely wished that he could lead her to the altar, and cursed the fate which hindered him. Afterwards he consoled himself with the thought that the firmness of the bond on both sides made it sacred, and unquestionably nothing on earth would have moved him to separate from her.

George Sand thought otherwise. This imaginative woman, with her keen susceptibilities for the beautiful, had loved the young, interesting and celebrated composer; but the dejected invalid

was an encumbrance. Her change of feeling was first manifested by occasional sullen looks and by the increasing shortness of her visits to the sick room. Chopin felt much pained, but was silent, for according to his ideas it would have been dishonourable on his part to cause a breach. His strength of will was impaired by broken health, and he submitted patiently to innumerable little mortifications which, however, wounded him deeply; his moral sense told him he ought to atone for the wrong he had done in taking this woman unlawfully to himself.

He was grieved at the complaints she often made in his presence of the fatigue of nursing him; he begged her to leave him alone and go out into the open air; he entreated her not to give up her amusements for his sake, but to go to the theatre and give parties, etc.; he should be quiet and contented if he knew that she were happy. At last, before the sick man had dreamed of a separation, an heroic expedient was resorted to. George Sand had written a romance, entitled "Lucrezia Floriani," of which the following is a brief summary.

"Prince Charles, a man of noble and sympathetic nature, but sickly, nervous, jealous, proud, and full of aristocratic notions, falls passionately in love with Lucrezia, a woman no

longer young, who has given up love and the world, and lives only for her children and to do good. She is a famous artist, who does not pretend to be better than she is, but who is better than she is said to be. This consuming love causes Prince Charles a severe illness which endangers his life. Lucrezia saves him and loves him; but, foreseeing that this love would prove a misery, conceals it. Prince Charles's feelings, however, growing more and more passionate, and again threatening his safety, the object of his adoration gives herself up to him."

It is strange how women of a certain age like to hide their feelings under the cloak of sacrifice and motherly devotion. *They* are not in love, but the weak, sick, nervous being needs care, support and tenderness. Thus arises that painful and disagreeable counterfeit of motherly affection which we so often meet with, as in "Lucrezia Floriani."

"Whence," asks the writer of the romance, "comes this unnatural, counterfeit feeling? Perhaps if a heroine loves at that age, when, as Hamlet says, 'the hey-day in the blood is tame,' she feels degraded in her own eyes and in those of the world, and to regain her position, and gloss over her real feelings and actions, she makes a pretext of sacrifice and tender care." In this way the

famous Madame de Warrens interpreted her sacrifice, of which J. J. Rousseau says so much in his "Confessions"; and thus Lucrezia explained her love for Charles.

For two months she was unspeakably happy; then everything changed. Charles grows jealous, unreasonable, and capricious; he cannot bear the sight of Lucrezia's old friends. There are constant outbursts of anger and nervous excitement, or fits of madness and desperation. Wearied and harassed, Lucrezia's health and strength give way; but of this she makes a secret and never complains because she has vowed to make any sacrifice for Charles. She knows that she will die—for Charles will make a martyr of her—and that her children will be orphans, yet she goes on suffering in silence because she has pledged herself to be faithful to him. After a few years of a life of such constant torture, and of alienation from her friends on account of the jealousy of Charles, she ceases to love him, and submits resignedly to her fate. At length, exhausted by protracted self-sacrifice, Lucrezia dies.

It was at that time generally thought that Prince Charles was a portrait of Chopin, although the exaggeration with which the character was drawn made it a caricature. The love story in the romance certainly bore a strong resemblance

to the connection between himself and George Sand, which, with all its happiness, was, as none better than he knew, a very painful one. Both Frederic and the world were well aware that the real Lucrezia was not a victim to her devotedness, and that the Charles of the novel could be none other than Chopin. It is said that by a refinement of cruelty, the proofs were sent to him for correction; it is a matter of fact, however, that George Sand's children said to him, "Monsieur Chopin, do you know that Prince Charles is meant for you?"

Everyone acquainted with the circumstances blamed the authoress. She excused herself,* saying that she had been misunderstood, and that the intention imputed to her had no existence.

"But," said she, by way of justification, "Charles is not an artist or a genius; he is only a dreamer. His character scarcely rises above the commonplace; it never appears amiable, and has, indeed, so little in common with that of the great composer, that Chopin, although he reads the manuscript off my writing table every day and is very suspicious about other things, never imagined that any reference was intended to himself. Afterwards, indeed, the malicious whisperings of

* "*Histoire de ma vie*," Vol. XIII.

some of his friends, who were enemies to me, made him fancy that in Prince Charles I was describing him, and in the martyr Lucrezia myself; and that this romance depicted the relations between us. His memory was at that time very weak, and when a garbled version of the story was presented to him, he had quite forgotten the real description of the character and circumstances of Prince Charles. Why did he not read my novel again?"

Madame Sand much regretted that Matuszynski was not living when a breach between herself and Chopin had become inevitable. "His friendship for Chopin and the influence he had over him would," said the authoress, "have rendered innocuous the whisperings of intriguers, and if a separation had taken place at all, his mediation would have made it less violent and painful."

The sick and enfeebled artist suffered, however, most keenly from the mortification which he received from this book. "If," he reflected, "I now desert the woman whom I formerly esteemed and loved, I make the romance a reality, and expose her to the blame, nay, even the scorn of the strictly virtuous." He nobly struggled on, retreating more and more into himself, till at last he could bear it no longer.

In the beginning of 1847, during a violent scene, of which her daughter was the innocent cause, George Sand brought about a complete rupture. To her unjust reproaches, he only replied: "I shall leave your house immediately, and I only desire that my existence may be blotted from your memory." To these words George Sand offered no objection, for they were just what she desired, and the same day the artist quitted her for ever.

Agitation and grief again laid him on a sick bed, and his friends were long and seriously afraid that he would only exchange it for his coffin. Gutmann, his favourite pupil, and one of his best friends, nursed him with the most devoted care; and the deep gratitude of the sufferer was shown by the questions which he continually asked of the friends and acquaintances who came to see him. "How is Gutmann? Is he not very tired? Will it not be too much for him if he sits up with me any longer? I am sorry to give him so much trouble, but there is no one else I like so well to have about me as him." These were almost the only words he spoke, for his visitors would not let him talk, and did all they could to amuse him and divert his mind.

Through the efforts of his physicians and the indefatigable attentions of Gutmann, Chopin at

length somewhat recovered. But the first time he appeared again among his friends he was so much altered that they hardly knew him. The following summer he was apparently much better, and able to compose; but he would not leave Paris, as had always been his habit at that time of year, and was thus deprived of the fresh country air which had always been so beneficial to him.

During the winter of 1847-1848 Chopin was in a very precarious state of health. Political disturbances and other causes made his residence in Paris increasingly unpleasant, and he resolved on visiting England, where he had many very kind friends, who had repeatedly invited him to come whenever he had time. But before leaving the Queen of Continental cities he wished to give a farewell public concert.* It took place on Feb-

* It cannot be said that Chopin obtruded himself on the public notice; for, from 1834 to 1848, he only gave one public concert (February 21st, 1842), with the assistance of Viardot-Garcia and Franchomme, when Chopin performed the following compositions: Ballade (A flat major); three Mazurkas (A flat, B, A minor); three Studies (A flat, F minor, C minor); Prelude (D flat); Impromptu (G flat); Nocturne (D flat). As this concert naturally made a much better impression than the first given in the Italian theatre, on account of Chopin's poetical and expressive playing, he held *séances* in the Pleyel Hall nearly every year, when he always played alone, and his admirers and friends paid twenty francs for their tickets.

ruary 16th, 1848, at the Pleyel Hall, and Chopin could not have desired a more select and distinguished audience, or a more enthusiastic reception.* Many of the most exalted personages and the first artists in Paris were present, and throughout the performance all were anxious to testify their respect and admiration for the talented composer, the rare virtuoso and the lovable man. Frederic was deeply affected; this, the last of his Parisian triumphs, was a balsam for many of the wounds of fate, which, although gradually healing, were still sometimes very painful.

Chopin was greatly shocked by the political events of February 2nd, which overthrew a dynasty, and sent a monarch and his family into exile. From Louis Philippe and his kindred he had experienced nothing but affability and kindness, and Frederic deplored the fate of the Orleanists. At the same time, however, this revolution awakened fresh hopes for his unfortunate country, which he loved as passionately and as faithfully as when, a youth in Warsaw, he set to music patriotic songs which it was unsafe to

* Chopin's last concert began with one of Mozart's trios, in which Alard and Franchomme took part. Then Chopin played his new 'cello Sonata in G minor (Op. 65) and some smaller pieces—studies, preludes, mazurkas and waltzes.

publish. But when he saw that the storm which swept over Europe brought neither freedom nor independence to Poland, he suppressed his feelings, and gave up talking about politics.

There was now nothing to prevent his journey to England. His friends, much as they liked his company, did not dissuade him from his purpose, and hoped that he would soon feel at home in London. At the latter end of March, just a month before his departure, he was invited to a *soirée* by a lady, at whose hospitable house he had, in former days, been a frequent guest. He hesitated before deciding to go, for during the last four years he had not been often seen in Parisian *salons*; then, as if moved by an inward premonition, he accepted the invitation.

A lively conversation about Chopin had been going on at Madame H.'s before he arrived. A musical connoisseur was describing his meeting with the famous artist at Nohant, and his wonderful playing on the beautiful summer moonlight night. A lady observed: "Chopin's spirit pervades the best of Sand's romances. Like all highly imaginative writers, she often lost patience over her work, because before she had carried out one plan her mind was advancing to something fresh. To keep herself to her desk and to enable her to write with more care, she would ask her

lover to improvise on the piano, and thus, inspired by his playing, she produced her best novels."

A deep, half audible sigh escaped from a lady, who, unobserved by the speaker, had stepped softly into the *salon* from the adjoining room. A flush overspread her pale face, tears stood in her deep mysterious eyes; what could have moved her so profoundly?

Several gentlemen then entered the room, and the lady retreated behind a mass of ivy which formed a convenient screen. She sat there for about an hour, unnoticed except by the hostess, who understood her behaviour. When the company had become more numerous the lady rose, and, walking up to Chopin, with the swinging step peculiar to her, held out her hand. "Frederic," she murmured, in a voice audible only to him, and standing before him he saw, for the first time, after a long and painful separation, George Sand, repentant, and evidently anxious for reconciliation. His delicate, emaciated, yet still beautiful face, grew deadly pale; for a moment his soft eyes met her inquiring glance, and then he turned away and left the room in silence.

Towards the end of April he bade adieu to his friends and set off for London. In England Chopin's works already enjoyed a well-deserved

esteem and popularity; he was, therefore, everywhere received with unusual marks of respect and friendliness and with the sympathy which is the best reward of the poet and artist. The hospitality and kindness of English musicians like Osborne, Benedict, Brinley Richards and Sloper, who had heard him and made his acquaintance in Paris, were very grateful to Frederic's sensitive and affectionate nature. He again appeared in society, and hoped that, while pursuing his beloved art amid fresh surroundings, he might forget the woman for whom, notwithstanding all the wrong she had done him, he sometimes ardently longed. He could not, despite all his efforts, erase from his memory the period of almost supernal happiness once created for him by her dazzling intellect, exhaustless fancy, and ardent love, although his reason constantly told him that she was not worthy of a sigh.

The Polish emigrants in London, as soon as they learned that Chopin had arrived, determined to give an ovation to their distinguished compatriot. They got up a dinner, at which about forty of the most prominent members of the Polish colony were present. After several toasts and speeches extolling Chopin as a musician and a patriot, the artist rose, and clinking his glass spoke to the following effect:

"My dear countrymen:—The expressions I have just received of your attachment and devotion have touched me deeply. I should like to have been able to thank you in words, but, unfortunately, the gift of oratory has been denied me. I invite you to come with me to my house, and listen to the expression of my thanks on the piano."

This was received with a storm of applause. Every one rose and followed the artist.

Although exhausted by the day's excitement, Chopin made a supreme effort, and, amid continuous applause, played till two in the morning.

His wonderful Mazurkas, Ballades, Polonaises, and his improvisation on Polish national airs, made a deep impression on his countrymen. For seventeen years they had been living in exile, driven by the cruel enemy from the fatherland—for which they had sacrificed their all—and these patriotic strains brought vividly to their minds the bitter, the irreparable, loss of their beloved home.

About this time Chopin wrote to his friend, Grzymala:

London, May 11th, 1848.

DEAREST FRIEND,

I have just come from the Italian Opera, where Jenny Lind played "Sonnambula" for the first

time, and the Queen, after a long retirement, reappeared in public. I was naturally very much interested in both personages, but most of all in Wellington; who, like a faithful old watch-dog, sat in the box below his Royal mistress. I have also met Jenny Lind. She received me with the greatest kindness when I called on her a few days after, and sent me a stall in one of the best places for the opera. I saw and heard splendidly. The Swedish lady is an original from top to toe. Her presence seems pervaded by the magic atmosphere of the North. Her singing is invariably pure and true, but what I admired most is her *piano*, which is indescribably fascinating.

Your FREDERIC.

After Chopin had been presented to Queen Victoria by the Duchess of Sutherland, and had played at Court, he daily received invitations from the leaders of English society. He gave recitals at select private receptions at the houses of Lord Falmouth and Mme. Sartoris (*née* Adelaide Kemble). The late evening parties, the want of sleep, and the wear and tear of going into society were very injurious to his weak constitution, and quite opposed to the doctor's orders. For the sake of quiet, he accepted an invitation from the Stirling family to Scotland. He wrote a few

days before his departure from that country to Grzymala :

DEAR FRIEND,

Best thanks for your cordial letter and for the enclosure from my family. Thank God you are all well, but why do you trouble about me? I cannot be more miserable than I am. I have not known real happiness for a long time. I do not live; I vegetate, and patiently await my end. Next week I travel to Scotland to stay with Lord Torphichen, the brother-in-law of my Scottish friends, the Misses Stirling, who are already there (in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh). He wrote most kindly to invite me, so did Lady Murray, a lady of rank and influence, who is extremely interested in music. I have had hosts of invitations from various parts of England. But I cannot go from place to place like a wandering musician. I should hate that sort of vagabond life, and my health would not stand it. I think of staying in Scotland till August 29th, on which day I go to Manchester, where I am to give a public performance. I am to play twice without the orchestra, and to receive £60. Alboni is to appear also. But that does not concern me. I sit down to my piano and—*basta!* While in Manchester I shall be at the house of one of the

rich merchants with whom Narkomm stayed. I do not know what I shall do after. If only someone could prophesy whether I should be ill here during the winter.

Your FREDERIC.

As might have been foreseen, the raw Scottish climate had a very prejudicial effect upon Chopin's health. The mists depressed his spirits and induced that sense of melancholy which had troubled him in early years and had inspired some of his sombre and wildly romantic compositions.

The following letter to Grzymala shows the weariness that had already overpowered him:

Keir, Perthshire, Sunday, October 1, 1848.

No post, no railway, no carriages, no boats, not even a pedestrian, not a dog to be seen. All void and desolate!

MY DEAREST,

Just when I was about to begin another letter to you, your letter and my sister's arrived. Thank God the cholera has not touched her. But why don't you write a word about yourself? Letter writing is easier for you than for me, for I have been writing to you every day for a week, since my return from the North of Scotland

(Strachur), and have not finished what I have to say. I know you have an invalid at Versailles, for Rozaria wrote me that you had hurried away from her to go to someone at Versailles who was ill. It is not your grandfather, is it? Or is it one of the grandchildren, or one of your dear neighbours, the Rochanski's? One does not hear anything of the cholera here, but in London there are a few cases.

At the same time as your letter, which I received at Johnston Castle, and which told me that you had been with Soli to the Gymnase Theatre, came one from Edinburgh, from Prince Alexander Czartoryski, saying that he and his wife had arrived and would be very glad to see me. Tired as I was, I at once went off by train and met them in Edinburgh. Princess Marcelline was as affable as she always has been to me. The meeting with them gave me fresh life and strength enough to to play at Glasgow. All the *haute volée* were at my concert. The weather was splendid, and the princely family came from Edinburgh, and with them little Marcel, who is growing famously, and can already sing my music, and indeed correct any mistakes in it he hears. The concert took place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, and after it the Prince and Princess were kind enough to accept my invi-

tation to dinner at Johnston Castle, which is about twelve English miles from Glasgow. In this way I spent the whole day with them. Lord and Lady Murray and old Lord Torphichen—who had travelled a hundred miles, went also, and the next day they all expressed themselves as delighted with the affability of Princess Marcelline. The Prince and Princess went back to Glasgow, whence, after seeing Loch Tamen, they returned to London, and from there will go back to the Continent.

The Princess spoke of you with sincere kindness. I can well understand how your noble nature must suffer at what is taking place in Paris now. You would not believe how cheerful I felt in the company of such dear compatriots. But to-day I am again very depressed. Oh this fog! Although the window at which I write commands that beautiful prospect with which, as you will remember, Robert Bruce was so delighted—Stirling Castle, mountains, lakes, a charming park, in a word, one of the finest views in Scotland—I can see nothing except for a moment when the sun breaks through the mist. The owner of this place is named Stirling, uncle of the Misses Stirling, and head of the family. I made his acquaintance in London. He is a rich bachelor and possesses a very fine picture gallery, noted for its

Murillos and the pictures of other Spanish masters. He has just brought out a very interesting book on the Spanish School; has travelled a great deal, visiting the East, and is a very intelligent man. All English people of note going to Scotland visit him. He keeps open house, so that on an average thirty persons dine with him every day. This gives one the opportunity of seeing a variety of types of English beauty. A certain Mrs. Boston was here for a few days, but soon left again. There are more dukes, earls and lords about than ever, as the Queen is in Scotland. Yesterday Her Majesty passed close to us in the train, as she had to be in London at a certain time, and there was such a fog at sea that she preferred to go by land from Aberdeen instead of by boat, as on the outward journey. The sailors who had made great preparations in the Queen's honour were much disappointed. They say that the Prince Consort was very glad, as he is always ill at sea, while the Queen—a real ruler of the waves—is a capital sailor.

I am on the way to forgetting Polish, and to begin speaking French like an Englishman, and English like a Scotchman, after the fashion of old Jawurek, who mixed up five languages when he talked.

If I do not write you a Jeremiade it is not because I mistrust your sympathy, but because you are the one person who knows everything; and if I once begin I shall go on complaining for ever, and always in the same strain. But no, I am wrong in saying it is always the same, for I grow worse every day. I feel weaker and weaker, and cannot compose, not for want of inclination, but from physical causes, and besides I am in a different place every week. But what *am* I to do? I must at least lay by something for the winter.

I have hosts of invitations, but cannot go where I want to—to the Duchess of Argyll's or Lady Belhaven's, as it is too late in the season for my delicate health.

I am quite incapable of doing anything all the morning, and when I am dressed I feel so exhausted that I am obliged to rest. After dinner I have to sit two hours with the gentlemen, listen to their conversation, and look on while they drink. I feel ready to die with weariness, and think of other things all the time till I go into the drawing-room, when I have to use all my efforts to rouse myself, for everybody is curious to hear me play. After this, my good Daniel carries me upstairs, undresses and puts me to bed; he leaves the light burning, and I am once more at leisure to sigh and dream, and look forward to

passing another day in the same manner. If I ever arrange to do anything I am sure to be carried off in another direction, for my Scotch friends—although with the best intentions in the world—give me no rest. They want to introduce me to all their relations; they will kill me with their kindness; but for mere politeness' sake I must put up with it all.

Your FREDERIC.

London, 17-18 October, 1848.

MY DEAREST,

I have been ill for eighteen days, that is since my arrival in London. I have had such a severe cold—with headache, difficulty of breathing and all my bad symptoms—that I have not been outside the house. The doctor visits me every day. He is a homœopath named Mallan, has a great reputation here, and is married to a niece of Lady Gainsborough. He attends my Scottish lady friends. He has so far done me good that yesterday I was able to attend the Polish concert and ball. I went straight home when I had finished my task. I could not sleep all night long, as besides my cough and asthma I was suffering from a violent headache. Up till now the fogs have not been bad, so in spite of the cold, I have been able to get some fresh air by having my windows

open. I am living at 4, St. James's Place, and nearly every day I see Szulczewski, Broadwood, Mrs. Erskim, who came here after me with Mr. Stirling, and particularly Prince Alexander and his wife. Please continue to address your letters to Szulczewski. I cannot go to Paris yet, but am always considering how I may get back there. I cannot remain in this house, although it would be admirable for anyone not an invalid, and is not dear— $4\frac{1}{2}$ guineas a week, bed, firing, etc., included. It is close to Lord Stuart's.* This excellent man, who has just gone away, came to enquire how yesterday's concert had gone off. Very likely I shall go to stay in his house, as he has much larger rooms in which I can breathe more easily. In any case, will you please look out for first floor rooms, if not in the Boulevard, in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix or the Rue Royale; or, I think, in the Rue des Mathurins, but not in the Rue Godot or in any dark, narrow street? The windows must look south, and there

* Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart was a warm friend of Poland and a generous helper of the poor Polish emigrants who settled in London after 1831. He was always foremost in anything, such as concerts, balls, etc., got up for the benefit of the Polish soldiers. He was sent by the English government on a political mission to Stockholm, to induce the King of Sweden to join an alliance against Russia. While there he died suddenly of cholera, November 17th, 1854.

must be a room for a servant in any case. Perhaps Frank's old quarters in Square No. 9 (cité d'Orleans), good Madame Etienne's, opposite my rooms, are free. I know from experience that I could not return to my old rooms for the winter. If there were a room for a servant on the same floor, I should prefer to be with Mme. Etienne. But I don't wish to part with my Daniel, as if I ever want to, or am able to return to England, he knows about everything so well.

Why I should trouble you about all this I do not know. But some arrangements I must make, so ask you to help me. I never yet cursed any one; but I am so weary of life that I am near cursing Lucrezia. But there is pain even in that, and the more so as one grows older in wickedness every day. It is an everlasting pity about Soli. Alas! everything in the world goes contrary-wise. Think of Arago, with the eagle on his breast, representing France now! Louis Blanc passes unnoticed here. The deputation of the National Guard drove Caussidier from the table d'hôte of the Hotel de la Sablonnière in Leicester Square, with the cry, "vous n'êtes pas français!"

If you find lodging let me know at once; but do not give notice at my old one till you have found another.

Your FREDERIC.

London, Thursday, January, 1849.

MY DEAREST,

To-day again I have been in bed nearly all day, but on Thursday I leave dreadful London. I shall stay in Boulogne Thursday night, and Friday evening I hope to be in my bed in the Place d'Orléans. To add to my other ills I have now got neuralgia, so please have the bed and pillows well aired, and order some fir-cones. Mme. Etienne must spare nothing to let me be warm when I come. I have written to Drozewski to send in carpets and curtains. I will pay Periches, the upholsterer, as soon as I arrive. Tell Playel to send me in a piano on Thursday evening, and have it covered; buy a bunch of violets to make the room smell sweet.* I should like when I return to find some books of poetry in my bedroom to which I shall, probably, be confined for some time.

So on Friday evening I hope to be in Paris; a day longer here, and I should go mad or die. My Scotch lady friends are good, but very wearisome. They have made so much of me that I cannot easily get quit of them. Let the house

* Chopin always wanted flowers about him, and, if possible, violets.

be thoroughly warmed and well dusted. Perhaps I may get well again.

Yours ever,

FREDERIC

This was, alas! a false hope. Soon after his return to Paris he suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of the celebrated Dr. Molin, to whose skill and care Chopin owed the prolongation of his life. From that time he despaired of himself. The place of the beloved and honoured physician, whose very presence had been a comfort, could never be supplied.

Hearing that his dear friend, Titus Woyciechowski, was going to Ostend for the sea baths, Frederic felt a strong desire to join him. Relative to this we find two letters—the last he ever wrote. As a Russian subject, it was not then very easy for Woyciechowski to go to Paris. He would have required special permission from the authorities at Warsaw, or at least a letter from the Russian Ambassador in Paris.

Chopin's last letters to Titus Woyciechowski:

Paris, August 20th, 1849

Square d'Orleans, Rue St. Lazare, No. 9

MY DEAREST,

Nothing but my present severe illness prevents me from hastening to you at Ostend; but

I hope that by the goodness of God you may be enabled to come to me. The doctors will not allow me to travel. I am in my room drinking Pyrenean water, but your presence would do me more good than all the medicines.

Yours till death,

FREDERIC.

Paris, September 12th, 1849.

MY DEAR TITUS,

I have not had time to see about obtaining the permission for you to come here. I cannot go for it myself, as I lie in bed half my time, but have asked a friend, who has a good deal of influence, to see about it for me, and shall hear something definite by Sunday. I wanted to go by rail to the frontier at Valenciennes to meet you; but the doctors forbid my leaving Paris, because a few days ago I was not able to get as far as Ville d'Avraye, near Versailles, where I have a god-son. For this reason they will not send me to a warmer climate this winter.

You see it is only illness that keeps me; had I been tolerably well I should certainly have gone to Belgium to visit you. Perhaps you may be able to come here. I am not egotistical enough to wish that you should come merely for my sake,

for, ill as I am, you would be wearied and disappointed, although I think we might pass some pleasant hours, recalling youthful memories, and I wish the time we do have together to be an entirely happy one.

Ever yours, FREDERIC.

The crisis of the illness which was to put an end to Chopin's life began, in fact, on the day when he left his rooms in the Cité d'Orléans. At the end of August, with a breaking heart, and with no illusions whatever about the malady which had, alas, played but too large a part in his life, Chopin left the rooms which he had occupied in the Square. They were on the first floor, and not far from the house of the author of "Consuelo." One of the chief difficulties about his move to the Rue de Chaillot, and scarcely six weeks later to the Place Vendôme, was the question of finances. Nothing could equal Chopin's disinterestedness and unselfishness. He gave away readily and liberally without much thought as to where the means to do so were to come from. He had some admirable friends—Franchomme in particular—who undertook the hard task of making receipts and expenditure balance. As the illness progressed, the moment approached when it would no longer be

possible to count on any income from lessons and new compositions to meet the increasing demands of the situation.

It is permissible to mention—to the credit of everyone—one of the last expedients by which the lack of means was amply supplied. Chopin thought he still had money when there was absolutely nothing left. The friends who were in Franchomme's confidence were very anxious about this—among them the Miss Stirling so often referred to. No sooner had she heard of the artist's financial embarrassments than she devised a very simple scheme for relieving them. She handed to the porter at Chopin's lodgings an envelope containing an anonymous gift of 20,000 francs. She thought that would be the best way of helping without offending him. Franchomme was taken into the secret. Great therefore, was his astonishment when a few days later Chopin asked him to devise some means for getting money. An explanation, naturally, followed, and at last it was discovered that the letter with its valuable enclosure had not been delivered. After much enquiry and search it was found behind the clock of the careless porter to whom it had been entrusted.

Rue de Chaillot was at that time a very unfrequented street, and one might imagine one's

self in the country rather than in a big city. A long, empty courtyard led to Chopin's apartment, which was on the first floor, and had a fine view over Paris. To while away his hours of suffering, Chopin would often ask one of his friends to read him something from one of the books in his own well-stocked library. He generally chose a few pages from Voltaire's "Dictionnaire Philosophique." He particularly admired that author's clear, concise and finished diction, and sound judgment on philosophical and æsthetic questions. Shortly before his death he had the chapter on "Taste" read aloud to him.

Chopin had for some time been under no illusion as to the hopelessness of his condition, yet he did not fear the end, but seemed in a manner to long for it. The thought of quitting a life so full of sad remembrances was not altogether unwelcome. His moments of respite from pain became fewer and fewer. He spoke with perfect consciousness and calmness about his death and the disposal of his body. He expressed a wish to be buried in the churchyard of Père Lachaise beside Bellini, with whom between 1832 and 1835 he had been very friendly.

By the beginning of October, that is, about four weeks after going into his new lodgings, No. 12, Place Vendôme, Chopin was so much

worse that he could not sit up. His relatives were informed of his condition, and Chopin's eldest sister, Mme. Louise Jedrzejewicz, immediately hastened to him with her husband and daughter. In 1844, Louise had nursed her beloved brother through a dangerous illness, and afterwards spent a few weeks with him at Nohant. She felt now directly she saw him that he would only need her tender care a short time.

The end was near. The sufferer lay in the farthest room, tortured with attacks of suffocation, and only able to breathe when sitting up. Mons. Gutmann, who was stronger than the others, and seemed to know best what to do, supported the patient continuously. Princess Marcelline Czartoryska would not leave her place at the head of the bed, she divined Chopin's every wish and tended him like a sister of mercy. All helped according to their capacities, but most of the friends remained in the adjoining rooms. One would go for the doctor and to the chemist's, another would attend to callers, a third would keep the door closed on intruders. This last was quite necessary, for many who had not the least right to do so presented themselves, out of mere curiosity, to say farewell. The serenity of soul with which Chopin approached death, and his trust in the mercy of God, before Whose judgment

seat he was ready to appear, helped to keep up the courage of those around him as they witnessed his paroxysms of pain. It was an impressive moment when, after a long and profound silence, Chopin sat upright in bed, leaning on Gutmann's arm, and suddenly broke the stillness with the words: "Maintenant j'entre en agonie."

The physician felt his pulse, and tried as usual to say something comforting, but Chopin replied in a tone of authority which admitted of no rejoinder: "C'est une rare faveur que Dieu fait à l'homme en lui dévoilant l'instant où commence son agonie; cette grace il me la fait—ne me troublez pas!" But the most affecting incident was the arrival, on Sunday, Oct. 15, of Countess Delphine Potocka, who had been summoned from Nice by the bad news. When Chopin was told of the arrival of this faithful friend he exclaimed with emotion: "C'est donc cela que Dieu tardait tant à m'appeller à lui, il a encore voulu me laisser le plaisir de la voir!" She had scarcely arrived when he asked her to sing, that he might once more hear the beautiful voice he had loved so much. The piano was moved in from the next room, and the Countess, who, with marvellous self-control mastered her feelings, sang in pure and clear but somewhat vibrant tones the "Hymn



CHOPIN'S DEATH MASK

to the Holy Virgin," by Stradella, with such beauty and devotion that the dying artist immediately begged her to repeat it. As if strengthened and inspired by a higher power, the Countess sat down to the piano again and sang a Psalm by Marcello. Those around the bed felt that Chopin was becoming weaker every moment, and sank noiselessly on their knees. The solemn stillness was broken only by the Countess's wonderful voice, like the song of an angel summoning the soul of the great master to the realms of the blessed. All suppressed their sobs that they might not disturb the dying man's last moment of happiness—his joy in his beloved art. But the rattle of death broke in upon the second song. The piano was quickly removed from the side of the bed, and the priest drew near and prayed. Yet the last moment had not come. Next morning Chopin felt somewhat better and asked for extreme unction. Alexander Jelowicki, a very pious and learned priest, much esteemed by his countrymen, was sent for. The dying man confessed, and in the presence of his friends took the Last Sacrament. Then he lost the power of speech, and seemed unconscious of his surroundings. A few hours later the spark of life once more revived, and Chopin spoke again. Twice in

the course of the day he summoned his friends to his side, and had a touching word for each. What he said to them showed that he was still in possession of all his faculties. To two of his favourite pupils, Princess Czartoryski and Mlle. Elise Gavard, who were not acquainted before, but who seemed cut out to understand one another, he said, calling them close to him: "Vous ferez de la musique ensemble, vous penserez à moi et je vous écouterai." Then he turned to Franchomme, who was weeping at his side, and whispered: "Vous jouerez du Mozart en mémoire de moi." Among those who were not admitted to his presence was a certain Madame M., who came to enquire on behalf of Madame Sand, who was just then very much taken up by the approaching representation of one of her dramas. But it was not deemed fitting to intrude on the master's last moments with this tardy recognition. During the whole evening of the 16th the usual prayers were said. When the priest Jelowicki repeated the Litany, as the Church prescribes, those present made all the responses. Chopin remained silent; only the heaving of his chest showed that he still lived. That evening two doctors visited him. One of them, Dr. Cruveillé, held a light to Chopin's face,

which was nearly black with the struggle to breathe, and remarked as he did so that the senses were failing. But when asked if he felt any pain, the answer came quite distinctly: "Plus."

It was the last word that passed Chopin's lips. One more deep sigh, and he closed his eyes for ever.

At that moment the bells of Paris struck three o'clock in the morning, of October 17th, 1849. A few minutes afterwards the doors of the chamber were opened, and the friends and acquaintances in the next room came to look once more on the beloved face of the dead.

It was well known in musical circles that Chopin dearly loved flowers, and the very same morning such quantities were sent that the body of the dead but undying master as it lay in state was literally covered with them. His face, which had been somewhat changed by long illness and suffering, assumed an expression of indescribable serenity and youthful loveliness. The same day a cast of his countenance was taken.

The reverent admiration which Chopin had always felt for Mozart led him to request, in his last days, that no music but the German master's sublime Requiem should be performed at his funeral. Up to 1849 women were not al-

lowed to take part in the musical performance at the Madeleine Church, and special permission had to be obtained from the minister of the Madeleine, Mons. Deguerry and Mons. Gavard (père), who had together undertaken all the arrangements for the interment. The first artists of Paris co-operated. The solos of the Requiem were rendered by Mesdames Pauline Viardot-Garcia and Castellan, and the famous bass singer, Lablache, who gave a splendid delivery of the "Tuba mirum." For the Offertory, Léfèbure-Wély played on the organ Chopin's Preludes in B minor and E minor (Nos. 4 and 6 of Vol. 1).*

The strains of the organ deeply affected the mourners, who could not restrain their sobs and tears. Chopin's Funeral March, which Reber had scored for the orchestra, was played as the coffin was carried out. Meyerbeer, who conducted the musical service, expressed regret to some of his friends that he had not been entrusted with the orchestration of Chopin's March, which he would have liked to do as a last tribute to the master.

The pall-bearers were Prince Alexander Czartoryski, Delacroix, Franchomme and Gutmann.

When the remains were lowered into the grave,

* A facsimile of the original draught of the E minor Prelude will be found at the end of this volume.

Polish earth was scattered on the coffin. It was the same that Chopin had brought from the village of Wola nineteen years before as a memorial of his beloved fatherland. He had always guarded it with pious care, and shortly before his death had requested that if he might not rest in Polish soil his body might at least be covered with his native earth. Chopin's heart, which had beaten so warmly, and suffered so deeply for his country, was, according to his desire, sent to the land whose sun had shone on his happy youth; it is preserved *ad interim* in the church of the Sacred Cross at Warsaw.

Soon after his death a monument was erected to his memory in Père Lachaise, by the voluntary contributions of his friends. It was thought that it would be in harmony with Chopin's wishes if the execution of the work were entrusted to the sculptor, Clesinger, the husband of Madame Sand's daughter. Unfortunately the memorial did not satisfy the expectations of the committee, the president of which was Mons. Delacroix. It has, however, been allowed to stand as it was until now, and has outlived nearly all the subscribers and those who afterwards looked after the grave.

No tomb in the cemetery is more visited than Chopin's. For the purposes of renovation, the innumerable inscriptions with which it was covered have, unfortunately, had to be removed.*

* For the many fresh particulars concerning Chopin's last hours which we have given in this chapter, we are indebted to Mons. Chas. Gavard, of Paris, who during the last sad days never left the master's dying bed. Soon after the publication of the first edition of this book, Mons. Gavard had the kindness to send us the material for the many additions which have been made in this second edition. For this our warmest thanks are due. Mons. Gavard's father, as already mentioned, was a friend of the great pianist of many years' standing; Elise Gavard, sister of Gavard, jun., was a favourite pupil. It was to her that Chopin dedicated his *Berceuse* (Op. 57). Mlle. Gavard cherishes the original manuscript as one of her most precious memorials of the immortal teacher.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHOPIN AS A MAN.

SO much light has been thrown in the preceding chapters on Chopin as a man, that there is little more to say about his personal characteristics. He was a model son, an affectionate brother, and a faithful friend. His personal appearance was so agreeable and harmonious that the eye rested on him with pleasure. His dark brown eyes* were cheerful rather than pensive, his smile was kindly and perfectly good-natured; he had a complexion of almost transparent delicacy, and luxuriant brown hair, as soft as silk; his Roman nose was slightly aquiline; all his movements were graceful, and he had the manners of an aristocrat of the highest rank. Everyone

* It is inexplicable why Liszt should have frequently spoken of his "blue eyes."

with any discernment of true gentility and real genius could not but say, on seeing Chopin, "there is a distinguished man." His voice was musical and rather subdued. He was not above middle height, naturally delicate, and in his general appearance resembled his mother.

One of his lady friends not inaptly remarked that "his disposition was joyous, but his heart full of dreamy yearning." Through his nature there ran a vein of melancholy and enthusiasm (*schwärmerei*) which was very fascinating. He had so much amiability and good-breeding, that his physical sufferings, his nervous excitability, and the violent antipathies which he felt in common with all nervous people never made any difference to his behaviour in daily life. He rarely spoke about his own feelings or let them be perceived lest he should be misunderstood.

At some houses in Paris he was a daily guest, and he always spent the evenings with friends. Thus he had the *entrée* of twenty or thirty *salons*, where he met with universal kindness, attention and homage. To have transported Frederic Chopin, the darling of Princesses and Countesses, from this atmosphere of admiring devotion into a simple, commonplace circle, would have been nothing short of depriving him of the chief end of his existence.

He had sufficient pride to enable him to comport himself with dignity; he knew, but did not over-estimate, his own powers, and recognised with friendly fellow-feeling the artistic merits of others.

The following tolerably well-known anecdote speaks for the goodness of his disposition. Julius Schulhoff arrived in Paris young and quite unknown. He learned that Chopin, who was already a great invalid and very difficult of access, was to be at Mercier's* pianoforte manufactory to examine a newly invented instrument for transposing. This was in the year 1844. Schulhoff seized this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, and was one of the little group awaiting Chopin's arrival. He appeared in company with an old friend, a Russian bandmaster. Seizing a suitable moment, Schulhoff got himself presented by a lady, who suggested that Schulhoff should play something. Chopin gave a half-grudging assent by a slight inclination of the head. He had been so often pestered by dilettante tormentors of all kinds. Schulhoff sat down to the piano, while Chopin, with his back towards him, leaned against the in-

* This establishment is no longer in existence.

strument. But even during the short Prelude Chopin turned an attentive look at Schulhoff, who was playing his new "Allegro brillant en forme de Sonate" (Op. 1), dedicated to Chopin.* With growing interest and drawing nearer and nearer to the piano, he listened to the delicate poetical playing of the young Bohemian. His pale face became animated, and by looks and gestures he indicated to those present his hearty approval. When Schulhoff had finished, Chopin put out his hand saying: "Vous êtes un vrai artiste—un collègue." When Schulhoff visited Chopin a few days later, and asked permission to dedicate this composition to him, the honoured master thanked him in the most delightful manner, and said in the hearing of some ladies who were present: "Je suis très flatté de l'honneur que vous me faites."

Accustomed to comfort and elegance, he liked to be surrounded by *objets de luxe*, to have his apartments richly carpeted, and filled with ornamental furniture, costly consols, and *étagères* covered with presents. He would often entertain his friends in his house at recherché Lucullus-like suppers. On these occasions his wealthy and aristocratic lady pupils would frequently lend

* Published by G. S. Richault, Paris; and Stern and Company, Berlin.

him their most delicate china. One day it was the turn of the wife of the Austrian Ambassador. He looked at the dinner-set the servants had brought, but found that, though handsome, it was not quite up to his requirements. So he expressed his very grateful thanks, and went himself to the leading porcelain manufactory to buy one of the most magnificent and most expensive services for his supper.

His dress was stylish and tasteful, and his linen, which came from the best shops in Paris, dazzlingly white. He did not agree with those who say that an artist has a right to neglect his appearance. It is said that when he was going to play in public he would order in coats from different tailors, and, having tried them all on and found something to object to in each, he would at the last moment borrow one of his pupil (Gutmann), which was a great deal too large for him.

He used, especially when he first came to live in France, to do all he could to help poor Polish emigrants, either by recommendations or with money and clothes. When Princess Czartoryska opened a bazaar for their benefit at the Hotel Lambert, Chopin spent more than a thousand francs in elegant trifles, which he gave away. His generosity in this direction knew no bounds, and

it is not surprising that he left nothing but debts when he died.*

As a boy he had begun his artistic career with a concert for the poor, and the last he ever gave was for the Polish emigrants in London, although to him to give a concert was a disagreeable undertaking he never entered upon without reluctance. It was this ready sympathy that caused the breach with Charles Lipinski, the famous violinist, who came to Paris in 1835, and gave some concerts. Chopin proposed that they should give a concert together for the benefit of the Poles, but Lipinski refused, saying, that he did not wish to compromise himself at St. Petersburg, where he intended to perform next year. Chopin was so indignant at this answer that he broke off the friendship, and never forgave Lipinski for his hard-hearted indifference to his distressed countrymen.

He was always willing to sacrifice himself for his friends, but to strangers he was cool and reserved. If he found people seeking his acquaintance and sending him invitations for the sake of gaining distinction, he soon put an end to the connection. When a rich man, who had asked him to dinner that he might amuse the guests by

* To pay these his effects were all put up to auction.

his playing, pressed him to perform, Chopin replied, "Ah, sir, I have dined so sparingly." But when he was sure that he should give real pleasure he was never stingy in exercising his talents. The famous author, Louis Blanc, writes in his "*Histoire de la Revolution, 1848*" vol. II):

"When the republican, Gottfried Cavaignac (cousin of the celebrated general) was approaching his end, he expressed a wish to hear music once more. I was personally acquainted with Chopin, and promised to go and find the artist, and bring him back with me, if the doctor would consent. When Chopin was informed of the circumstances, he set off at once. He was taken into a room with rather a bad piano and sat down to play. Suddenly a loud sob was heard. Moved and excited, Gottfried Cavaignac felt quickened with new life, and sat up, with his eyes full of tears. Chopin was so much affected that he could not go on. Madame Cavaignac bent anxiously over her son, who, mustering up all his strength, said, in a weak voice, "Don't be troubled, mother, it is nothing. Oh, what a beautiful art is music! Such music and such playing!"

Chopin was in general not at all fond of letter-writing, and needed some strong motive to induce him to take up his pen. The only regular correspondence he kept up was with his relations and

his friend Woyciechowski; and after 1838 this somewhat fell off, his connection with the great French authoress and his ill-health being probably the cause. He dared not make known to his family the full particulars of his manner of life, and knowing the strict moral principles of his parents, he preferred to keep secret his liaison with George Sand. This gave a certain air of embarrassment to his letters, which had formerly been so open and unconstrained, that on reading them one seemed both to see and hear him.

"It was often very comical," says Liszt, to see Chopin receive a written invitation to dinner, which he either wished or was obliged to decline; he would take a long walk and excuse himself in person rather than reply by writing."

He often accompanied the letters to his sisters and his nephews and nieces with articles of dress or playthings, and was as delighted as a child if he could prepare some surprise for them, while he cherished the tiniest remembrance sent him from home. It was a fête day for him when a letter came from Warsaw. He never talked about his feelings, but his thoughts were fixed on those he loved. He valued so highly any present they sent him that he would not suffer anyone to touch it or even look at it for long, much less keep it.

Brought up from a child in the faith of the

Romish Church, he did not like to talk or argue about religion, but kept his opinions to himself. He rarely took any prominent part in discussions on politics or literature, although he enjoyed listening to them. He never obtruded his ideas on anyone, but if his beloved art were attacked he was instantly up in arms. In the cause of Romanticism, of which he was a convinced adherent, he broke many a lance, and gave abundant proof, particularly during the first years of his residence in Paris, of his devotion to the principles of that school. Its most important representatives at that time were Berlioz and Liszt, the ablest, boldest, and most persevering opponents of the Classic School. In 1832 Chopin, who had grown up amid the clamour of this contest, adopted the views of Berlioz and Liszt, and joined the party who openly discarded the old-fashioned style, from which they held as much aloof as from charlatan-ism. All through the controversy over the Romantic school, some of the productions of which were real masterpieces, Chopin remained staunch to his opinions. He would not make the slightest concession to those who did not follow art for its own sake, but only used it as a means of obtaining money, fame, or honour. Much as he enjoyed the society of fellow artists, he renounced it unhesitatingly if convinced that they were

going too far in their resistance to all innovation, and were endeavouring to restrict his own creative efforts. To him art was sacred, and he would never praise a composition or an interpretation which he did not think really worthy of being commended.

Exaggeration of any kind in art was most distasteful to him. Michael Angelo's works inspired him with horror; Rubens he could not endure. Indeed he could never feel any enthusiasm for the pictures of his intimate friend Delacroix, which is the more extraordinary as the painter was an ardent admirer of Chopin's compositions, and in character and intellect the two friends closely approached one another. A strange contradiction that the boldest and most poetic spirit in the realm of music should be unresponsive to the grand creations of the greatest French master of magnificent colour harmony.

Chopin never had recourse to artificial means to secure the triumph and popularity of his works. To his most intimate friends he would sometimes say, "I believe that my works will stand on their intrinsic merits; whether these be recognised now or in the future is immaterial."

The extraordinary care and conscientiousness with which he finished his works protected him from the attacks of those superficial or hostile

critics who sought eagerly for the smallest mistake. Early accustomed to the sternest self-examination, he threw into his waste-paper basket many compositions which others would perhaps have proudly handed to their printer. He never undertook a work unsuited to his capacities or began anything which he was not sure he could successfully carry out.

Educated by German masters and on German principles, Chopin had a decided preference for the music of that country. Handel, Gluck, Bach, Haydn and Mozart were his ideals of perfection; and although he felt the spell of Beethoven's genius, he had less sympathy with its gigantic conceptions than with the fascinating charm and lovely melodies of Mozart's compositions. There seemed to him in Beethoven's works a want of delicate finish, the proportions were too colossal, and the storms of passion too violent. About the year 1835, Schubert began to be known in Paris, principally by his songs. Like all impartial musicians, Chopin was charmed by their wealth of melody; but he regretted that in his larger works, the exuberance of the composer's fancy frequently led him to overstep the limits of form, and thus impair the effect.

When Chopin first began to attract the attention of the musical world in Paris, there were odd

stories current about his parentage. Some thought he was a German; others, on account of his name, a Frenchman. He always protested energetically against these suppositions, declaring, with the pride of a good patriot, that he was a Pole. His nationality and his love for his country were shown both in word and deed, appearing not only in his generosity, and his voluntarily sharing the exile of his unfortunate countrymen, but also in his choice of friends and his preference for Polish pupils. However, he was not at all addicted to boasting of his patriotism. Although of French descent on his father's side, and perfectly familiar with the language, his accent still betrayed the nationality of his mother.

Just as he drew musical inspiration from the Polish folk-songs, so he loved to imitate the simple speech of the peasants, which he could render to perfection in its crispness and terseness, if he were in good spirits. When, for example, in a circle of intimate friends his playing had created a melancholy impression, he could at once disperse it by a counterfeit of the peasant dialect, especially that of the Mazovians and Cracovians. If a discussion arose as to the comparative merits of the different modern languages, he would always extol his mother tongue to the skies, and could never say enough in praise of its beauty,

wealth, sweetness, aptness of expression, and masculine power.

In common with many imaginative natures, Chopin was, in a greater or less degree, according to his state of health, very superstitious. He had a dislike to the numbers seven and thirteen; he would never undertake anything of importance on a Monday or Friday, sharing a belief almost universal in Poland that these are unlucky days (*ferelne*). Loitering along the Boulevards, one evening after a *soirée*, in company with some friends, among them A. Szmitkowski, to whom he dedicated his glorious mazurkas, Op. 59, he was joking about his financial troubles. "I wish," he said, "that some good genius would put twenty thousand francs into my desk. That would set me up once for all, and I could indulge in the comfort I am so fond of." That night he dreamt that his wish was realised. A few days after, on opening a secret drawer of his desk in which he kept his money and some much-prized memorials, he actually found the desired sum. Miss Stirling, his pupil and devoted follower, had given it to Szmitkowski to put there, after having heard from him of Chopin's wish and strange dream.

Devoted from childhood to his art, he lived constantly in the tone-world, and when not listen-

ing to music, he thought and dreamed of it. It is easy to understand that this incessant preoccupation would irritate and chafe his naturally susceptible nerves, and that his feelings, fancies, and even his whole spiritual nature, gradually grew into a state of ethereal delicacy. How painful, too, must have been the discord, when he was brought into contact with rough reality. He would then confide to his instrument his inmost thoughts, which became more and more melancholy, until at last his heart broke. Liszt says of Chopin: "To the modern calm simplicity of devotion Chopin united the reverent homage paid to art by the early mediæval masters. Like them he regarded the exercise of his art as a high and holy calling, and like them too he was proud of having been dedicated by nature to be its priest, and he brought to its service a pious worship which at once ennobles and blesses the artist." These feelings found expression even in his last hours, as a reference to Polish customs will explain. It is still a practice, though less common than formerly for the dying person to choose the clothes for his burial; many, indeed, have them prepared long beforehand. Thus are revealed the most secret and cherished thoughts, and by worldly but believing people, the garments of the cloister are often selected for their last dress, especially by

women. Men are more generally buried in their uniform with their arms laid beside them.

Chopin, although not only a composer, but one of the greatest of pianists (the first of his day as many think) gave proportionately the fewest concerts; yet he wished to be laid in the grave in the clothes he had worn on those occasions. A deep feeling, springing from the inexhaustible fountain of his artistic enthusiasm, doubtless prompted this last desire. It was fulfilled. As he lay covered with flowers and palm branches in the familiar dress, his admirers who surrounded the coffin could but exclaim, Frederic Chopin remained true to himself, for his last thoughts were of his art.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHOPIN AS A COMPOSER.

AS a creative artist, Chopin holds a unique position. Confining himself to the comparatively restricted limits of a single instrument, it is, in the opinion of competent judges, his especial merit to have been not only a thoroughly scientific musician, but also a true poet, whose productions have had the most widespread influence on all modern pianoforte composers, an influence not unlike that of Heine in the domain of poetry. Poet and musician alike give us the most perfect emotional pictures in the smallest forms, but with this difference, that while Heine's scepticism had a blighting effect on these miniatures, Chopin's harmonious disposition was a fructifying energy. How strongly convinced must Chopin have been that his special mission

was the enrichment of pianoforte literature, to be able to resist the tempting and effective help of an orchestra, and to voluntarily restrict himself to one instrument, for which he wrote masterpieces, of their kind incomparable. Liszt justly observes :

“We are too much accustomed at the present day to consider great only those composers who have written at least half a dozen operas and oratorios, besides symphonies; demanding everything and more than everything of one musician. Widespread as is this idea, its reasonableness is very problematical. I have no wish to contest the hardly won glory or the real superiority of the composers who have adopted the largest forms; all I desire is that, in music, size should be estimated in the same way as in the other arts: a painting, such as the ‘Vision of Ezekiel,’ or ‘The Churchyard,’ by Ruysdaël, twenty inches square, is placed among the chefs-d’œuvre, and ranks higher than many larger pictures by a Rubens or a Tintoretto. Is Béranger less of a poet because he poured all his thoughts into the narrow limits of a song? Is not Petrarch known chiefly by his sonnets? How many of his constant readers are acquainted with his poem on Africa? We cannot but believe that the criticism which denies the superiority of an artist like Schubert over one

who occupies himself in scoring tame operatic melodies, will disappear; and that, henceforth, we shall consider the talent displayed and the quality of the expression, whatever may be the size of the form chosen for its vehicle."

To give a competent analysis of Chopin's works (a list of which with the opus numbers appears at the end of this book) would require a volume to itself, and is not necessary for the purposes of this biography. I must, therefore, be content with a general survey of his compositions, enlarging more fully on that species, the origin or, at least, the high development of which we owe to his genius.

To fully appreciate their importance we must consider the circumstances amid which they were written.

The period to which his earliest compositions belong was one of apparent calm. After the Battle of Waterloo, which took place between the peaceful settlements of the two Congresses of Vienna, the nations began to breathe freely once again. The Great Conqueror was a captive, and for the time the political state of Europe seemed quietly ordered. The protracted sanguinary war was followed by the longed-for peace, and with this came the hope of a new uprising, and a consciousness of individual power among the nations.

In Poland the national pride grew stronger and stronger and impelled the true lovers of their country to an active propaganda for the improvement of its internal affairs. Gradually order evolved out of chaos, foreign influences were cast off, and foreign customs discontinued. Men of genius whose lives were devoted to the search after knowledge threw all their energies into the discovery of new truths and to casting fresh light on old ones. For years the garlands of fame had fallen to the lot of brave warriors and keen-witted politicians; it was now the turn of the poet, the artist, the savant, to win the laurels of renown on the peaceful fields of art and learning. Everywhere was the breath of a new spiritual life, full of soaring aspiration; and, rising from the exhaustion of the Napoleonic wars, the nation was seriously devoting itself to the revival of art and literature. The idea generally prevailed that culture depended upon the life and habits of the people; also that the classical type was not exactly suited to the Polish national character.

The new poetical tendency as well as the new æstheticism and philosophy found their representative in Casimir Brodzinski. As Professor of Polish Literature at Warsaw University and as member of the Scientific Society, he promulgated

his ideas *ex cathedra*, and popularised them by articles in widely read newspapers. He thus succeeded in attracting a number of talented young men to his banner; and then began the battle—day by day becoming more passionate and bitter—between the Classicists and the Romanticists. On one side stood the adherents of the old principles in literature; on the other the younger generation ever ready to be attracted by new ideas, such men as Bogdan Zaleski, Sewerin, Goszczynski, Anton Malczewski, Stephan Witwicki, Moritz Goslawski, and later on Slowacki and Sigismund Krasinski. The great poet Mickiewicz,* the author of "Grazyna" and "Dziady," supported by the influence of the historians, Lelewel and Brodzinski, stood at the head of the Romantic School, and by his genius triumphed over the other school. Just at the time when the contest between the Classicists and Romanticists was at its height, Chopin felt the impulse within him to be not only an executive but a creative artist. Living among young men, who were enthusiastic about folk-poetry, regarding it—and not without reason—as the basis of all poetry, Chopin sought

* The poems of Mickiewicz have been translated into nearly every living language, and specially well into German. They are full of thought and poetic feeling and are rich in colouring.

out national melodies for himself, seeking by careful artistic presentation to secure for them a lasting place in musical literature. In this he thoroughly succeeded, better, indeed, than any other composer had done. No one was so well able to reproduce the peculiar melancholy strain which runs through all the Polish melodies. A spontaneity, at once noble and natural, pervades Chopin's music. It is the complement or rather the illustration of the national poetry. As an eminent Polish historian has said:—"Chopin's music is of supreme importance because it represents the nation more gloriously in the domain of the tone art than that of any other composer. It gives us the honour of an independent position such as we had never attained before. It is drawn from the same source as the national poetry."

The same author* has a further reference to Chopin in Chap. 2 of Alfred de Musset's "*Confessions d'un enfant du siècle*," a passage which characterises the terrible malady of the age with wonderful poetic and psychological insight:—"When the war was ended and Cæsar banished, and every wall was adorned with portraits of Wellington and Blücher with the superscription '*Salvatoribus Mundi*,' a young generation sat

* Count Stanislaus Tarnowski, Professor of Polish Literature at the Cracow University.

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in gloomy contemplation amid the ruins. In its veins flowed the same warm blood which had been poured through the world in streams. Its dreams were of the snows of Moscow and the sands of Egypt; its soul was filled with lofty aspiration and unattainable desire, for look where one would, to the heaven above or the earth beneath, all was empty and desolate. The riper minds had lost all faith, the learned lived in an eternal contradiction, and the poets prophesied despair. A sickening hopelessness raged like a pest in the civilised world."

Among all those whose hearts were filled with love for their country and sadness over her terrible humiliations, and who expressed these feelings in their works, Chopin's was the tenderest, gentlest soul, the most refined and fascinating personality. The handsome appearance of the outer man, and the dreamy poetry of his nature which he translated into his music, gave him special distinction and pre-eminence. The shattering blows of fate, which at the beginning of 1830, brought Poland to the verge of ruin could not but influence the creations of every Polish artist. B. Liebelt, one of the chief Polish poets of that period, sang from the depths of his soul :

"Die traute Heimath bietet uns kein Glück,
Erliegt das Vaterland dem Missgeschick."

How could Chopin sing the joyful song of a happy heart? He would have had to assume a cheerfulness he did not feel, which would have been very irksome to him, for like every great man he was at his best when he unreservedly gave himself up to the promptings of his genius. The fire and spirit of youth burned, indeed, within him, and sweet melodies would flow from his fingers; but beneath the smile was ever a tear—the tribute to the fatherland, and the brethren who had fallen in her behalf.

It is interesting to watch the growth and development of Chopin's talents in relation to the different schools of composition. Although under the influence of none in particular, and not following the guide of any of the leading spirits of the day, he showed a slight and brief preference for Hummel, whom he took as a model, especially with regard to his passage work. We can trace this master's influence in the form of some of Chopin's early works, but in all of them there is individuality in the choice of thoughts. The leaning to Hummel is chiefly discernible in his rondos; but in the "Don Juan" variations and the fantasia on Polish airs, that boldness and freshness of thought, independence of working, and originality of conception, which at once gave him a prominent position among contemporary com-

posers, are already apparent. The lavish display of sentiment, youthful grace and energy, hopefulness and melancholy, show how unquenchable were the springs of his genius. Indeed so vast was the wealth of his ideas that, as was remarked in referring to his early works, he never repeated the same thought in the same manner, but by the most tasteful arabesques, or choice changes of harmony, imparted to its every return a renewed interest. He was very clever in turning to account all the embellishments and *fioritures* characteristic of the old Italian style of vocal music.

Chopin's earliest works are undoubtedly the result of the musical tendencies of the age; traditional forms opened to him the gates of the temple where the greatest masters of the pianoforte sit enthroned. But into these forms he infused his own creative talent. Chopin's imagination struck deeper chords than that of previous pianoforte composers; he inaugurated a new era (as he wrote to Elsner) and cut a way for himself, not for the sake of surpassing others, but by the unconscious impulse of his own originality.

In his youthful years he occasionally availed himself of the resources of the orchestra; but never afterwards except for the Polonaise, Op. 22. In the orchestral colouring a certain timidity is frequently perceptible, owing, perhaps, to an

ignorance of the capacities of the different instruments. He showed a preference for the violoncello; its elegiac tone was in harmony with his own nature. Besides the Polonaise, Op. 3, he also composed, with Franchomme, a duet, on motives from "Robert le Diable" (a work without any special merit, written in accordance with the taste of the day), and shortly before his death, the Sonata in G minor, Op. 65, for piano and 'cello, the first movement of which is of surpassing beauty.

Among the works for piano alone, the Sonatas, as being his largest compositions, claim our first attention. The earliest, published as Op. 4, dedicated to Elsner, shows a striving after classic forms, but does not give us the idea that the composer was working from inspiration; his wishes and capacities do not seem always to correspond, and the work altogether awakens no lasting interest. The third movement is most worthy of notice, but this does not satisfy us completely; it sounds rather forced and laboured, probably on account of the unusual $\frac{5}{4}$ measure. Incomparably more important is the Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35. The anxious character of the first theme is happily contrasted with the exuberant song of the second motive; and the Funeral March could only have been written by one in whose soul the

pain and mourning of a whole nation found its echo.

The more dramatic Sonata, in B minor, Op. 58, is better adapted by the brilliancy of its ornamentation for a concert performance. The composer seems to have found it difficult to keep the exuberance of thought within due proportions, especially in the Adagio. In the development of the first theme in the first movement, there is a certain want of repose which is only made up for by the wonderful *cantilene* in D major. Chopin is generally less successful when writing in stricter forms which hamper the bold flight of his fancy. His inventive power and melodic wealth were so abundant that it was irksome to him to work out his themes systematically; and his Sonatas, with respect to technical form, sometimes appear unfinished; while in a style of composition more congenial to his genius he could permit his rich imagination to have freer play.

Chopin was very partial to the dance forms—mazurka, polonaise, waltz, tarantelle, cracovienne, and bolero—which he first truly idealised. Out of the large number of his mazurkas it is difficult to tell to which to award the palm; so wide a scope do they offer for individual taste. Among the best—which, by their gay or melancholy character, appear so diverse but are all alike character-

ised by the same rhythm—must undoubtedly be reckoned, Op. 7, Nos. 2 and 3; Op. 17, Nos. 1 and 2; Op. 24, No. 2; Op. 30, No. 3; Op. 33, No. 4. The Mazurkas, Op. 24, No. 4; Op. 50, No. 3; Op. 63, No. 3, which are distinguished not only by poetical charm but also by contrapuntal still, are worthy of mention. Some of those mazurkas are almost more effective which, in spite of the tripping dance measure, display a tinge of melancholy, as if the composer had only indulged in a momentary diversion and narcotic intoxication to return the more sadly to his original gloom. The most striking mazurka of this class is Op. 56, No. 2.

Tradition assigns to the polonaise the following origin. When the dynasty of the Jagellons died out, Henry of Anjou, son of Catherine de Medicis, afterwards Henry III, was, in 1573, elected King of Poland. The following year he received the representatives of the nation in solemn state at Cracow Castle; and the gentlemen made their wives slowly defile before the king, keeping step to an accompaniment of music. Every time a foreign prince was elected to the throne this ceremony was repeated, and from it was gradually developed the national dance of the polonaise, which has kept its place in Europe up to the present day. In the slow sweeping measure of

the polonaise there is much stateliness and gravity, and the turnings and changes seem like the echo of the murmurs from the active life of the old Polish nobility. It used always to be danced with the sabre called "Carabella." Prince Michael Oginski and afterwards Kurpinski were the first to treat it artistically, a circumstance which contributed in some measure to their reputation; after them, non-Polish composers, such as Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Spohr, etc., made it into an independent musical form, and wrote works on the model of the polonaise; until Chopin ennobled it with his own poetry and ideal beauty, and once more infused into it a distinctively Polish cast of thought.

Chopin's polonaises may be divided into two groups: the one with its marked rhythm, displaying the martial element; the other the dreamy melancholy feeling peculiar to Chopin. To the first order I should assign the Polonaises in A major, Op. 40, No. 1; F sharp minor, Op. 44; and A flat major, Op. 53. For simplicity of form and characteristic nationality of sentiment the preference must be given to the Polonaise in A major; although musically inferior and deficient in poetry—for it is *forte* almost throughout, and the themes are not well contrasted—it is effective on account of its chivalric ring and natural dignity.

The grandest and boldest is undoubtedly the F sharp minor Polonaise, dedicated to Princess Beauvau, sister to Countess Delphine Potocka. The gloomy colouring and wildly defiant character of the chief theme are suddenly interrupted by a charming *intermezzo* in the mazurka style. Almost equally marvellous is the dreamy *finale*, in which, while the right hand holds the C sharp—to which the semitone D wailingly falls like a heavy *appoggiatura*—in the left hand the energetic theme dies away to the gentlest *pianissimo*. The majestic A flat major Polonaise is one of his most brilliant works.

Chopin's nervous system was so much affected by his illness that, for some time afterwards, his restless imagination would not permit him to sleep. One night, while playing the newly finished work, he fancied—being at the time in a state of extreme nervous tension—that the doors opened, and that a great company of Polish knights and noble ladies in the old costume (robe ronde et cornettes) came in and marched past him. He was so much perturbed by this vision that he rushed out through the opposite door and would not return to his room for the rest of the night. Indeed the middle movement in E major, with the long crescendo in the bass, so vividly conjures up an approaching band of knights, galloping over

a plain in the pale light of the moon, that one hears in fancy the tramp of the fiery steeds and the clatter of arms.

The second group comprises the Polonaises in C sharp and E flat minor, Op. 26; the Polonaise in C minor, Op. 40, No. 2; and three in D minor, B flat major, and F minor, Op. 71, published by Fontana. The two first, dedicated to J. Des-sauer, are pre-eminent for nobility of sentiment. They were composed at a time when Chopin was at the summit of his greatness, when his vigorous and original mind, unhampered by trivial considerations about form, created for itself the form best adapted to its conceptions. For example, the first Polonaise (C sharp minor) not only has a melody of uncommon beauty, but there is also a rare depth of character in the apparently bold, incoherent themes with which the work begins. While the grand rhythmical swing of the first theme depicts manly courage, which is tempered by a gentle love theme, the second subject, with the exception of the lightning-like passages in the right hand, is of a soothing character; then the original D flat major motive leads to a conclusion of unruffled peace. None of the later polonaises contain a double motion of the melody, as we find in the last part of this. The second number of the same opus (E flat minor) is mys-

terious, gloomy, and terrifying; it seems to picture the suffering Poles banished in chains to Siberia.

The *Fantasia-Polonaise* in A flat major, Op. 61, holds a position distinct from either of these groups. It is intended to represent the national struggles and contests, and concludes, therefore, with a pompous hymn of victory. Chopin's firm belief in the ultimate triumph of the Polish nation after its many bitter trials—a feeling so well depicted in the poetry of Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and frequently of Slowacki, the greatest poets of that period—speaks out very clearly in this the most finished of his larger pianoforte works.

Chopin's waltzes (Op. 18, 34, 42, 64, 69 and 70), partly because they are the least technically difficult, partly on account of the popularity of this dance form, have become most widely known. Musically considered, they offer less of interest and novelty than his other compositions. What they lose in the rhythm of the dance they gain in innate grace and outward brilliancy, such as no composer hitherto had been able to impart to this form. The most interesting are those which are pervaded by that peculiar, dreamy melancholy vein, which is one of the chief charms of Chopin's muse. Such are the Waltzes in A minor and C sharp minor, the latter inclining in the third and

fourth bars to the mazurka measure, for which Chopin always showed a preference.

The four Ballades (Op. 23, 38, 47 and 52), are among the finest and most original of his works. They contain so much that is new and varied in form that critics long hesitated to what category they should assign them. Some regarded them as a variety of the rondo; others, with more accuracy, called them "poetical stories." Indeed, there is about them a certain narrative character which is particularly well rendered by the $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$ time, and which makes them differ essentially from the traditional forms. Chopin himself said to Schumann, on the occasion of their meeting at Leipsic, that he had been inspired to the creation of the ballades by some poems of Mickiewicz. The first and perhaps the best known in G minor, Op. 23, is inflamed by wild passion, and the second and third have a predominantly idyllic character. The fourth, and technically the most difficult, is, perhaps, for this reason the least known. The critics who, with the exception of Robert Schumann, unanimously condemned Chopin's larger works, made a fierce onslaught on this ballade. For the satisfactory interpretation of its manifold beauties, not only considerable mechanical skill, but also subtle musical perception are required.

Almost the same thing may be said of the scherzi as of the ballades: they did not exist before Chopin, or at least not in the same measure of independence, daring boldness, and almost Shakespearean humour. In the most well known of these, the one in B flat minor, Op. 31, the first theme is obstinately gloomy, yet not despondent but defiant; and scarcely less fine is the clever and expressive second subject in A major. To appreciate to the full Chopin's creative powers his pianoforte pieces must be compared with those of his contemporaries, for the scherzi still appear so modern that it might well be said they were thirty years in advance of their time.

In daimonic and drastic power the B minor Scherzo, Op. 20, and the C sharp minor, Op. 39, resemble the B flat minor Scherzo, Op. 31; while the one in E minor, Op. 54, presents a kindlier face. The rhythm of the scherzi, far more than of the mazurkas, expresses a certain spirited opposition, a fascinating arrogance; and as the dance forms to which the mazurkas and polonaises in part still belonged were completely obliterated by the broad, melodious middle theme of the scherzi, the examples we have of the scherzo may be regarded as a wonderfully true expression of Chopin's courageous and original individuality

—outwardly, decisive; inwardly, noble, amiable and poetic.

The nocturnes appear, at first sight, to have most affinity with forms already created. Field, for a long time erroneously looked upon as Chopin's master, was the author of this form: but the difference of treatment by the two composers is apparent in its very likeness. Field was satisfied with writing tender, poetical and rather melancholy pieces; while Chopin not only introduced the dramatic element, but displayed, in a striking manner, a marvellous enrichment of harmony and of the resources of pianoforte composition. Among his best productions of this kind are the Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2 (in doppio movimento); the beautiful D flat major Nocturne, Op. 27, with its profusion of delicate *floritures*; and also the one in G minor, Op. 37, which keeps up a ceaseless moan, as if harping on some sad thought until interrupted by a church-like movement in chords, whose sadly comforting strains resemble the peacefulness of the grave. The following Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, contains in the middle movement, perhaps the most beautiful melody Chopin ever wrote, to which one can never listen without a sense of the deepest emotion and happiness. Op. 48, No. 1, in C minor, is broad and most imposing with its powerful intermediate

movement, which is a complete departure from the nocturne style. The nocturne, published posthumously as Op. 72, was written in 1827, and bears evident traces of that youthful period.

The Preludes (Op. 28 and 45) and the four Impromptus (Op. 29, 36, 51 and 66) show a slight leaning towards the nocturnes—as, for example, the unhappily little known but richly modulated Prelude in C sharp minor, Op. 45; also the D flat major, Op. 28, No. 15, with a splendid middle movement in C sharp minor, and the Impromptu in F sharp major, Op. 36—and partake partly of the nature of a study—as, for example, the Impromptu in A flat major and G flat major, with their melodious middle movements; and the Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 8, 16, 19 and 23—and are also in part hasty sketches in which the composer, in spite of the smallness of their dimensions, gives us the most clever imaginative pictures. Some of them—such as those in E minor and B minor—are real gems, and would alone suffice to immortalise the name of Chopin as a poet.

Chopin deserves especial honour for having perfected the study. Some of his studies serve purely technical purposes, but others are intellectually interesting.

The works which Fontana published at Schlesinger's in Berlin after Chopin's death—Fantasie-

Impromptu, Op. 66; Quatre Mazurkas, Op. 67; Quatre Mazurkas, Op. 68; Deux Valses, Op. 69; Trois Valses, Op. 70; Trois Polonaises, Op. 71; Nocturne, Marche Funèbre, Trois Ecossaises, Op. 72; Rondeau pour deux pianos, Op. 73; sixteen Polish Songs, Op. 74—are, with the exception of a few such, as Op. 66, which are well worthy of the name of their composer, of less musical value. Chopin wished them to be destroyed after his death, or at least not published. The last mazurka, *senza fine*, composed a few days before he died, is sad, very sad, like the last days of the great master. He showed by this swan song and by his yearning after the home of his happy youth, that in the very last hour of his creative inspiration he remained faithful to his national music and to his sorely tried fatherland.

The sixteen Polish songs were written without any titles. If he met with any new and beautiful poetry in his native tongue, he would set it to music, not for publication but for his own pleasure. Thus these songs gradually accumulated between 1824 and 1844. Many have been lost because, in spite of the requests of his friends, the composer constantly put off committing them to paper; others were sung in Poland without anything positive being known as to their origin, but it is pretty certainly conjectured that Chopin

was their composer. Among these must be mentioned the popular and formerly much sung "The Third of May."

Unimportant in a musical point of view, it could not be expected that they would be diffused beyond the confines of Poland. They sprang from the seed of the nation's new poetic growth, scattered as if by accident on Chopin's receptive soul; they are simple flowers which do not dazzle, but by their sweet perfume and peculiar delicacy delight sympathetic hearts.

In conclusion mention must be made of Chopin's two biggest works—the Pianoforte Concertos in E minor, Op. 11, and F minor, Op. 21. They are an undoubted adornment to any virtuoso's programme. That their composer laid considerable store upon them we gather from several letters to his friends during their progress, in which he set forth his ideas about them—the proposal for their orchestration and so on. And after each rehearsal or performance he would describe the effect they produced on players and hearers. Nowhere else in his letters do we find so much description and criticism of his own works. Any further discussion of these important concertos is, therefore, superfluous.

Prematurely as Chopin's career closed, he was a

pathfinder among composers, and this for the king of instruments—the piano. And his memory is doubly precious to us because he was supreme as an artist and irresistibly lovable as a man.

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LIST OF CHOPIN'S WORKS.

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LIST OF CHOPIN'S WORKS.

1. WORKS WITH OPUS NUMBERS.

(a) Published in his life-time.

- | <i>Op.
Nos.</i> | <i>Title.</i> | |
|---------------------|---|--|
| 1. | Premier Rondeau, C minor, pour le piano. Dédié à Mme. de Linde. | <i>Brezezina, Warsaw.
Schlesinger, Berlin.</i> |
| 2. | La ci darem la mano, B flat major, varié pour le piano, avec accomp. d'Orchestre. Dédié à Mons. Woychiechowsky. | <i>Haslinger, Vienna.</i> |
| 3. | Introduction et Polonaise brillante, C major, pour piano et violoncelle. Dédiées à Mons. Joseph Merk. | <i>Mechetti, Vienna.</i> |
| 4. | Sonate, C minor, pour le piano (œuvre posthume). Dédié à Mons. Joseph Elsner. | <i>Haslinger, Vienna.</i> |
| 5. | Rondeau à la Mazur, F major, pour le piano. Dédié à Mdle. la Comtesse Alexandrine de Moriollès. | <i>Brezezina, Warsaw.
Hofmeister, Leipsic.</i> |

6. Quatre Mazurkas, F sharp minor, C sharp minor, E major, E flat minor, pour le piano. Dédiées à Mdlle. la Comtesse Pauline Plater.
Kistner, Leipsic.
7. Cinq Mazurkas, B flat major, A minor, F minor, A flat major, C major. Dédiées à Mons. Johns.
Kistner, Leipsic.
8. Premier Trio, G minor, pour piano, violin et violoncelle. Dédié à Mons. le Prince Antoine Radziwill.
Kistner, Leipsic.
9. Trois Nocturnes, B minor, E flat major, B major. Dédiées à Mme. Camille Pleyel.
Kistner, Leipsic.
10. Douze Grandes Etudes, C major, A minor, E major, C sharp minor, G flat major, E flat minor, O major, F major, F minor, A flat major, E flat major, C minor. Dédiées à Mons. Franz Liszt.
Kistner, Leipsic.
11. Grand Concerto, E minor, pour le piano, avec Orchestre. Dédié à Mons. Fr. Kalkbrenner.
Kistner, Leipsic.
12. Variations brillantes, B major, pour le piano, sur le Rondeau favori de Ludovic de Hérold, "Je vends des Scapulaires." Dédiées à Mdlle. Emma Horsford.
Breithopf und Härtel, Leipsic.
13. Grande Fantaisie, A major, pour le piano sur des airs polonais, avec Orchestre. Dédié à Mons. J. P. Pixis.
Kistner, Leipsic.
14. Krakowiak grand rondeau de Concert, F major, pour le piano, avec Orchestre. Dédié à Mme. la Princesse Adam Czartoryska.
Kistner, Leipsic.

15. Trois Nocturnes, F major, F sharp major, G minor, pour le piano. Dédie à Mons. Ferd. Hiller.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
16. Rondeau, E flat major. Dédie à Mdlle. Caroline Hartmann.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
17. Quatre Mazurkas, B major, E minor, A flat major, A minor. Dédiées à Mme. Lina Freppa.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
18. Grande Valse brillante, E flat major. Dédie à Mdlle. Laura Horsford.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
19. Bolero, C major. Dédie à Mme. la Comtesse E. de Flauhault.
Peters, Leipsic.
20. Premier Scherzo, B major. Dédie à Mons. T. Albrecht.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
21. Second Concerto, F minor, avec Orchestre. Dédie à Mme. la Comtesse Delphine Potocka.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
22. Grande Polonaise brillante, E flat major, précédée d'un Andante spianato avec Orchestre. Dédie à Mme. la Baronne d'Este.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
23. Ballade, G minor. Dédie à Mons. le Baron de Stockhausen.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
24. Quatre Mazurkas, G minor, C major, A flat major, B minor. Dédiées à M. le Comte de Perthuis.
Breithkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
25. Douze Etudes, A flat major, F minor, F major, A minor, E minor, G sharp minor. C sharp

minor, D flat major, G flat major, B minor,
A minor, C minor. Dédicé à Mme. la Comtesse
d'Argault.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

26. Deux Polonaises, C sharp minor, E flat minor.
Dédicé à Mons. J. Demanor.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

27. Deux Nocturnes, C sharp minor, D flat major,
Dédicé à Mme. la Comtesse d'Appona.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

28. Vingt quatre Preludes. Dédicé à Mons. T. C.
Kewler.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

29. Impromptu, A flat major. Dédicé à Mlle. la Com-
tesse de Lobau.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

30. Quatre Mazurkas, C minor, B minor, D flat major,
C sharp minor.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

31. Deuxième Scherzo, B minor. Dédicé à Mlle. la
Comtesse Adèle de Fürstenstein.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

32. Deux Nocturnes, B major, A flat major. Dédicé
à Mme. la Baronne de Billing.

Schlesinger, Berlin.

33. Quatre Mazurkas, G sharp minor, D major, C
major, B minor. Dédicé à Mlle. la Comtesse
Mostowska.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

34. Trois Valses brillantes, A flat major, A minor, F
major.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

35. Sonate, B minor, avec une Marche funèbre.

Breitkopf und Härtel, Leipzig.

48. Deux Nocturnes, C minor, F sharp minor. Dédiés à Mdle. L. Duperré.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
49. Fantaisie, F minor. Dédiée à Mme. la Princesse C. de Souzzo.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
50. Trois Mazurkas, G major, A flat major, C sharp minor. Dédiées à Mons. Léon Smitzkowski.
Spina, Vienna.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
51. Allegro Vivace, Troisième Impromptu, G flat major. Dédié à Mme. la Comtesse Esterhazy.
Hofmeister, Leipsic.
52. Quatrième Ballade, F minor. Dédié à Mme. la Baronne C. de Rothschild.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
53. Huitième Polonaise, A flat major. Dédié à Mons. A. Leo.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
54. Scherzo, No. 4, E major. Dédié à Mdle. J. de Carman.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
55. Deux Nocturnes, F minor, E flat major. Dédiés à Mdle. J. W. Stirling.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
56. Trois Mazurkas, A minor, A flat major, F sharp minor. Dédiées à Mdle. C. Maberly.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
57. Berceuse, D flat major. Dédiée à Mdle. Elise Gavard.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
58. Sonate, B minor. Dédié à Mme. la Comtesse Fl. de Perthuis.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.

59. Trois Mazurkas, A minor, A flat major, F sharp minor.
Friedländer, Berlin.
60. Barcarolle, F sharp major. Dédié à Mme. la Baronne de Stockhausen.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
61. Polonaise-Fantaisie, A flat major. Dédié à Mme. A. Veyret.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
62. Deux Nocturnes, B major, E major. Dédiés à Mdle. R. de Könneritz.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
63. Trois Mazurkas, B major, F minor, C sharp minor. Dédiées à Mme. la Comtesse L. Czosnowska.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
64. Trois Valses, D flat major, C sharp minor, A flat major, No. 1. Dédiée à Mme. la Comtesse Potocka. No. 2, à Mme. la Baronne de Rothschild. No. 3, à Mme. la Baronne Bronicka.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.
65. Sonate, G minor, pour piano et violoncello. Dédié à Mons. A. Franchomme.
Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.

(b) Posthumous Works.

66. Fantaisie-Impromptu, C sharp minor.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
67. Quatre Mazurkas, G major, composed in the year 1835; G minor, 1849; C major, 1835; A minor, 1846.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
68. Quatre Mazurkas, C major, 1830; A minor, 1827; F major, 1830; F minor, 1849.
Schlesinger, Berlin.

69. Deux Valses, F minor, 1836; B minor, 1829.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
70. Trois Valses, G flat major, 1835; F minor, 1843;
D flat major, 1830.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
71. Trois Polonaises, D minor, 1827; B major, 1828;
F minor, 1829.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
72. Nocturne, E minor, 1827. Marche funèbre, C
minor, 1829, et trois Ecossaises, D major, G
major, D flat major, 1830.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
73. Rondeau, C major, pour deux pianos, 1828.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
74. Siebzehn polnische Lieder von Witwicki, Mickie-
wicz, Zaleski, etc., for solo with pianoforte
accompaniment. German version by Ferd.
Gumbert.
Schlesinger, Berlin.
74. 1 Mädchens Wunsch, G major. Stephan Wit-
wicki.
2 Frühling, G minor. Stephan Witwicki.
3 Trübe Wellen, F sharp minor. Stephan Wit-
wicki.
4 Bacchanal, C major. Stephan Witwicki.
5 Was ein junges Mädchen liebt, A major.
Stephan Witwicki.
6 Mir aus den Augen, F minor. Adam Mickie-
wicz.
7 Der Bote, D major. Stephan Witwicki.
8 Mein Geliebter, D major. Bohdan Zaleski.
9 Eine Melodie, G major. Anonym. (Siegmund
Krasinski.
10 Der Reitersmann vor der Schlacht, A flat major.
Stephan Witwicki.
11 Zwei Leichen, D minor. Bohdan Zaleski.
12 Meine Freuden, G flat major. Adam Mickie-
wicz.

- 13 Melancholie, A minor. B. Zaleski.
 - 14 Das Ringlein, E flat major. Stephan Witwicki.
 - 15 Die Heimkehr, C minor. Stephan Witwicki.
 - 16 Lithanisches Lied, F major. Stephan Witwicki.
 - 17 Grabgesang, E flat minor. Stephan Witwicki.
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2. WORKS WITHOUT OPUS NUMBERS.

<i>Title.</i>	<i>Original Publisher.</i>
Trois Nouvelles Etudes, F minor, A flat major, D flat major, extraites de la Méthode des Méthodes.	<i>Schlesinger, Berlin.</i>

Grand Duo Concertante, E major, pour piano and violoncelle sur des thèmes de "Robert le Diable" par F. Chopin et A. Franchomme.
Schott, Mayence.

Mazurka, A minor.

Variations, E major, sur un air National Allemand.
Haslinger, Vienna.

Variations, E major, dans l'Hexaméron : Morceau de Concert, Grandes Variations de bravure sur la Marche des "Puritaines" de Bellini, composées pour la concert de Mme. la Princesse Belgiojoso au bénéfice des pauvres par MM. Liszt, Thalberg, Pixis, H. Herz, Czerny et Chopin.
Haslinger, Vienna.

Mazurka, A minor. Dédiée à Emile Gaillard.
Bote et Bock, Berlin.

Polonaise, G flat minor. Dédiée à Mme. Dupont.
Schott, Mayence.

Valse, E minor,
Schott, Mayence.

Deux Valses mélancoliques, F minor, B minor, écrites
sur l'album de Mme. la Comtesse P—. 1844.

J. Wildt, Cracow.

*Mazurka, F sharp major.

J. P. Gothard, Vienna.

* I have decided doubts as to the authenticity of this Mazurka : the trivial character of the conclusion of some of the sections, and the common, old-fashioned passage work, as, for example, at the top of p. 7, lead one to think that the work is not genuine.

LETTERS

written by Chopin to Albert Grzymala during the period 1845 to the time of Chopin's death. They later passed into the possession of Princess Marcelina Czartoryska.

(Koperta z napisem:)

Miałam od syna Grzymały z papierów jego ojca.

MARCELINA CZARTORYSKA.

17-go października 1881.

X-żna Marcelina przyjechała na parę tygodni-X-stwo reszta jeszcze w Dieppeja słaby jednako; pomieszkania znaleźć nie moge- Jeżeli możesz to przyjeźdź.

Mam nadzieję żeś zdrow-Tutaj już przydko (sic! zamiast: brzydko) zaczyna być na dworcu.

Napisz słowo jeśli nie przyjedziesz.

Twój do zgonu,

CH.

12 Sept., 1847.

Środa.

Moje kochanie.

Jutro, we czwartek, u mnie o 5 3/4 albo o 6-tej w Kawie złożonej — (de la cité) — w gabinecie. — Potem pójdziemy do P. Marl.

Co się jutrzeńki tycze-wielka mgła była wczoraj-dziś się słońca spodziewam i przed wieczorem słowo ci pošlę.

Niech cię P. Bóg ma w swojej opiece.

Twój stary,

CH.

Środa rano.

[The envelope enclosing the following letters bears the inscription:]

“This was given to me by Grzymala’s son out of his father’s correspondence.

MARCELINA CZARTORYSKA.

17th October, 1881.”

Wednesday. 12th Sept., 1847. [Paris.]

Princess Marcelina came for a couple of weeks. The Prince and Princess still remain in Dieppe—I am as weak as ever; can’t find a place where I could stay. Come if you can.

I hope you are well. The weather here is beginning to be bad.

Send me a line in case you don’t come.

Yours until death,

CH.

My life.

To-morrow, Thursday, about a quarter to six or at six o’clock at the Café d’or—(de la cité)—in the small room—Then we shall go to see Mme. Marl.

As for my early rising, there was thick fog yesterday—to-day I hope it will be sunny and I will send you word before the evening.

May God protect you.

Your old

CH.

Wednesday morning.

Mój drogi.

Ja na Ciebie czekam ubrany, gotów na twoje zawołanie.

ALBERT (GRZYMALA).

(Postscriptum Chopina:)

Odłożono na poniedziałek — Nie mogłem wyjechać dziś — X-na Marcelina i Adamowa są. Przyjdź jeśli możesz na mój chudy obiad.

CH.

(Adres:) Place d'Orléan. 9. Monsieur Chopin.

Przyjechałem onegday w nocy; z siostrą zawsze biegam i co dzień rano mi schodzi na niczem. Jak ciebie zobaczyć? Dziś ich prowadzę na Rachełę; blisko ciebie będę.

Może w nocy wpadnę — albo jutro rano — jeszcze tu są poniedziałek a wtorek — ja do Nohant oni do domu. —

Sciska cię Pani S. serdecznie.

Twój stary,

CH.

(Adres:) Albert Grzymała.

[Paris, 1849.]

My dear,

I am distressed, waiting to answer your call.

ALBERT [GRZYMALA].

[Chopin's PS. :]

Postponed until Monday—I was unable to go out to-day—Princess Marcelina and Adamowa are [here]. Come if you can and share my poor dinner.

CH.

[addressed :] Place d'Orlean (sic!) 9. Monsieur Chopin.

I arrived the other day at night; am running from place to place with my sister and each morning is wasted on nothing. How can I see you? To-day I am accompanying them [the ladies] to see Rachel; I'll be near you.

Perhaps I'll pop in at night—or to-morrow morning—they'll still be here on Monday, on Tuesday however I [go] to Nohant and they home.

Mme. S. embraces you heartily.

Your old

CH.

Moje drogie życie.

Jan dwa razy był u Ciebie powiedzieć żem przyjechał, ale ci zapewne perukarze zapomnieli powiedzieć.

U Leona razem będziemy na obiedzie — a jeżeli jutro chcesz, to będę siedział do 2-giej, tak jak dziś siedzę cały dzień. Wyjdę tylko list oddać na pocztę.

Jestem u Frankoma na obiedzie, a o 10-tej w domu. Jeżeli wracając z opery choć w nocy chcesz wstąpić, to cię uściskam. Do Ciebie bym pojechał, ale to tylko bardzo rano można — a ja rano nim się wyksztuszę-to i 10-ta. —

Sciskam Cię najserdeczniej.

Twój stary,

CH.

Nohant czekam 9-go.

(Adres :) Monsieur le C-te Albert Grzymała.

My dear life.

Jan was twice at your place to tell you that I've arrived, but the blockheads must have forgotten to mention it.

We will dine together at Leon's—and if you like I will stay to-morrow at home until two o'clock, just as I am staying to-day all day long. I'll go out only to post my letter.

Am dining at Franchomme's, but at ten o'clock I shall be at home. If you would like to call after the opera on your way home, you'll be welcome. I would like to call on you, but this I could do only very early—and I am never fit to go out before ten o'clock.

I embrace you most heartily,

Your old

CH.

Expect [to be] in Nohant on 9th.

[Addressed:] Monsieur le C-te Albert Grzymała.

Leżyć muszę cały dzień, tak mnie pysk i gruczoły bola-.

Nie uwierzysz jak mi przykro, żem wczoraj nie mógł być na Roulu — Jeżeli jutro mi Raciborski wyjść pozwoli (bo Jasiowi krew dziś puszczali i sam leży), to zaraz do ciebie pojadę. — O Fort. nic nie wiem — ale onegday rano kazałem użyć preskryptu Piera-

Napisz słowo o twoim zdrowiu. Czy lepiej?

Ja się tu pomodłę. —

F. CH.

Moje życie.

Przypominam ci bilet do Izby deputowanych dla mojego pocziwego Gutmana (Ignace Gutman). —

Jeżeli przejdiesz przez moją ulicę, to nie miń drzwi moich.

Twój do zgonu,

CH.

Piątek.

Posyłam ci słowo X-ny Galitzinowey — dla ciebie przypisek.

I must remain in bed all day, so intense is the pain in my mouth and glands.

You wouldn't believe how sorry I am I was unable to come to Roul's last night—If Raciborski allows me to go out to-morrow (for Jaś has had a bloodletting to-day and is himself in bed), I will come and see you without delay. About Fort. I know nothing—but the other morning I told them to use Piero's prescription.

Send me word about your health. Are you better?

Here I'll pray [for you].

F. CH.

My life.

Just to remind you about the ticket for the Chamber of Deputies promised to my dear old Gutman (Ignatius Gutman).

In case you should come along my street, don't pass my door.

Yours until death,

CH.

Friday.

I am sending you a word from Princess Golitzin—there is a note for you.

Moje życie.

Myslałem, że od Pitera — i odpieczętowałem —
a to niewiem co. —

W ten moment przynieśli. —

CH.

Na doktora czekam, który nie przyjeżdża.

Słaby jak pies — dlatego nie byłem u ciebie. —
Wiem, żeś zawsze teraz na wyspie za balem. Jutro
rano przed 10-tą odeślę ci resztę biletów nieu-
plasowanych. —

A jeżeli będę mógł, to pojadę na bal.

Z Nohant przyjeżdżają w sobotę wieczór na
obiad zapewne. Jeżeli więc nie- jutro, to pojutrze
się zobaczymy.

Prosi twojej pocziwej gardy, żeby mi szlafrok
odesłała, jeżeli naprawiła.

Sciskam cię najserdeczniej,

CH.

Czwartek wieczór.

My life.

I thought it was from Piler—and opened it—but I don't know what to say.

They have just brought it this very moment.

CH.

Am waiting for the doctor who seems in no hurry to come.

Am as weak as a dog—that is why I did not come to see you. I know that you are now all the time on the Isle busy with preparations for the ball. To-morrow morning I will send you the remaining unbooked tickets.

Will come to the ball, if possible. Visitors from Nohant are coming to dinner for certain on Saturday evening. So we shall see each other if not to-morrow, then the day after to-morrow.

Ask your good maid to return my dressing gown, if she has mended it.

I embrace you most heartily,

CH

Thursday evening.

8 Juillet.

Moje życie.

Wiem z listu od Leona, który mi, pisząc względem mojego edytora berlińskiego, wspominał o tobie, — żeś zdrów; — i widzę, żeś zawsze ten sam, lubiony nawet od tych, co cię, niedawno znają. — Zapewne jeszcze jesteś myślą nad Renem — jeżeli nie w interesach po szyję. — Mimoto jednakże napisz nam słowo o sobie.

Czy prawdziwie i kiedy ciebie się tu spodziewać? —

A wieś teraz piękna, nie tak jak temu kilka tygodni. Wielkie tu były burze i ulewę. Rzeki, nawet małe strumienie, nadzwyczaj powylewały. —

Najstarsi podobnej nie pamiętają; młyny poniszczyła — mosty pozrywała. Viardot, który tutaj temu parę tygodni po żonę przyjechał, dla niebezpieczeństwa wrócił do Paryża — i dopiero mu żonę przed kilkoma dniami Zuzanna ztąd odwiozła.

Nie pisałem przez nich, ale prosiłem Zuzanny, żeby była u ciebie dowiedzieć się jak się masz. Wynajdź tam, proszę cię, jakie wakacje dla siebie, albo, jeżeli można jakie interessa w Chateaux. — Doskonale zrobisz — ucieszysz między innymi starego, zawsze przywiązanego twojego.

CH.

[Nohant], July 8.

My Life.

I know from Leo, who mentions you in his letter concerning my Berlin publisher, that you are well; and I picture you the same as ever, loved even by those who have known you only a short time. I am sure your thoughts are still in the Rheinland—provided you are not up to your neck in work. But even so, do let us have a word from you.

Is it true that we can expect you here? And when?—

The country is now beautiful, quite different from what it was a few weeks ago. We have had terrible floods and storms. Rivers, even little brooks, swelled beyond belief.

The oldest people remember nothing of the sort; water mills are ruined—bridges destroyed. Viardot, who came here a couple of weeks ago in order to fetch his wife, hurried back to Paris for safety's sake—Suzanne and his wife left here only a few days ago.

I did not send word by them, but asked Suzanne to see you and to find out how you were. Do please take a holiday, or if possible arrange some work for yourself in Chateaux. It would be perfect—and would delight everyone as well as your old attached

CH.

Xięstwu moje uszanowanie najserdeczniejsze.
Zdrowie tu wszystkim dosyć służy. Pani S.
pisze nowy romans. —

Poniedziałek.

Moje życie.

H. Lucas przysłał łóżę przez Louis Blanc'a dla
P. Sand na dziś — a ponieważ ona chce swoją
kuzynkę z sobą wziąć do łóży — pozwól, żebym
do Ciebie przyszedł na 3-ci akt; dwa pierwsze
przy Korwinie spędzę. —

Sciskam Cię najserdeczniej.

Twój zawsze.

CH.

Numer przy łóży jest 6 na pierwszym.

Widziałem X-żną o 5-tej, która ci kazała
powiedzieć, że komisa jakie miała, nie mogła dziś
miedzy 5 a 6-ta zrobić, ale spodziewa się jutro
zrobić. —

Ja do ciebie nie mogłem przyjść, bo mnie Wład.
Plater plateryzował aż do tego momentu o
mazurek granym być mianym na balu. —

Teraz obiad, a potem kilka wieczorów mię czeka
wielkim nieszczęściem. Więc do przyszłego roku
lepszego jak ten.

CH.

To the Prince and Princess my heartiest regards.

Here we are all fairly healthy. Madame S. is writing a new novel.

Monday.

My life.

H. Lucas sent through Louis Blanc box tickets to Mme. Sand for to-night—and as she wants to take her cousin instead—allow me to come to your box during the third act; during the first two I shall be with Korwin.

Always yours,

CH.

The box is number six on the first floor.

At five o'clock I saw the Princess, who asked me to tell you that she could not fulfil her commission to-day between five and six, but that she hopes to do so to-morrow.

I was unable to come and see you, because Wlad. Plater has been pestering me until this very minute about a mazurka, which is to be played at the ball.

Now it is dinner time, and then a few more evenings of his company to my great sorrow. Well, till the next and better year.

CH.

Właśnie zaadresowałem i zapieczętowałem, kiedy twój list przyszedł, żeby twego imienia nie kłaść.—Co się Plichciny tycze, ma ona być u mnie — a ja u niej, jeżeli będę mógł — ale wiesz, że ja teraz na siebie wcale rachować nie mogę — ona też zapewne resztę momentów w Paryżu inaczej, jak po takich wizytach jak moja, użyje. —

Zresztą być może, że się nie spotkamy, więc najlepiej żebyś nie do syna przez nią, tylko do niej wyraźnie napisał, co ma synowi powiedzieć — albo też do mnie wyraźnie, bo z ostatniego listu nie wiedziałbym co Plichcinie powiedzieć; — więc napisz mi wyraźnie, łopata w łeb- bez ogródek, co Plichcina ma powiedzieć i zrobić — a zaraz do niej napiszę, jeżeli wyjechać nie będę mógł. Tylko się spiesz.

Twój,
CH.

(Koperta z napisem :)

Te listy mam od przyjaciela Chopin'a
Wojciecha Grzymały.

Marcelina Czartoryska.

17-go Października 1881.

I had just written the address and was sealing the envelope, when your letter came with the request not to put your name on the list—As far as Mme. Plichcina is concerned, she is to be at my place—or I at hers, provided I can manage it—but you must know that I cannot rely entirely upon myself—and as to her she will certainly spend the rest of her brief time in Paris on something better than such visits as mine.

Besides, it is possible that I shall not see her at all, and so it would be best for you not to write to your son through her, but only to her and to state clearly what she is to say to him—or else you can write to me, but equally clearly, because from your last letter I could not make out what to say to her—so if you state what Mme. Plichcina is to tell and to do clearly, to the point and not in a roundabout way—I will write to her at once, in case I can't go out. Only hurry.

Yours,

CH.

[The envelope enclosing the following letters bears the inscription:]

“These letters I received from Chopin's friend, Wojciech Grzymała.

MARCELINA CZARTORYSKA.

17th October. 1881.”

Chaillot, 74.

Moje życie.

Wczoraj był Cich. (owski) u mnie, drugi raz od Twego wyjazdu (bom mu pisał o zegarek). Powiedział, że oddał list Ordzie, i że jak będzie można, tak przyspieszy. Krawiec przystał na ugodę. Mówił mi także, że pani Plichcina do domu jedzie, że Ci o tem napisał, jako też, że moja siostra tu przyjeżdża, co wcale nie, bo ja dopiero dziś pisać o tem do domu myślę. Ale wiesz jego nowiny. Pani Pot. (ocka) zawsze w Wersalu i pojedzie do Dieppe, gdzie p. Bauveau. Delacroix na wsi. Gutm. (an) w Londynie (incognito), jak żeby miał pieniądze do stracenia. Angielki w St. Germain; P. Obresk także. Dobrze żeś miał od syna nowiny, bo Cochet go nie widział. Frenkel już dwa tygodnie nie był. Krwia już od onegdaj nie pluje—nogi odpuchły—tylko jeszcze słaby i leniwy jestem, łaźać nie mogę dyszę.—A Twoje schody!! Żał mi, że cie nie widzę, ale wolę żeś na wsi teraz, jak tu, co tak nudno i nikogo niema.

Piszę do Ciebie 3-ci raz pod adresem pan Ludw. od czasu jak jestem bez Twojej garde malady. Nie wiem, co z nią zrobić, jak je podziękować. Nie chcę tam do niej posyłać, b

Chaillot, 74.

My life.

Yesterday Cich. [Cichowski] came to see me, for the second time since your departure (as I had written to him about the watch). He told me he had delivered your letter to Orda and that he would hurry as much as possible. The tailor has agreed. He also told me that Mme. Plichcina is returning home and that he had written to you about it, as well as about the fact that my sister is coming here, which is not true, for I am writing home about this matter only to-day. But you know what his news is worth. Mme. Pot. [Potocka] is all the time in Versailles but is leaving for Dieppe, where M. Bauveau is staying. Delacroix is in the country. Gutm. [Gutmann] is in London (incognito), as if he had plenty of money to throw about. The English ladies are in St. Germain; so is M. Obresk. [Obreskoff]. It is a good thing you have had news from your sons, for Cochet has not seen him. Frankel has not been here for a fortnight. I no longer spit blood—my feet are less swollen—but I am still weak and indolent, and cannot climb the stairs, owing to difficulty in breathing. And you have got

tam ten opiekun jest, czy ktoś. Była tu powiedzieć, że wyjeżdża, ale ktoś zaszedł, anim się mógł rozmówić, tak się wysunęła. Przysłała mi swoją kartę wizytowa. Pocziwa i dobra, ale nie rozumiem tej karty. Mam nadzieję, że przed wyjazdem do Poret przyjdzie jeszcze. Jabym nie chciał tam posyłać, bo Deput. nic o mnie nie wie, i boję się jej narobić niewinnych nieprzyjemności. Badź zdrow. Pilnuj się, i nie daj się. Ja się też bronię jak mogę, ale mi podobno siły zabraknie. Pani Matuszewska, co była u X-nej Róży (którą mi X-na Anna przysłała, żebym sam nie był na noc), mówi, że to przecie "Pan Jezus przemieni" i możeby plaster z miodu i mączki pomógł.

CH.

2 Juillet poniedziałek.

it is better that you should stay in the country and not here, where it is so boring now that everyone has left.

I write to you for the third time c/o Mme. Ludw. since your nurse has now left me. I don't know what to do, how to thank her. I don't want to send letters to her address, because her guardian lives there or someone of the sort. She came to see me to say she was leaving, but as somebody else called, she went before I could have a proper talk with her. She sent me her visiting card. An honest and good girl, yet I cannot make out this card of hers. I hope she will come again before leaving for Poret. I should not like to send my letters there, because Deput. knows nothing about me, and I am afraid to cause her unpleasantness through any misunderstandings. Keep well. Take care of yourself and be brave. I too struggle as well as I can, but I am afraid my strength will give out. Mme. Matuszewska who was in the service of Princess Rose (Princess Anna sent her along so that I should not be alone at night) says that after all "our Lord Jesus will change all this," and that a plaster of flour and honey might help as well.

CH.

2 Juillet. Monday. [1849.]

r. 1848. 17 i 18 Okt.

Moje życie.

Chory jescem od 18-tu dni, od dnia przyjazdu do Londynu. Z domu nie wyjeżdżałem wcale, taki miałem atak kataru z bólem głowy, tchem i wszystkimi mojemı złemi symptomatami. Doktor codziennie mnie odwiedza — (homeopata Dr. Mallan, którego moje panie szkockie znają — znany tutaj, ma za sobą siostrzenicę lady Gainsborough). Wysztyftował mnie, żem wczoraj mógł grać na polskim ówym koncercie i balu (co był bardzo świetny), ale zaraz po zagraniu, wróciwszy do domu, całej nocy spać nie mogłem. Cierpię na głowę mocno, prócz kaszlu i dychawicy. Dotychczas jeszcze tu wielkie mgły nie pozaczynały (się), ale już rano muszę okna mimo zimna kazać otwierać, żeby trochę powietrza łykać. Jestem 4 St. Jams's place, St. Jams's, gdzie już dwa i pół tygodnia choruję. Widuję pocziwego Szulcz. (ewskiego), Brodwooda, panią Erskine (która tu z p. Stirl za mną przyjechała, jako ci z Edinb. (urga) pisałem), a szczególnie X-two Alexandrowo. X-na Marcelina taka dla mnie dobra, że nieledwie codziennie, jak do szpitala przychodzi. Adressuj do mnie zawsze do Szulczewskiego. Teraz wiec do Paryża wracać

r. 1848. 17 i 18 Okt.

Moje życie.

Chory jescem od 18-tu dni, od dnia przyjazdu do Londynu. Z domu nie wyjeżdżałem wcale, taki miałem atak kataru z bólem głowy, tchem i wszystkimi mojemu złemu symptomatami. Doktor codziennie mnie odwiedza — (homeopata Dr. Mallan, którego moje panie szkockie znają — znany tutaj, ma za sobą siostrzenicę lady Gainsborough). Wysztyftował mnie, żem wczoraj mógł grać na polskim ówym koncercie i balu (co był bardzo świetny), ale zaraz po zagraniu, wróciwszy do domu, całej nocy spać nie mogłem. Cierpię na głowę mocno, prócz kaszlu i dychawicy. Dotychczas jeszcze tu wielkie mgły nie pozaczynały (się), ale już rano muszę okna mimo zimna kazać otwierać, żeby trochę powietrza łykać. Jestem 4 St. Jams's place, St. Jams's, gdzie już dwa i pół tygodnia choruję. Widuję pocziwego Szulcz. (ewskiego), Brodwooda, panią Erskine (która tu z p. Stirl za mną przyjechała, jako ci z Edinb. (urga) pisałem), a szczególnie X-two Alexandrowo. X-na Marcelina taka dla mnie dobra, że nieledwie codziennie, jak do szpitala przychodzi. Adressuj do mnie zawsze do Szulczewskiego. Teraz więc do Paryża wracać nie mogę, ale myślę, jakby zrobić, żeby w nim być.

1848. 17th and 18th Oct.

My life.

I have been ill already for eighteen days, since my arrival in London. I could not go out of the house at all, so strong was my attack of catarrh together with headache, asthma and all the other bad symptoms of mine. The doctor sees me daily—(the homeopathic Dr. Mallan—who is acquainted with my Scottish ladies—a well-known person up here, married to Gainsborough's niece). He made me fit enough to play last night at the Polish ball and concert (which was a very brilliant affair), but immediately after playing, I went home and could not sleep all night. Am suffering from a terrible headache, in addition to coughing and asthma. Thick fogs have not started as yet, but in the mornings I must already ask them to open my windows, in spite of the cold, in order to breathe some fresh air. I am staying at 4 St. Jams's [sic!] place, St. Jams's, where I have already been ill two weeks and a half. I meet here the dear old Szulcz. [Szulczewski], Brodwood [sic!], Mrs. Erskine (who followed me here with Miss Stirl. as I wrote you from Edinburgh), and particularly Prince and Princess Alexandros. Princess Marcelina is so good towards me that she comes here, as to a hospital, almost

Tutaj, w tem mieszkaniu, które dobre dla każdego innego zdrowego celibatera, członka parlamentu, zostać nie mogę, chociaż w pięknem miejscu i nie drogie, 4 1/2 gwinei na tydzień z opałem, bielizną i t. d., w sąsiedztwie lorda Stuarta, który w ten moment odemnie wyszedł; taki pocziwy,— przyszedł się dowiedzieć, jak mi po wczorajszem graniu. Otóż zapewne wprowadzę się do innego blisko stąd, z większemi pokojami, pomieszkania, gdzie będę mógł lepiej oddychać. En tout cas. Dowiedz się, proszę, czy niema gdzie na bulwarach, od Rue de la Paix zaczawszy, albo Rue Royale, gdzie na pierwszym piętrze, na południe ku Magdalenie, albo na Rue des Mathurins. Aby nie Godot, ani żadnej smutnej ciasnoty. Żeby i dla służącego stancyjka była. Gdyby w Squarze pod 9-tym (gdzie pocziwa P. Etienne-n. p. Franka apartament, co nad moim był do wzięcia) Mój terazniejszy niesposob. (ny) na zimę, bo wiem go już z doświadczenia. Gdyby przynajmniej na tych samych schodach był dla służącego pokoik. Jabym pana Etienne trzymał mimo to—ale nie chciałbym odprawić mojego terazniejszego, który, jeżelibym chciał, albo mógł wrócić do Anglii, już świadomy rzeczy.

Na co, po co tem wszystkiem Cię trudnię—nie wiem—bo mi się niczego nie chce.—Ale niby powinienem o sobie myśleć, więc dopomóż mi w tej kwestji—i napisz swoje “widzi mi się.” —

every day. Write to me always c/o Szulczewski. As you see I cannot return to Paris at present, but am thinking how best I could get there. Here, in this apartment, which would be good enough for any healthy bachelor, or member of Parliament, it is impossible for me to remain, although the place is nice and not expensive, four and a half guineas a week with heating, washing, etc., in the neighbourhood of Lord Stuart, who has at this very moment left me; such a dear old fellow—he came to find out how I was, after my playing last night. And so I am sure to move to another place near here, with bigger rooms, in which I could breathe more easily. *En tout cas*. Please do find out whether there is [an apartment] on the boulevards, to begin with Rue de la Paix, or Rue Royale, somewhere on the first floor, to the South of Madeleine, or on Rue des Mathurins. But it must not be Godot, or any such dreary crampness. And there should be a room for the servant. If possible on the Square No. 9 (with the good Mme. Etienne—for example, Frank's apartment which was to be let). My present rooms are unsuitable for the winter, I know this from experience. It would be a good thing, if my servant had a little room at least on the same staircase. I would keep to Mme. Etienne in any case—yet I should not like to send away my present servant

Nie przeklinałem nigdy nikogo — ale tak mi jest już nieznośnie teraz, że zdaje mi się, żeby mi lżej było, żebym mógł przekląć Lukrecję. Ależ i tam cierpią zapewne, cierpią tem bardziej, że się zapewne starzeją w złości. Soli mi wieczna szkoda. Świat idzie nie po bosku teraz. — Arago z orłem na sobie! — Reprezentuje Francją!!! Louis Blanc tutaj nieuważany wcale. Caussidywa wypchneli gwardziści narodowi z hotelu la Sablonnière (Leicester Square) z table d'hôte, gdzie także przyszedł; powiedzieli mu, że "Vous n'êtes pas Français" i kułakami wypędzili. Sam gospodarz hotelu musiał go przez Square eskortować, żeby go nie wytlukli, bo już i londyńscy niewieścuchy pięście sztyftować zaczęli. P. de Rozières podziękuj, ale nie piszę, bom słaby i szukać jeszcze nie miałem siły biletu od siostry, (który jednakże, zdaje mi się, żem posłał dawniej.) Jeżelibym mógł mieć tam jakiś pokój na gorze dla sługi, to mi odpisz, bo może trzeba będzie zaraz w kominach palić. — Tylko pocóż ja wrócę! — Dlaczegoż P. Bóg tak robi, że mnie nie od razu zabija, tylko tak pomału i przez gorączkę indecyzji. Prócz tego moje pocziwe Szkotki znów mnie nudzą. P. Erskine, która bardzo religijna protestantka, pocziwa, możeby mię chciała protestantem zrobić, bo mi biblję przynosi, o duszy mówi, psalmy mi notuje; religijna, pocziwa, ale idzie jej bardzo o moja duszę; zawsze mi gada,

who could return with me to England—if necessary—because he has already picked up the language.

Why I am bothering you with all this—I don't know—as frankly I am indifferent to everything. But since I am compelled to think about myself do help me in this matter and write with your usual “it seems to me”—I have never cursed anyone—but I am in such an unbearable state of mind at present that it would probably be a relief for me if I could curse Lucrezia. On the other hand, I am sure they too suffer, suffer all the more, because they grow old in malice. I am eternally sorry for Sola. The world does not run according to God's will in these days.—Arago wears his eagle. Represents France!!! Louis Blanc has no credit whatever up here. Caussidy was thrown by members of the people's guard out of the hotel Sablonnière (Leicester Square) where he came to his table d'hôte; they simply told him, “Vous n'êtes pas Français” and kicked him out, using their fists. The hotel proprietor himself had to escort him through the Square, in order to save him from blows, because even the London dandies were getting their fists ready. Will you thank Mlle. de Rozières for me, I am not writing to her, however, because I feel very weak and have had not enough strength even to look for my sister's note (which it seems to me though—I must have

że inszy świat lepszy jak ten, a ja to umiem na pamięć i odpowiadam cytacjami z Pisma Ś — tego, i tłumaczę, że umiem i wiem o tem. Ściskam Cię serdecznie. Pisz i daruj żem zły i niecierpliwy, alem słaby.

Twój do zgonu,

CH.

Gdybym był zdrów, tobym, mając 2 lekcje codzień, miał dość na życie porządne tutaj, ale słaby, zjem co mam za 3 miesiące albo 4 najwięcej.

Jeżeli jakie mieszkanie znajdziesz nie zatrzymuj bez pisania, ani dawaj congé mojemu.

sent long ago). If there is a room for the servant on the top floor, do write to me, for it is possible that it will be necessary to light the fires at once.—But why should I return at all!—Why is it that our Lord does not kill me at once, but only little by little and through a lingering fever. In addition, I am being pestered again by my good Scottish ladies. Mrs. Erskine, who is a very devout Protestant, and a good soul, would probably like to convert me to Protestantism, because she always comes with a Bible, talks about the soul, and writes down for me various psalms; a religious, well-meaning woman, but she is too much concerned about my salvation; she is always telling me that the other world is better than this, and as I know it all by heart I answer with quotations from the Bible, trying to convince her that there is nothing I don't know already. I embrace you heartily. Do write and forgive my malice and impatience, since I am so weak.

Yours till death,

CH.

If I were well, I would have here enough money for quite a tolerable existence, since I give two lessons a day, but owing to my weak health I will spend all I have in three or at the utmost in four months.

If you find an apartment don't delay your answer, nor give a notice [as yet] at my old place.

r. 1848, 1. octobra. Keir.

Perthshire. Niedziela. Ani poczta, ani kolej, żel., ani żaden powoz / nawet na spacer / ani żadna łódź, ani na psa nawet gwizdnąć.—

Moje najdroższe życie.

W ten moment, kiedym na innym papierze do Ciebie pisać zaczął, przynieśli mi Twój list z listem siostry. Przynajmniej, że ich cholera ochrania dotychczas.—Ale czemu mi słowa o sobie nie piszesz — masz pióro łatwiejsze odemnie —bo ja, to od tygodnia, od powrotu z północnej Szkocji / Stachur nad Loch fine /, codzień do Ciebie piszę.—A wiem, że masz kogoś chorego w Wersalu- bo mi de Rozières pisała, że byłeś u niej, że się spieszyłeś do kogoś chorego do Wersalu.—Czy nie dziadek?—Nie chcę myśleć, że to może wnuczę, albo pocziwe Twoje sąsiedztwo Rohańskie.—W każdym razie wolałbym, żeby ktoś, co Cię niewiele obchodzi.—Tutaj jeszcze o cholery nie słychać, ale w Londynie już zaczyna. Z twoim listem w Johnston Castel / w którym mi o Soli pisałeś, żeście byli na Gymnazie / — przyszedł mi inny z Edinburga, z uwiadomieniem, że X—two Aleksandros—two przybyli i radziby mię widzieć.—Chociaż zmęczony, wsiadłem na kolej i zastałem ich jeszcze w Edinb.

1848. 1st October. Keir.

Perthshire, Sunday. No post, no railway, no coach (not even for an excursion), nor is there a boat, one cannot even whistle to a dog.

My dearest life.

At this very moment, after I had started a letter to you on another sheet of paper, they brought me your letter together with a letter from my sister. So far at least they have been spared by the cholera.—But why don't you write a line about yourself—your pen is more fluent than mine—since I have been writing to you daily for a week, on my return here from northern Scotland (Stachur over Loch Fine).—I know you are concerned about someone who is ill at Versailles—because de Rozières wrote to me that you had seen her and had hurried away to visit a patient in Versailles.—Is it the old man?—I don't want even to think that it might be his grandchild or your dear old neighbours, the Rohańskis.—In any case I wish it were someone for whom you don't care too much.—Here we have been spared so far by the cholera, but in London it has started already. Together with your letter sent to Johnston Castel [sic!] (in which you wrote that you and Sola had been together at the Gymnase)—

X. na Marcelina taka sama dobroć, jak przeszłego roku. — Odżyłem cokolwiek pod ich polskim dachem, dodało mi to siły grać w Glasgowie, gdzie kilkadziesiąt nobless się zjechało mnie słyszeć. Pogoda była i X-two także z Edinburga kolejną przyjechali i Marcelek mały, który ślicznie rośnie — /kompozycje moje umie śpiewać i dośpiewuje, kiedy nie tak jak trzeba grają /. Było to we środę o 3-ej i X-two takie dobre, że potem przyjęli zaprosiny na obiad do Johnston Castel / o 12 mil ang. z Glasgowa /. Cały dzień więc razem spędziłem. — Lord i lady Murray, stary Torphichen- / co po sto mil przyjeżdżali / razem także tam pojechali, a nazajutrz wszyscy się X-ny Marceliny odchwalić nie mogli. X-two powróciło do Głaskowa, skąd, zobaczywszy jezioro Loch Lomone, mieli wracać do Lond., a stamtąd na kontinent. X-na bardzo mi po kochanemu o Tobie mówiła- z wielkim sercem- i pojmuje, co Twoja szlachetna dusza cierpieć może. — Nie uwierzysz- jak mnie to odżyło tego dnia. Ale dziś już jestem pogiębiony- i mgła, i chociaż z okna, przy którym Ci piszę, najpiękniejszy mam widok pod nosem na Sterling Castel — / ów zamek przy mieście Sterling- ten sam co w Robercie Brusie, w nocy na skale- pamiętasz? / i góry i jeziora — i prześliczny park- słowem, jeden ze znanych bardzo pięknych widoków szkockich, jednakże nic tego nie widzę, tylko czasem, jak

another letter has come from Edinburgh, with the news that Prince and Princess Alexandros have arrived and would like to see me—Although tired, I took the train and found them still at Edinb. Princess Marcelina is full of the same goodness as last year.—I revived under their Polish roof, and this gave me enough strength to play in Glasgow, where a few scores of aristocratic families arrived in order to hear me. The weather was good, the Prince and Princess also came by train from Edinburgh, and so did little Marcel, who is growing wonderfully—(he sings my compositions and corrects one whenever there is a mistake). This took place on Wednesday at three o'clock after which the Prince and Princess were so good as to accept the invitation to dinner at the Johnston Castel (12 Eng. miles from Glasgow). That's why I was moving about all day.—Lord and Lady Murray, the old Torphichen—(who had travelled a hundred miles) went there also, and the next day none of them could find enough words to praise Princess Marcelina. The Prince and Princess returned to Glasgow, whence after seeing Loch Lomone, they had to leave for Lond., and then for the Continent. The Princess spoke to me in her charming way much about you—with great affection—and she understands, of what suffering your noble soul is capable.—You simply would not believe how much better I felt that

się mgłę podoba ustąpić parę minut słońcu, które tu ją nie bardzo napastuje. Pan tego domu zowie się Sterling, jest stryjeczno- stryjecznym naszych Szkotek i naczelnikiem tego imienia. Poznałem go w Londynie- kawaler bogaty piękne ma tutaj bardzo i liczne obrazy Murilla i Hiszpanów wiele — teraz wydał kosztowne dzieło / jak to wiesz oni to umieją / o hiszpańskiej szkole—wiele wojażował wszędzie- i po wschodzie — ma rozum-; cały świat angielski, co wojażuje po Szkocji, u niego bywa,- dom otwarty, zwykle ze 30 osób na obiedzie. — Rozmaite sławne piękności teraz tu są- / pani Norton parę dni temu wyjechała / — duki, lordy- a ich tu tego roku więcej jak zwykle, bo królowa w Szkocji była i wczoraj nadspodziewanie przejeżdżała obok kolejną żelazną- bo musi być na pewien dzień w Londynie, a taka mgła była w dzień wyznaczony na wyjazd morzem, że nie popłynęła tak jak przyjechała i jak ją majtkowie i procesje zwykle oczekiwały- tylko prozaicznie z Aberdeenu w nocy kolejną. — Co jak mówią, że się bardzo podobać musiało X-ciu Albertowi, który choruje na morzu, gdy tymczasem królowa jako prawdziwa pani morza nic go się nie boi / morza /. Niedługo i po polsku zapomnę- po francusku z angielska mówić będą- a po angielsku nauczę się ze szkocka i wyjdę na starego Jaworka co 5-ma językami mówił naraz. — Jeżeli Ci jeremiad nie piszę, to nie dlatego, że

day. To-day, however, I am depressed once more—it is foggy outside, and although from the window at which I write, I have the finest view of Sterling Castel [sic!] under my very nose—(the castle is near the town of Sterling—the same as in Robert Brus, at night on the rock—you remember?) and mountains and lakes—and a wonderful park—in a word, one of the well-known beautiful views of Scotland, yet I see nothing of it, except now and then a little when the mist deigns to yield for a minute or two to the sun, by which it is never much disturbed up here. My host's name is Sterling, the most uncle-like uncle of our Scottish ladies and the owner of this estate. I made his acquaintance in London—a wealthy man possessing fine and numerous paintings by Murillo and other Spaniards—has just published an expensive work (as you know the people here are experts in doing these things) on the Spanish School—an experienced traveller, including the East—intelligent; the whole of English Society, when travelling in Scotland, pays him visits—open house, usually over 30 people at dinner.—Various famous belles are staying here at present (Mrs. Norton left only two days ago)—dukes, lords—and this year their number is greater than usual, because the Queen happens to be in Scotland and yesterday she was passing near here by train—she had to be on a certain day in London,

mnie nie pokonsulujesz, boć jeden jesteś, który wiesz wszystko moje, ale że jak zacznę, tak końca niema, a zawsze jedno; — źle mówię, że jedno, bo coraz zemną pod względem przyszłości gorzej. — Słabszy się czuję — nic nie mogę komponować nietylę dla braku chęci, jak dla fizycznych przeszkód, bo się tłukę co tydzień po innej gałęzi- A cóż mam robić! — zresztą. oszczędza mi to trochę grosza na zimę / zaprosin mam mnóstwo i nie mogę nawet tam jechać gdziebym wolał, jak n.p. do X-ny Argyl, albo lady Belhaven, bo już zapożno na moje zdrowie/. Całe rano aż do 2-giej jestem teraz do niczego — a potem, jak się ubiorę, wszystko mnie żenuje i tak dyszę aż do obiadu, po którym dwie godziny trzeba siedzieć z mężczyznami u stołu i patrzeć co mówią i słuchać jak piją.—Znudzony na śmierć / myśląc o czem innym jak oni, mimo wszelkich grzeczności i interlokucyi po francusku przy owym stole / — idę do salonu, gdzie trzeba całej siły duszy, żeby siebie trochę ożywić- bo wtenczas zwykle ciekawi mnie słyszeć — potem odnosi mię po schodach mój pocziwy Daniel do sypialnego pokoju- / który, jak wiesz, zwykle u nich na piętrze / — rozbiera kładzie, zostawia świecę i wolno mi dyszeć i marzyć aż do rana, póki się znów to samo nie zacznie. A jak się trochę gdzieś już przyzwyczaję, tak gdzieś indziej jechać trzeba, bó moje Szkot

but on the day she was to travel by sea the fog was so thick that she did not go by boat as she had arrived, surrounded by sailors and crowds—she left Aberdeen unobtrusively at night and by train. They say that Prince Albert must have been very pleased with this arrangement, because he suffers on the sea, whereas the Queen, like a true lady of the sea, shows no fear of it. Before long I shall forget even my Polish—I shall be speaking French with an English accent, learning English with a Scottish pronunciation, and then I will just pounce upon the old Jawórek who talks in five languages at one and the same time. The reason why I write no Jeremiades is not that I don't expect sympathy from you who are the only one knowing all about me, but simply because there would be no end if I started complaining, and always about one and the same thing; yet I am wrong in saying it is the same, because my state is becoming worse and worse. Am feeling weaker—can't do any composing from external hindrances rather than from lack of will, since each week I am dragged to some different place. And what am I to do!—the only good thing is that this saves me a little money for the winter (I have many invitations yet I cannot go where I should like, to the Duchess of Argyll's, for example, or to Lady Belhaven's because my illness is too far advanced). In the mornings

ki pokoju mi nie dają, tylko po mnie przyjeżdżają, albo mnie po familji wożą / n.b. każą się zawsze osobiście i bardzo zapraszać / — One mnie przez dobroć zaduszają- a ja im tego przez grzeczność nie odmówię.

until 2 p.m. I am not fit for anything—and then, once dressed, everything annoys me and I am panting till dinner, after which I have to sit with the gentlemen at table for two hours, contemplating them as they talk and listening how they drink. Weary to death (with thoughts so different from theirs in spite of their polite ways, and their French dinner talk)—I go to the drawing-room, where I need all my energy to become a little more alive—for at that time they are usually anxious to hear my music—then my good Daniel takes me up the stairs to my bedroom (which, as you know, is here usually rather high up)—undresses me, puts me to bed, leaves the candle, whereupon I am free to breathe and to dream until morning, when the same round begins once more. Yet no sooner have I got used a little to one place than I must go somewhere else, because my Scottish ladies never leave me in peace, their only occupation being to follow me with new invitations, or to drag me to their relatives (*N.B.*—I always yield very unwillingly to their pressure).—They will kill me with their goodness—and from sheer politeness I cannot refuse them.

1849, Marzec. Wtorek.

Moje życie.

Dziś leże prawie cały dzień- ale we czwartek wyjeżdżam z tego psiego Londynu o tej porze. — Nocować będę z czwartku na piątek w Boulogne, a w piątek jestem w dzień Place d'Orleans- żeby się położyć. Mam prócz zwyczajnych rzeczy newralgią i zapuchły jestem. Proszę każ żeby prześcieradła i poduszki suche były- Każ kupić szyszek- Niech pani Etienne nic nie szczędzi, żeby można się rozgrzać przyjechawszy.—Do Dirozierki pisałem. Żeby dywany były i firanki. Parichetowi tapicerowi zaraz zapłacę nawet każ Pleyelowi, żeby mi bile jakiś fortepian przysłał we czwartek wieczór- każ go przykryć — każ w piątek bukiet fiołkowy kupić, żeby w salonie pachniało. Niech mam jeszcze trochę poezji u siebie wracając- przechodząc przez pokój do sypialnego, gdzie się pewno położę na długo.— Więc w piątek w środku dnia jestem w Paryżu.— Jeszcze dzień dłużej tutaj, a zwaruję nie zdechnę- Moje Szkotki takie nudne, że niech ręka boska broni — Jak się przypięły, tak ani ich oderwać. Jedna X-na Marcelina co mię przy życiu trzyma i jej rodzina i poczciwy Szulczewski. — Jeżeliby choć gdzieś w innych schodach był pokój dla sługi tymczasem- a nie-to mniejsza. Sciskam Cię. Każ

1849, March. Tuesday.

My life.

To-day I am in bed all day—but on Thursday I am leaving this beastly London—I'll stay the night between Thursday and Friday in Boulogne, and on Friday some time during the day I shall be at the Place d'Orléans—in order to lie down. Apart from my usual complaints I suffer from neuralgia and am rather swollen. Please ask them to air the sheets and pillows—Ask them to buy fir-cones. Let Mme. Etienne not spare anything to have the room warm when I arrive.—I wrote to Mlle. de Rozières. See to it that there should be divans and curtains. The upholsterer Parichet will be paid at once. Will you also ask Pleyel to send me a piano on Thursday night—let it be covered—and order for Friday a bouquet of violets, so that the drawing-room should be scented. Let there still be some poetic beauty there when I return—on my way to the bedroom, where I shall certainly rest for a long time. And so on Friday at noon I shall be in Paris. One more day here, and I'll either die or go mad. My Scottish ladies are so tedious that God's hand protect me. Since the time they fastened themselves on me it has been simply impossible to tear them off. I keep alive owing only to Princess Marcelina, to her family and to the dear old

palić grzać i okurzyć—może przyjdę do siebie jeszcze.

Twój do zgonu,

CH.

Jakże się masz- Myślę, że Ci wieś fizycznie przynajmniej posłuży- Nie wyjeżdżam- tylko czasem do boru bulońskiego- Jestem mocniejszy, bom się podjadł i odrzucił lekarstwa- ale tak samo dyszę i kaszlę, tylko że znoszę łatwiej. Grać jeszcze nie zacząłem- Komponować nie mogę- Nie wiem jakie siano będę jadł niedługo- Wszyscy wyjeżdżają- jedni ze strachu cholery, drudzy ze strachu rewolucji.—Panna de Rozières także ze strachu do Wersalu się wyniosła, ale już wróciła- Angielki do St. Germain. Obresk. (off) St. Germain.—Pot. / ocka / dawno w Wersalu. Nie widziałem.—Jestem także bez gardemalade 2-gi tydzień.—X-na Czar. / toryska / odwiedziła mnie i nie chcąc, żebym sam był w nocy, przysłała mi panią Matuszewską, co u X-ny Róży za niańkę była. Był i X-że i pytał się o Ciebie- Nie wiem, czyś komu kazał powiedzieć, żeś u wód, ale nie wiedząc o tem, powiedziałem mu, żeś na wsi- a on

Sulczewski. I wish a small room could be found meanwhile for the servant even on another staircase, but if not—it will not matter. I embrace you. Ask them to keep up a good fire, a lot of warmth and heat—perhaps I may still come to myself.

Yours until death,

CH.

How are you—I think the country will do you good at least physically—I don't go anywhere—only now and then to the Bois de Boulogne—Am stronger, because I have had more food and have given up medicaments—but I still cough and breathe with the same difficulty, although I can stand it better. I have not started playing as yet—Am unable to write any music—I do not know what will become of me before long—Everyone is leaving—either from fear or cholera, or from fear of revolution.—Fear drove Mlle. de Rozières to Versailles, but she is back again now—The English ladies went to St. Germain. Obresk. [Obreskoff] is in St. Germain.—Pot. [Potocka] has been staying in Versailles for some time. Have not seen her.—This is the second week, too, that I have been without a nurse.—Princess Czar. [Czartoryska] came to see me, and as she does not want me to be left alone at night, she is sending

mi powiedział, że mu mówili, żeś u wód- Kalkbrenner umarł. Syn starego De Larocha w Wersalu umarł.—Franchomme służąca dobra bardzo umarła. W Cours d'Orléans nie było śmierci, tylko mały Etienne chorował śmiertelnie- W ten moment przyjechały Szkotki- Między nowinami mówiły o Noalcie, że zdrowszy- na co ja, że król Ch. Albert w Lizonie umarł-One mnie zaduszają nudami. Moje mieszkanie opuszczam z końcem miesiąca i wracam do Squaru, bo nie można inaczej- Cochet wrócił- Nój Dr. Frenkel-ani się od niego dowiedzieć, czy gdzie do wód, albo na południe jechać—Swoją tyzannę znów odjął- dał inne lekarstwo, znów go nie chcę- a jak się o higienę pytam, powiada, że mi regularne życie nie-potrzebne- Słowem, do czubków głowa. Żart na stronę- dobry bardzo może konsultacyjny doktor jak n.p. Koreff- ale suite w głowie nie ma, tak jak Koreff. Panna Lind była, śpiewała jednego wieczora u mnie. Była pani Pot. / ocka /, Bauv. / eau / Rotsch. / ildowa /, i już pojechała do, Szwecji przez Hamb. / urg /. Pani Catalani, z którą się tutaj poznała, w wigilią jej wyjazdu na cholerę umarła. Cichowskiego raz tylko widziałem, jak Ci pisałem. Do miasta daleko, to tylko albo ci, co mnie bardzo kochają, jak n.p. Franch. / omme /, albo co bliskomają kochanych, jak n.p. X-stwo, czasem nawiedzą. Dziś także był

me Mrs. Matuszewska, who was a nurse at Princess Rose's. The Prince was also here and asked how you were—I don't know whether you wished anyone to know that you have gone to a watering-place, but being not sure I just told him you were in the country—he however replied, that he had heard about your staying at a spa.—Kalkbrenner is dead. The son of old De Laroche died in Versailles.—Franchomme's exceedingly good maid died also. In Course d'Orléans there were no deaths, only little Etienne was dangerously ill. The Scottish ladies have just been here—Amongst other things they spoke of Noilc, saying he was better—to which I answered that King Ch. Albert had died in Lisbon.—They will do for me with their tediousness. At the end of the month am moving from my apartment back to the Square, for otherwise it would be unbearable—Cochet has returned—Dr. Frenkel is a regular ostrich—would not tell me whether I should go to a spa, or to the South—He has again taken away his *tisane*—giving me another tonic which I also dislike—and whenever I ask him about hygiene, he says that I need not worry about having a well regulated life—In a word, a blockhead. Joking apart—he may be quite as good a doctor for diagnosis as Koreff, for example—but, unlike Koreff, he has not got his head screwed on. Mlle. Lind was here, sang at

Pleyel. — Poczciwy. Gutmanna z całym sercem po 10-ciu dniach nie widziałem alem się zląkł, czy nie chory, ale mi napisał, że zdrow. — Choroba już w mieście ustaje- De la Croix na wsi od tygodnia. — Daj mi słowo o sobie- Ściskam Cię serdecznie.

Twój,
CH.

Poniedziałek 18.

[Potocka], Bauv. [Bauveau], Mme. Rotsch. [Rotschild], but she has already left for Sweden via Hamb. Mme. Catalani, to whom she had been introduced here, died from cholera on the very eve of her departure. Cichowski I saw once only, as I have already written to you. As it is a long journey to the city, only those who are very fond of me come to see me, Franch. [Franchomme], for example, or else those who have some dear ones not far away, like the Prince and Princess, who occasionally pay a visit to me. Pleyel, too, came along to-day.—A nice fellow. As I have not had one of Gutmann's jolly visits for about ten days, I was afraid he might be ill, but he wrote that he was well.—The epidemic is already subsiding in town—De la Croix went to the country a week ago.—Let me have a word about yourself—I embrace you heartily.

Yours,

CH.

Monday, 18th.

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